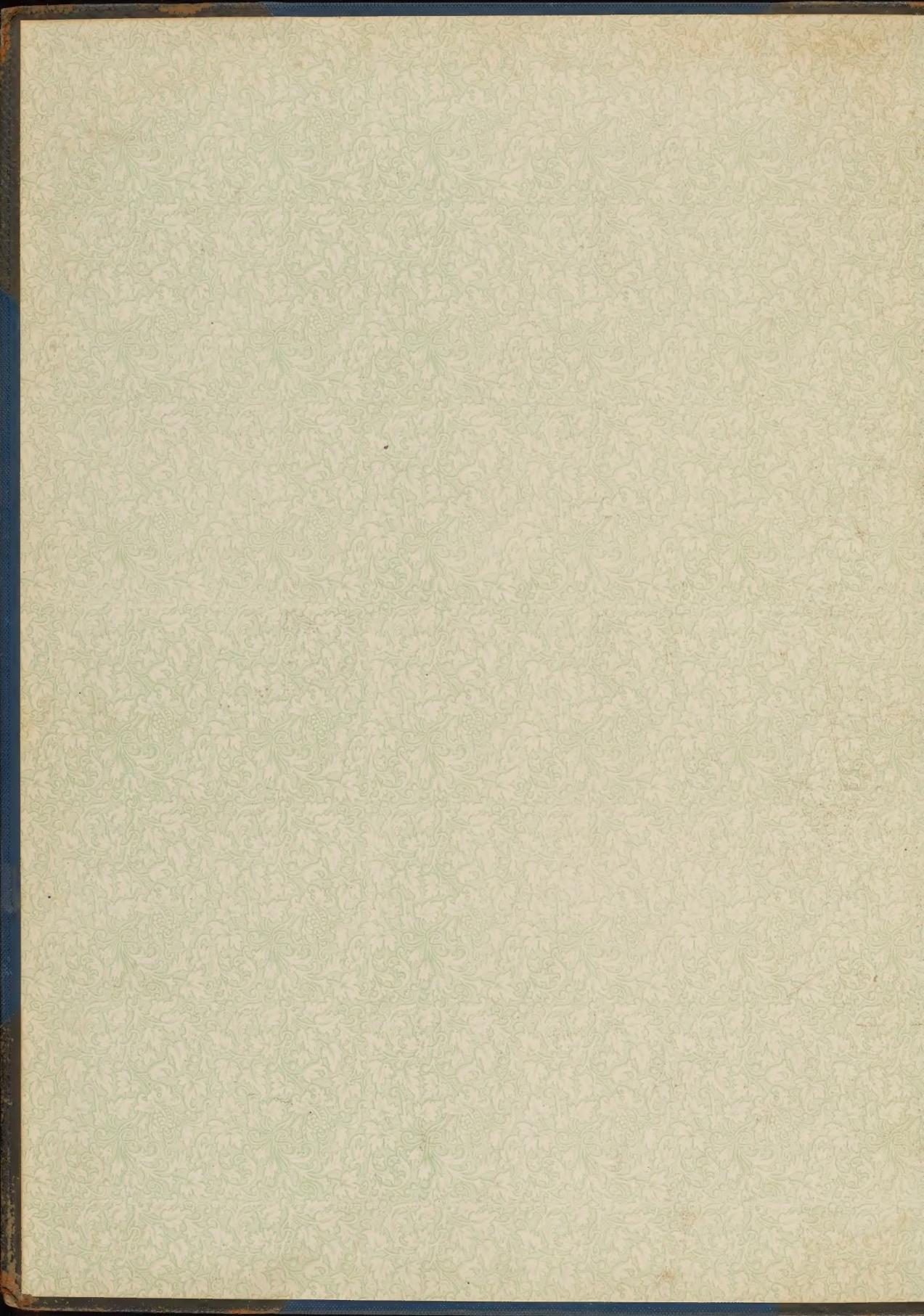
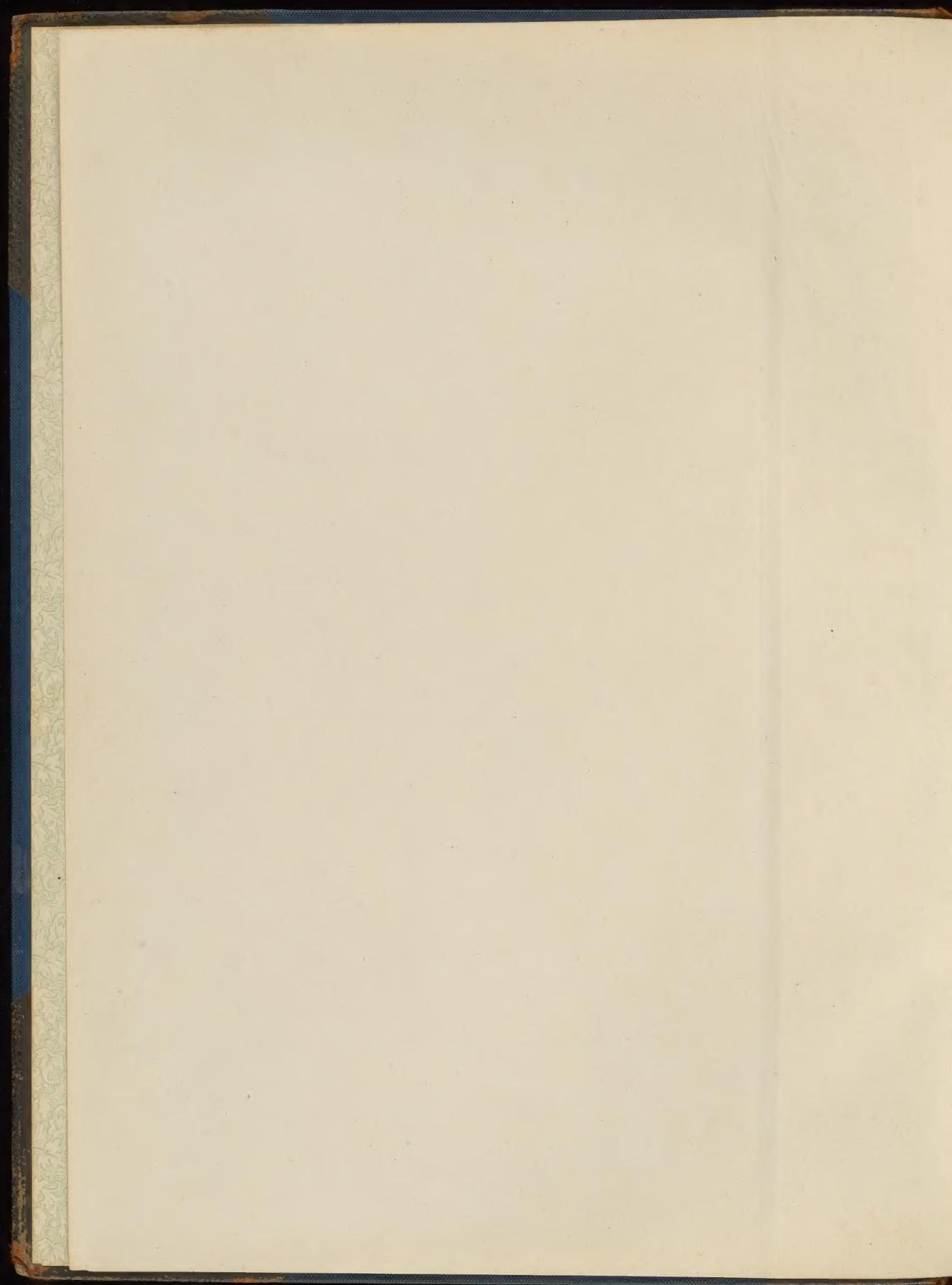


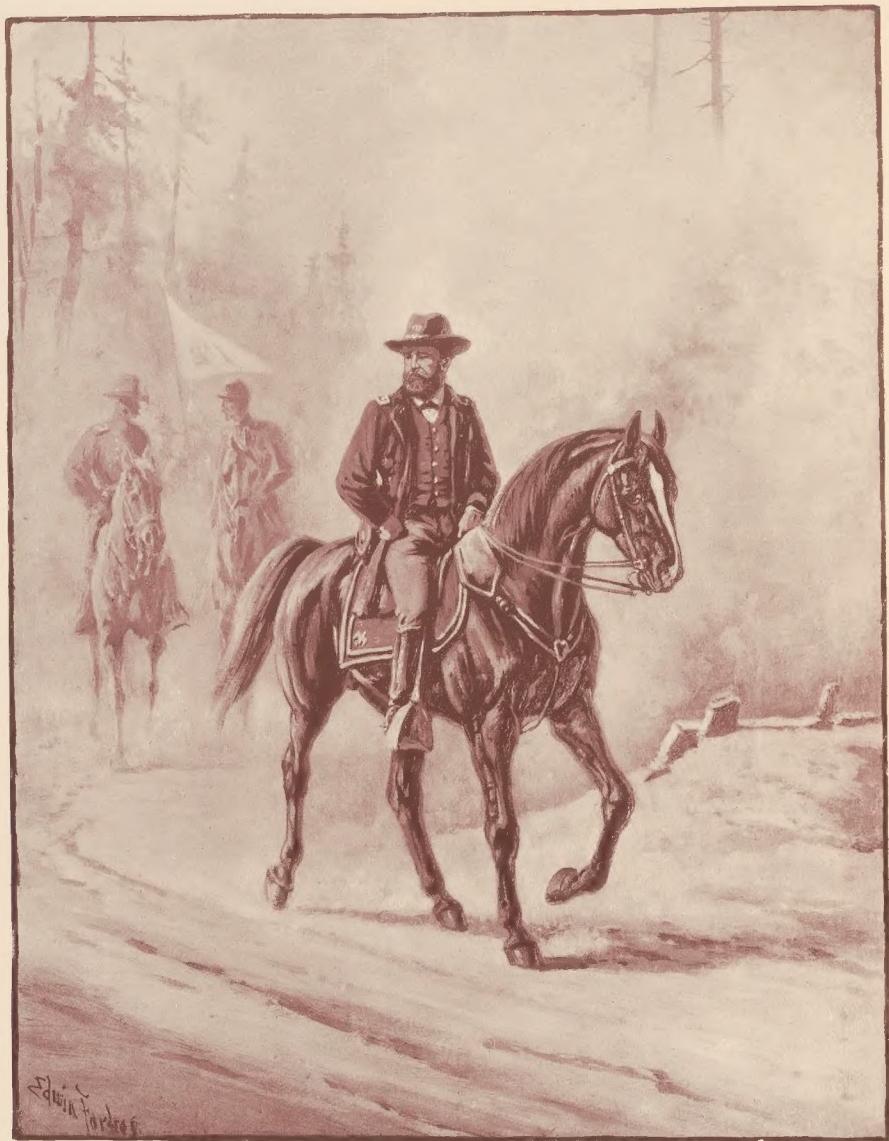
AN
ARTIST'S STORY
OF THE
GREAT WAR
—
FORBES



2 vols.



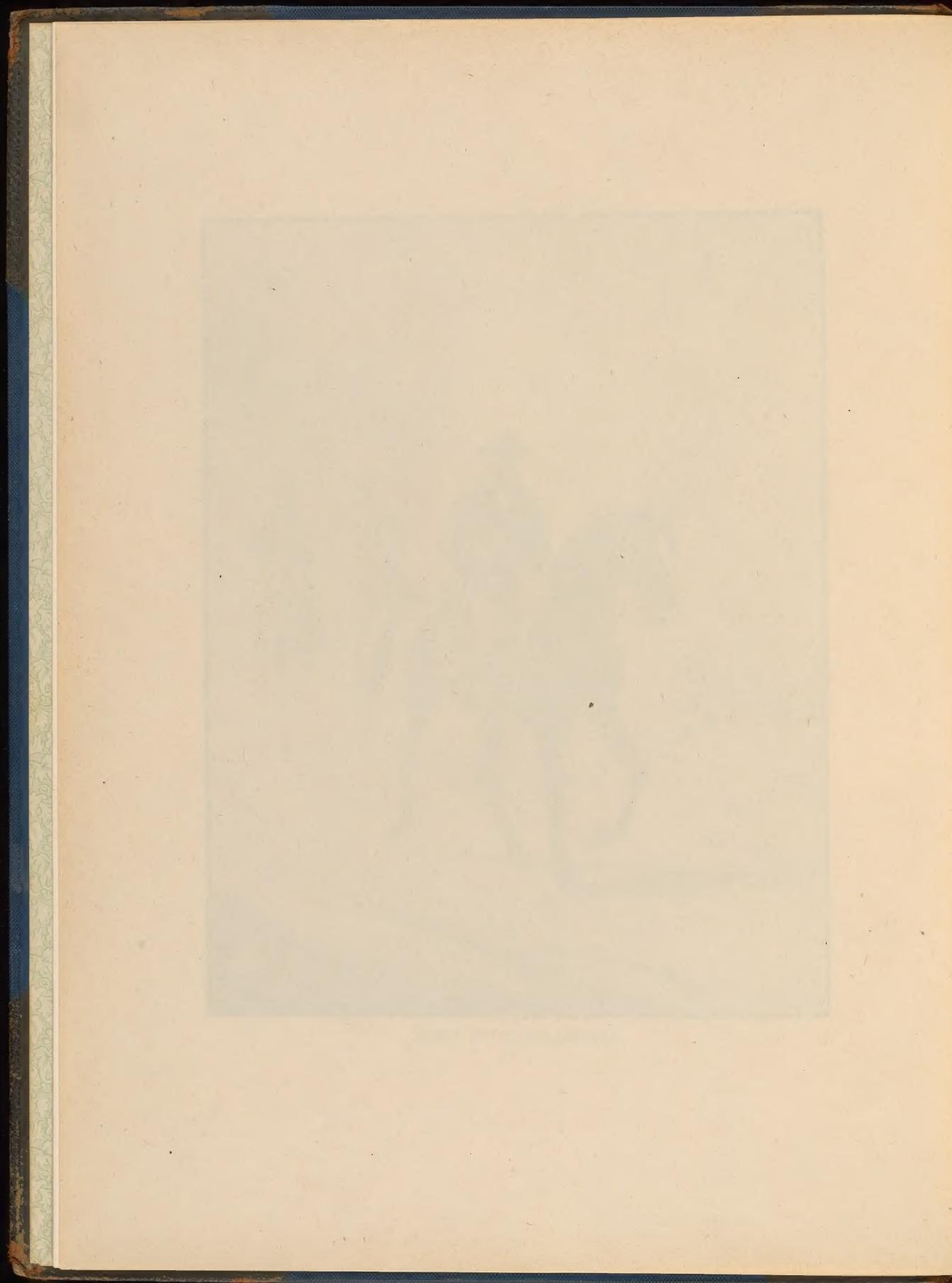




GRANT IN THE WILDERNESS.

ARTISTS' STORY
OF THE
GREAT WAR

BY RICHARD HARRIS



THIRTY YEARS AFTER



AN
ARTIST'S STORY
OF THE
GREAT WAR



TOLD, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY 300 RELIEF-ETCHINGS AFTER SKETCHES
IN THE FIELD, AND 20 HALF-TONE EQUESTRIAN PORTRAITS
FROM ORIGINAL OIL PAINTINGS

BY EDWIN FORBES

AUTHOR "LIFE STUDIES OF THE GREAT ARMY;" MEMBER FRENCH
ETCHING CLUB; HON. MEMBER LONDON ETCHING CLUB;
CENTENNIAL MEDAL—HIGHEST ART AWARD

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FORDS, HOWARD, & HULBERT

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An Artist's Story of the Great War.

I.

AWAITING THE ATTACK.

A TRIP ALONG THE LINES DURING A BATTLE.



"**W**ILL you venture down to the front this morning?" asked my companion, who was a special newspaper correspondent. "Except a scattering skirmish fire, an occasional boom of cannon and crash of shell in the woods, matters seem quiet enough." Fighting had been in progress for two days, but now there was a lull.

So off we started, both intent on seeing life along the lines. As we rode toward the front we passed through fields of wheat and rye that had once waved in peace, but were now trampled and destroyed by the army's march. Moving further on, meeting several ambulances going to the rear and a number of wounded men limping toward the hospital, we soon approached the fortified lines and knew that danger was near. Sounds of skirmishing grew louder, and stray bullets whizzed across the field and raised clouds of dust where they struck the ground.

Leaving our horses in care of some infantry posted in reserve in a piece of woods, we advanced slowly toward the line of breastworks in the extreme front. We took all possible cover by creeping through woods and behind fences until we reached the line of redoubts and breastworks facing the enemy's position.

A non-combatant is strangely impressed at the quiet, nonchalant air of the men who hold important position on the line. If it were not for the sharp crack of skirmish fire in front one could almost imagine himself enjoying the delights of a summer camp, although the Napoleon and Parrot guns pointing through embrasures at intervals along the log-breastworks had an air of significance, and the smoke-begrimed muzzles and mud-covered wheels and carriages showed the severe service they had rendered.

We found many of the men asleep along the line; some were playing cards, and others attending to camp duties, such as washing clothes, etc. All seemed free from any care about what might occur; that was somebody else's business.

A sudden rattle of musketry in the woods in front caused a momentary stir and suggested an advance at any moment by the enemy, who was in strong force. We moved cautiously along the line in search of friends (infantry officers) whose brigade held the extreme front, and found them ensconced in a bit of woods on the further side of the hill, which partly protected them from the enemy's musketry fire; yet the skirmishers in front kept the minié balls flying through the bushes and snapping sharply against the pine trees.

AWAITING THE ATTACK.

Seeking the shelter of a low earth-work, my friend and I smoked a pipe and discussed events, watching meanwhile the scenes along the line.

Within a short distance a party of artillermen was building a bomb-proof roof in the hill-side as a refuge from the scorching fire of the enemy's guns, for the shell had cut down many of their comrades during the two days' conflict. Their method of procedure was to dig an opening into the hill, brace the sides and end, and cover the roof with logs. In many instances the shelter was covered with earth and sand, and thus rendered safer; one of these places would give refuge to about half a dozen men. Our position was not as pleasant or safety as secure as we might wish, for the enemy soon began to show signs of decided animation. The rattle of musketry became brisk, although the lines in front and the artillery opened fierce fire. My friend and I mutually agreed that our situation was becoming rather more than interesting, and that however much we might desire newspaper information, discretion was the better part of valor; so we made for the rear. In doing this we crossed the line of fire and were compelled to dodge the missiles of the gentlemen in gray, who sat in the tree-tops and leisurely popped away at any one sufficiently incautious to leave cover.

We were much relieved to reach our horses, which we soon mounted, and riding further to the rear found a position on a hill-top where we could rest in safety and watch the progress of the battle, which was now in full activity. The din and turmoil at the front had grown to be simply terrible. The continuous roll of musketry, the crash of guns and bursting of shells made an awful confusion, while the great clouds of smoke and dust that came up from the woods in front of the Union lines, and the fierce Indian yells of the Rebs as they leaped forward into battle, gave to sight and hearing a sickening realization of what it all meant.

After a time the firing of the combatants slackened; the clouds of smoke gradually disappeared, and, except for the sad story which could be gathered as the it would be a difficult task to
many wounded came to the rear, persuade one's self that so
so recently taken place. But hundreds lay dead
and wounded, and the story which could be gathered as the it would be a difficult task to
quarters to learn, but
were too plain for
far too terrible for any
desperate an encounter had
only brings. What
we had to go to head-
the details of its doing
misunderstanding and
forgetting.



UNDER COVER



BY THE BYPASS ROAD.

ARMING THE ATTACK.



II.

ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

THE LIGHT BATTERY.



HE manœuvres and engagements of a great army offer no sight more thrilling than the dash and spirit of the field-artillery. In repose, also, the grouping of the men and horses is in itself a picture. I was sitting one morning by a battery of field-guns watching men take the horses to water and others groom the glossy sides, and was just thinking that they were rather thin from the hard work of the campaign when sudden orders came for a drill.

I followed to the parade-ground and was much interested in the picture and enjoyed greatly the excitement produced upon both men and horses as they manœuvred to the shrill notes of the bugle. An hour of target practice followed, and I found great pleasure watching the bursting shells as they struck the target on the far off hill-side, and threw up a column of dust in the rear. On our return to camp the dinner-call had sounded and we did justice to the frugal meal of "hard-tack" and coffee.

We had idled away the afternoon, and I was sitting on a fence smoking my pipe when there came a distant rumbling. Observing the cumulus clouds above the distant mountain, I concluded that a thunder shower threatened: but I soon heard a rumbling louder and more regular than before; and now the captain came anxiously out of his tent, and the men gathered in groups and looked toward the south. Suddenly a mounted orderly with dust-covered clothing and foaming horse dashed down from headquarters, and, reining up before the captain, handed him an order.

Bustle and apparent confusion now prevailed. Word had been received that the enemy was advancing in strong force, that the fords of the Rapidan had been passed and that our cavalry had been pushed back; but the heavy cannonading told of the Union forces' stout resistance. Soon everything was in readiness, and the battery dashed along the road through clouds of dust, followed by infantry. On, on we went, passing quiet farm-houses whose inmates glanced furtively from the windows and whose cattle dashed about the barn-yard with tails high in air. We soon began to meet wounded soldiers coming to the rear, some on horse-back, others in ambulances. Further on we met a strange group coming down the hill. Gray and ragged, with tattered blankets thrown over their shoulders and canteens clattering at their sides, it took but a moment's thought to conclude that they were Rebel prisoners. On close approach we found them to be well-formed, muscular fellows, with an evident air of contentment as though they had accepted their capture as a fortunate occurrence rather than a hardship. But we passed on towards the scene of action, and from the increasing sounds of the field-guns and the bursting of many shell we knew that the conflict was raging. An officer dashed suddenly up with an order from the commanding general, and in an instant the battery was turned off the road, driven at great speed through a waving rye-field and posted on a commanding hill. Thus near to the line of battle hundreds of wounded soldiers met our eye: some, who were able, hurrying to the rear, others more seriously wounded limping slowly and sighing with pain at every step.

Far off in the front, through dust and smoke I saw the Union line of infantry posted

along a length of fence, and on a long rolling ridge sweeping round to the right the musketry rolled heavily, and our line was evidently being sorely pressed. Reinforcements of infantry were sent in at intervals, and the crash and clangor of opposing guns increased in volume. Dense clouds of mingled dust and smoke arose and fierce yells filled the air as the Rebs charged our line in front, and soon a mass of men in gray, with flags flying through their lines, were seen advancing on our right-front. Then our battery came to the defense. The guns were loaded with canister and sighted, and with a roar that shook the earth were discharged. Again they were loaded, "double-shotted" with canister, and the captain's voice rang out, "*Fire by battery! — Fire!*" Immediately after, the great mass of men in gray seemed to melt from view, the flags sank, and the force that within so short a time had seemed irresistible had been repulsed with terrible loss of life.

Our battery soon advanced to a more commanding position and opened fire on one of the enemy's batteries that had made sad havoc along our line. Shells were dropped among their guns, and one fired a caisson which exploded with a tremendous crash, and so badly crippled the enemy's battery that it was compelled to retire from the fight. Shortly after, the struggle ended and the enemy retired from our front in defeat.

Our officers and men now buried the dead, cared for the wounded, and repaired as far as possible the damage done. Soon the moon came peacefully up through the smoke of battle, fires were lit, coffee and "hard-tack" were taken from the haversacks, and by the light of burning fence-rails the much needed food was taken. At tattoo, lights were put out; and now no sound broke the stillness save the tread of the sentinel at the guns, or the stamp of the artillery horses as they stood munching their corn or wheat.



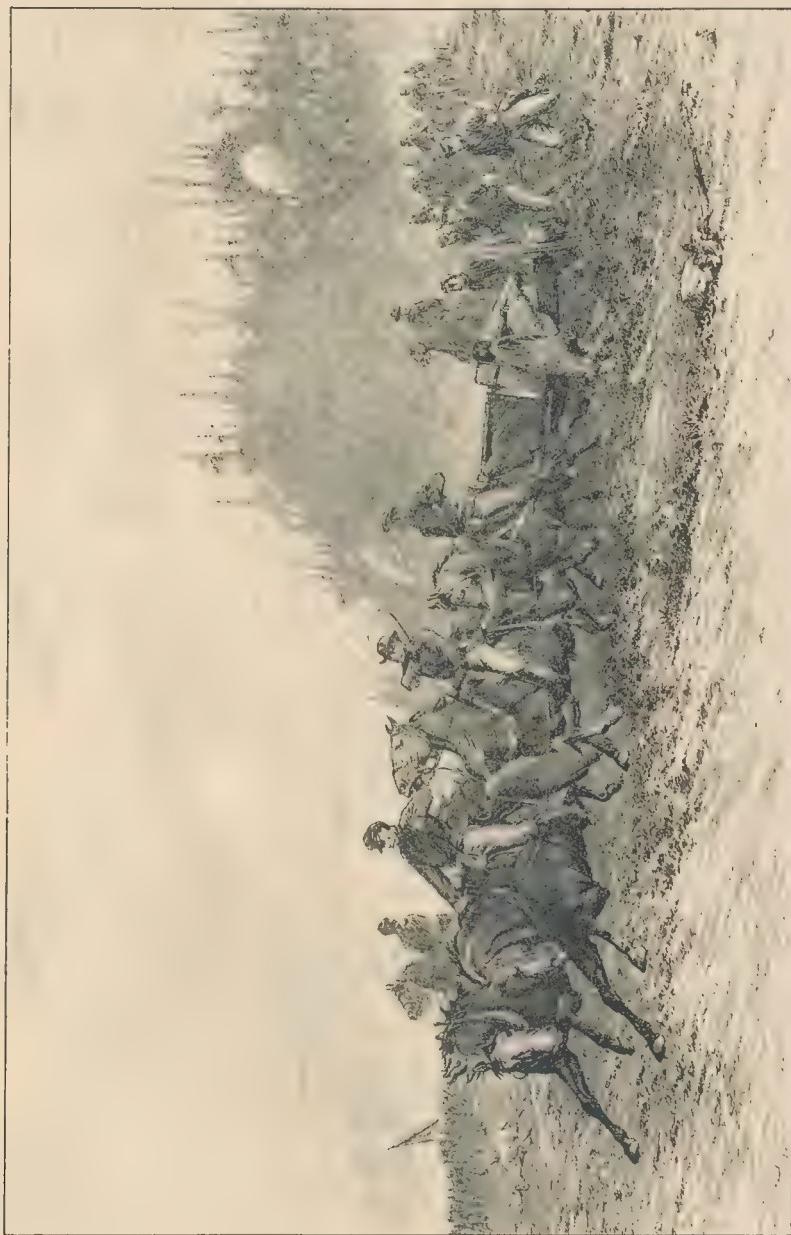
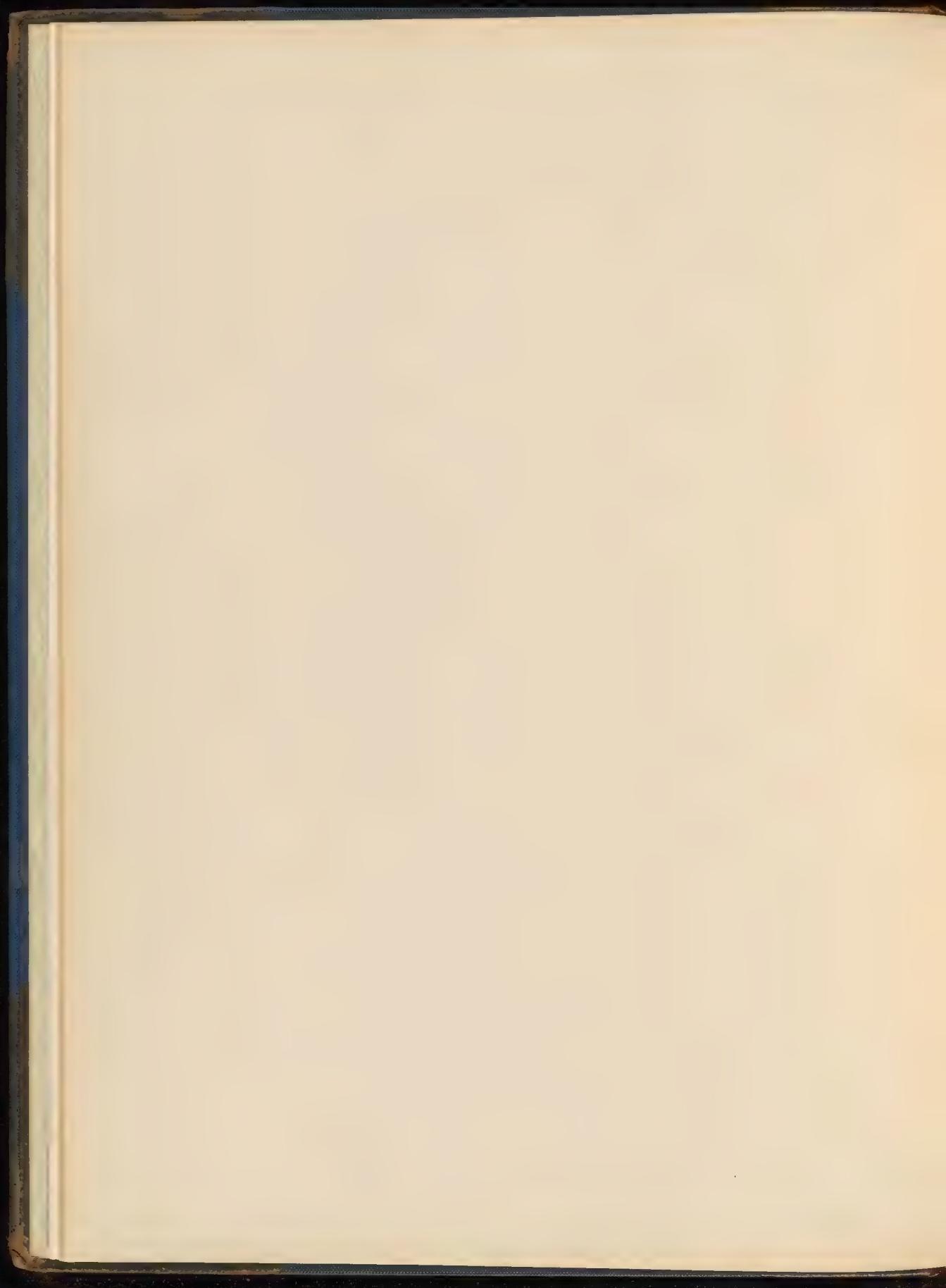


FIGURE 5. A GROUP OF
PEOPLES IN CHINA.

PLATE 10.



III.

A WEEK WITH THE CAVALRY.



OR picturesqueness of scene and romantic beauty the cavalry affords greater variety than any other part of army life. The brilliant array of gay trappings, the movements of the spirited horses, and the many incidents in camp life and on the march, combine to make a picture that time cannot efface from memory.

It was in the spring of 1862, while with the army of Gen. McDowell at Fredericksburg, that news came from the Shenandoah Valley of the defeat of Gen. Banks at Winchester by Stonewall Jackson, who was just then rising into fame. Orders came from Washington detailing Gen. Bayard's cavalry and a large force of

infantry to the Valley with the idea of intercepting the enemy before they could escape southward with plunder. The columns started, passing through Warrenton Station and Manassas, the cavalrymen riding and walking alternately. The main body reached Manassas on the second day and after a short rest pushed on through Thoroughfare Gap, a gorge in the Bull Run Mountains through which the Manassas Gap Railroad passes on its way to the Shenandoah Valley. Debouching into the Loudon Valley, which lies between the Bull Run Mountains and the Blue Ridge, the column took a meandering course over hills and through intervale, being stared at in amazement by the inhabitants. The white people glared at us with lowering brows, but the negroes greeted us with furtive smiles and grimaces.

We passed through Manassas Gap without adventure, but when we arrived at Front Royal (in the Luray Valley, paralleling the Shenandoah), we found all the paraphernalia of war: columns of infantry were marching along the main street and groups of officers were seen scattered about the town. On a clear sunny morning we came in sight of the Shenandoah Valley, a fair land resting in peace and plenty, which one could not imagine was so soon to be made desolate. Intelligence was received that Jackson's army was still in full retreat down the Valley and that his trains were passing through the town of Strasburg on the Valley Pike, about nine miles distant. Gen. Bayard was ordered to push forward with the cavalry and make an attempt to capture the enemy's wagon trains.

On reaching the ford of the Shenandoah River, where the railroad-bridge crossed it, we forded the stream, climbed the hill on the opposite bank, and sighted the town of Strasburg. Viewing the ground with field-glasses, we discovered the Confederates in full march toward the south. The trains of white-topped wagons were lumbering along the pikes; on the hill-tops near the town long lines of infantry and cavalry were marching; and north of the town, in the fort built by Gen. Banks, the enemy's artillery was posted to guard the passage. Scouts were sent towards us to gather the significance of our appearance, but no further moves were made except the sending of a shell at one of our staff officers who ventured too near their lines.

While examining the enemy's position with my glass, I discovered in an open field below the town, a body of men dressed in blue, drawn up in a line. Close inspection proved them to be Union prisoners that had been captured from Gen. Banks' column. The poor fellows could see plainly our advance on the hill-top, and perhaps had hopes of rescue, but it would have been indiscreet on the part of Gen. Bayard to attack without infantry, so they

were doomed to further bondage. Quite remote in the distance beyond the retreating enemy, rise of smoke and boom of cannon told us that Frémont had come from West Virginia, but like ourselves, had arrived just too late to join forces in cutting off the enemy's retreat. His advance and our advance were not yet in strength enough to act. A small force of Union infantry came up late in the afternoon and fortified the railroad-bridge over the Shenandoah, but it was not until the next morning, when more of our troops had come up, that we were ordered to advance into the town where we met the advance of Frémont's column. The enemy meantime had escaped, passing between the divided Union forces.

On riding into the town of Strasburg, I saw on the porch of the village church a group of Union soldiers, among them a Zouave whom I had known before as one of Banks' body guard. He greeted me with a hearty hand-shake, and related how a part of the very prisoners I had seen through the field-glass had escaped. They had been placed for safe-keeping during the night in the village church, and taking advantage of the darkness a number had secreted themselves under the floor of the pulpit and escaped thus during the confusion of the retreat, the Rebel guards being too hurried to count them.

The pursuit of the Confederates was energetically continued by Frémont. He placed Bayard's cavalry in the advance with his own mounted force, who pressed the enemy's rear guard at every opportunity. At Mt. Jackson we found that the bridge over the North Fork of the Shenandoah had been burned by the enemy and were delayed until a pontoon could be laid. This was soon accomplished, and we crossed the river and pushed on to Harrisonburg, the cavalry skirmishing briskly on the way, and a field-battery occasionally brought into play. I had the pleasure of accompanying the "Jessie Scouts" (a Missouri company named after Gen. Frémont's wife) during this part of the march, and no days during my army life were as full of excitement and incident as those. We often were within short gun-shot of the enemy's rear-guard, but the scouts were utterly fearless of danger and seemed to live a charmed life; harrassing and skirmishing with the enemy, but elusive as the wind. Beyond the town of Harrisonburg the cavalry advance under Col. Percy Windham was ambuscaded through gross carelessness, being forced into the woods without precaution. I escaped the slaughter, however, by having stopped on the road-side to read a Richmond paper I had secured in the town. The ambuscade was avenged in the afternoon, for a force of one hundred and ten infantry Bucktails under Col. Kane attacked Jackson's rear-guard under Gen. Ashby, and after a most desperate fight defeated them and killed their daring officer, but with a loss to the Bucktails of more than half their number.

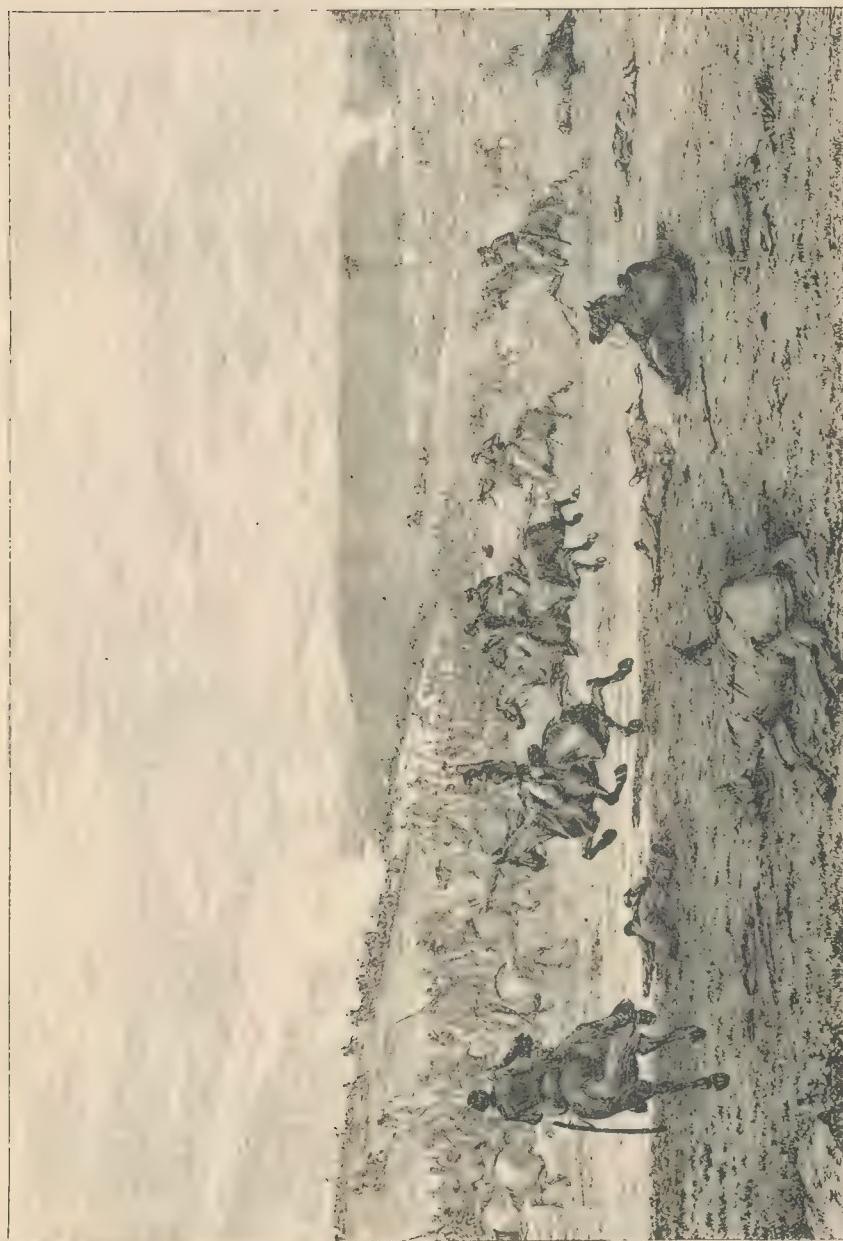
Frémont finally caught the fleet-footed Jackson below Harrisonburg, fought an inconclusive battle with him at Cross Keys, and, owing to the disobedience of his orders to a brigadier of McDowell's force to burn the Shenandoah bridge in front of Jackson, he was mortified to have the Rebs slip off by night, cross the river, and burn the bridge behind them. As Jackson afterwards said to one of

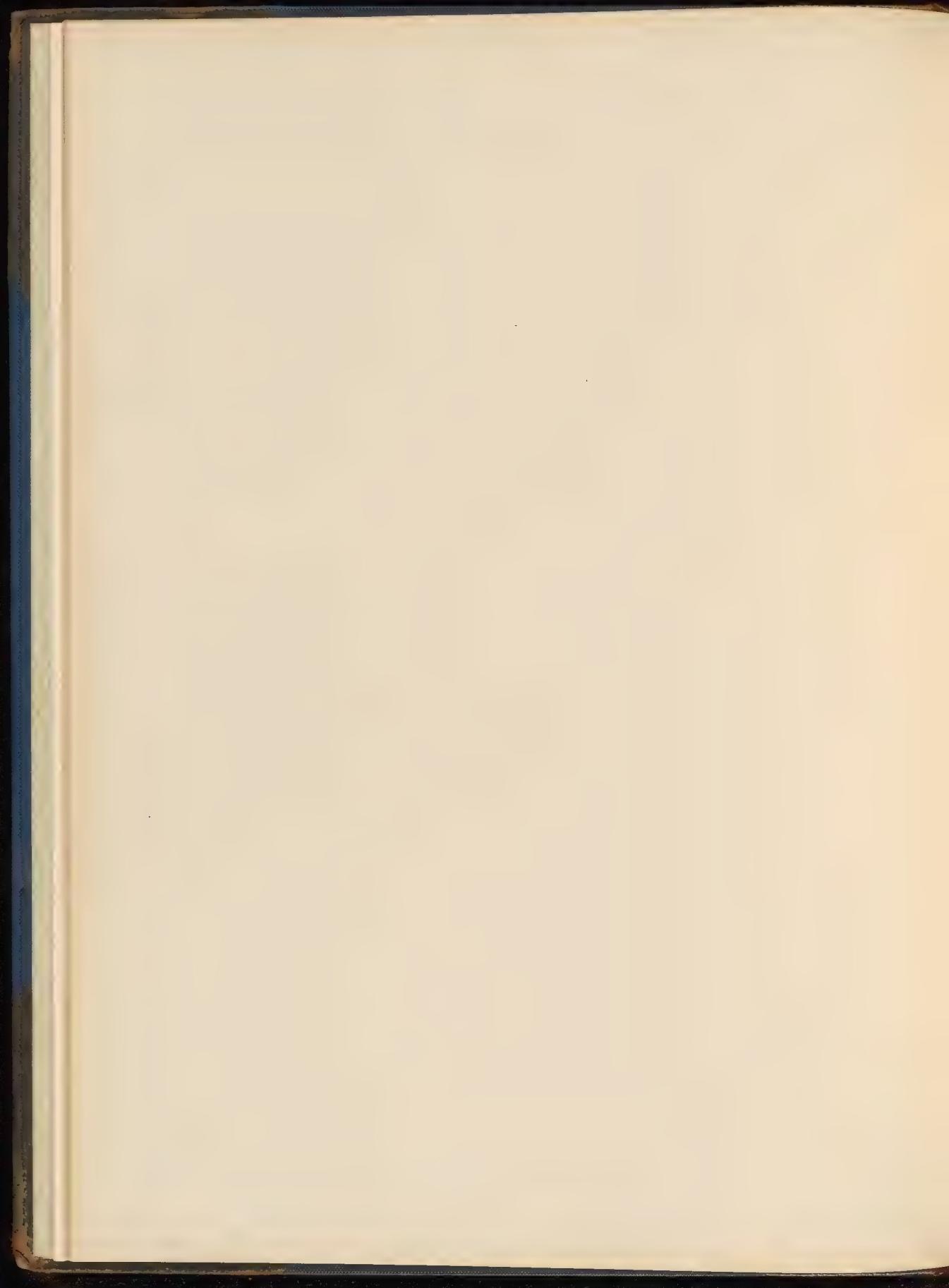
campain,"If as good work had as Frémont did in the Shenandoah, not so many of us would have got away for

Altogether, it was a week that I passed with my desire for adventure, quarters during the remarching with the main

Frémont's officers captured in Pope's been done in the Luray Valley
andoah, not so many of us
McClellan at Mechanicsville." very dashing and exciting
the cavalry. It satisfied
and I stayed near head-
mainder of the campaign,
column.







IV.

THE PONTOON TRAIN.

THE ENGINEERS.



LTHOUGH perhaps not the most attractive, the Engineer Corps, which in all preparatory work is the most scientific, is in its special department one of the most necessary branches of the service of the great army in the field; and, while not generally engaged in the intense action of combat, its danger is not slight and its work is indispensable. The corps includes as its working force the sappers and miners and pontoniers, or bridge-builders. In time of peace their labors are of permanent importance, and in time of war they select and lay out the camp, construct or plan for the destruction of works of attack or defense, and have especial charge of the multifarious duties connected with the movements of forces.

When an advance was to be made towards the enemy's line, the Engineer Corps often worked well to the front and removed with dispatch all obstacles that would impede the march. Bridges were rebuilt in a twinkling, and when a wide river was reached the work of laying pontoons was commenced. This was often accomplished under severe fire, such as no timid man would care to face.

One of the finest sights during the march of the great army was the pontoon train. The huge scows resting on their heavy wagons went tossing over the rough roads, pulled by six-mule teams which were urged on by frantic and sometimes profane drivers. Often a wagon would get stalled in the mud where a stream crossed the line of march. It would then be necessary to detach the teams from the rear pontoon wagons and with them make an effort to drag the stalled pontoon to solid ground. Sometimes they had to attach a long rope to the tongue of the wagon, upon which hundreds of infantrymen would seize, and help the mules to drag it from the mire.

On nearing a stream, a road was chosen where the approach to cross would not be too steep. The wagons were drawn near the bank and the pontoon boats were slid off from the rear of them into the water. This work was often accomplished under the enemy's fire from an opposite bank of the river; but our men worked with a will, loading the boats and pushing them off with a dash and a cheer to clear the enemy away.

Then the real work of building a bridge would begin. Boats would be pushed out, turned lengthwise with the current, and placed at regular intervals across the stream, anchored at both ends. Then a set of men would quickly attach stringers from boat to boat and another set would hurry forward with planks to place over them, thus forming a floor. In an incredibly short time the bridge would be completed and the main body of the army would march across amid great cheers. On reaching the bank the troops would deploy across the field and make lively work for the enemy if their passage had been opposed.

A night march over a bridge is highly picturesque and full of incidents of interest. Bright fires would blaze in the fields near the bridge-heads, and by the light the infantry and artillery would march across apparently in great confusion; but the great mass of men appearing so much out of order to a spectator were under complete control, and could be called immediately into rigid form at an officer's command. The ammunition-trains would make

great clatter in crossing, and mules would often get balky and delay progress. A sudden storm would produce great excitement; rain would pour in torrents and in a few hours a placid stream would become a raging torrent. Extra anchors and guy ropes had to be put out to prevent the bridge from being swept away, for the water would often rise above the banks and sweep around the approaches. At times the engineers' efforts would avail nothing, for the bridge would break loose at one end or a part be forced from the line elsewhere. Then repairs had to be made; and no praise is too great for the brave men who went cheerfully to work and skillfully made good the damage.

When an army had crossed a pontoon-bridge and pressed on in pursuit of the enemy, the bridge would be taken apart, the boats and the tackle loaded on to the wagons, and the pontoon-train would in a few hours reach the head of the column again, in full readiness to facilitate further advance of the army. At times a railroad-bridge would be destroyed by the enemy's rear guard and the engineers would obtain a duplicate bridge from the rear and quickly get it into place. These duplicate bridges speeded the army's progress to such a degree that the Rebs made many jokes about them, and on one occasion when a Southern soldier was informed that a tunnel had been destroyed which would delay Sherman's progress, he replied, "O no, it won't, for Sherman carries duplicate tunnels with him." When time did not admit of the use of a duplicate bridge, the engineers would hastily construct a bridge of trestle-work out of logs cut from adjacent woods.

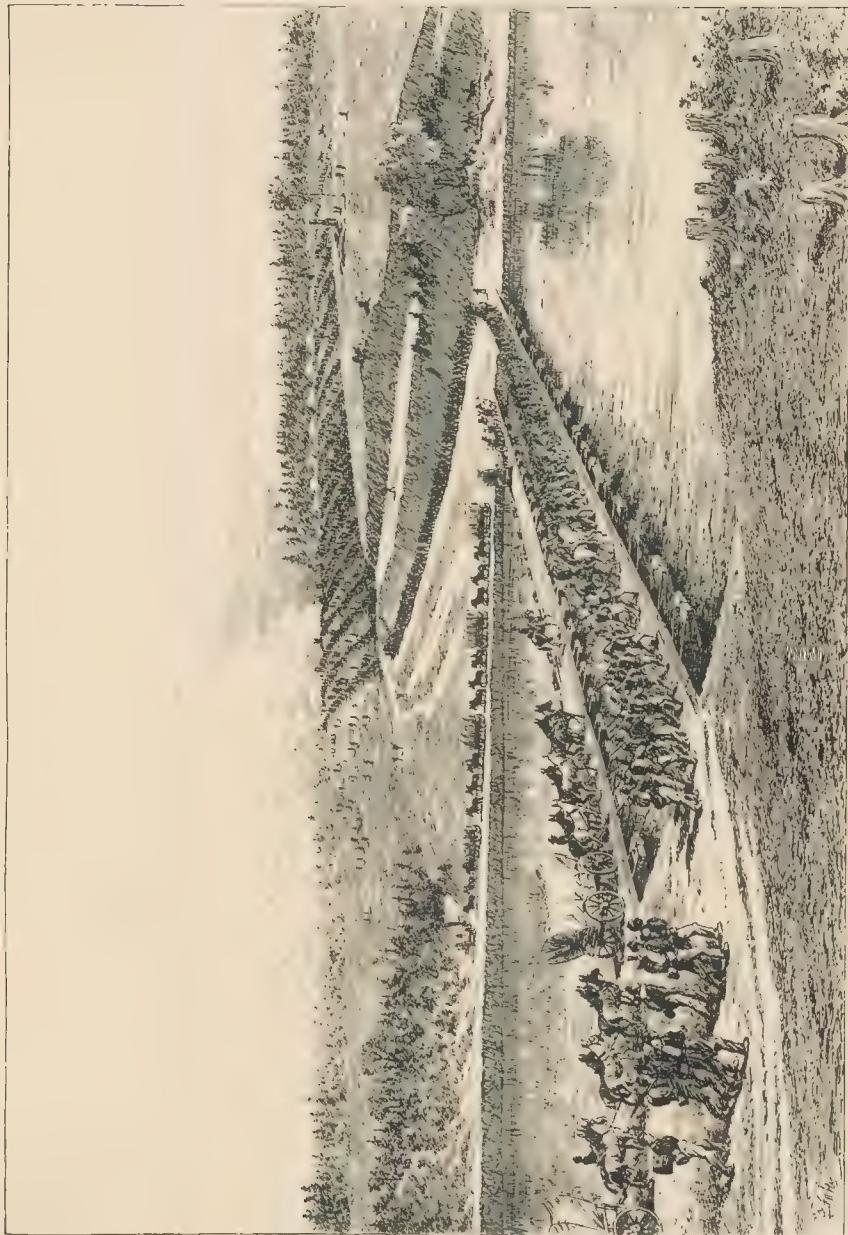
I always found a night march with the Engineer Corps quite an exciting experience. The enemy's rear guard seemed to find a malicious—though perhaps natural—pleasure in placing all manner of obstacles in the way of the Union advance. Trees were felled across the roads and impassable labyrinths of interwoven boughs would have to be cleared by the engineers' axes.

The Engineer Corps was often called upon to lay out a line of breastworks to cover the front of the army from a surprise. It is not easy to realize how severe this labor was and how hard the soldiers worked at it. A ditch had first to be dug in the front with pick and spade; then the trees were felled by the axe, cut into lengths, and used as a backing for the bank of earth thrown up from the ditch. Traverses were built to protect men and guns from flanking fire, and the front covered by an abatis made of limbs of trees lying lengthwise with sharpened ends placed toward the enemy. Another fence which is sometimes placed in front of a fortified line is made by sharpening heavy logs and burying butts in the ground with points forward. This can be removed only by the axe, and if attempted under fire great loss of life is the result.

The Engineer Corps also has its share of destruction to make. Railroad-bridges are burned and canal-locks blown up, or the channel of a river is obstructed to prevent the enemy's advance. These men were seldom idle; in winter camp or summer march there was always something for their well-trained heads and skilled hands to do. Their loss of life was not as great as in other branches of the service: but they were exposed to much hardship and frequent peril; they did a very noble and indispensable duty, and no army could avail much without their assistance.

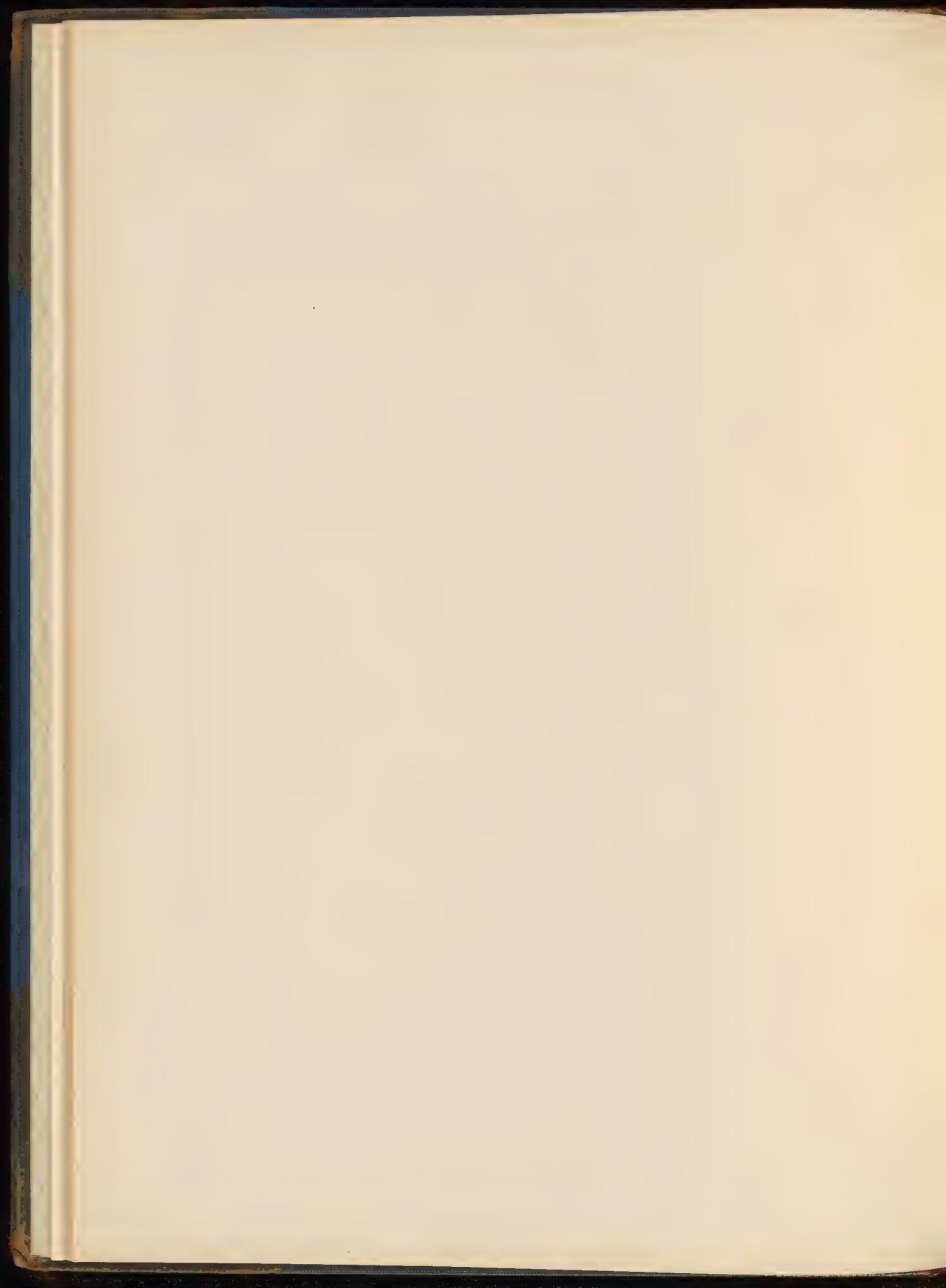


THROWING UP BREASTWORKS.



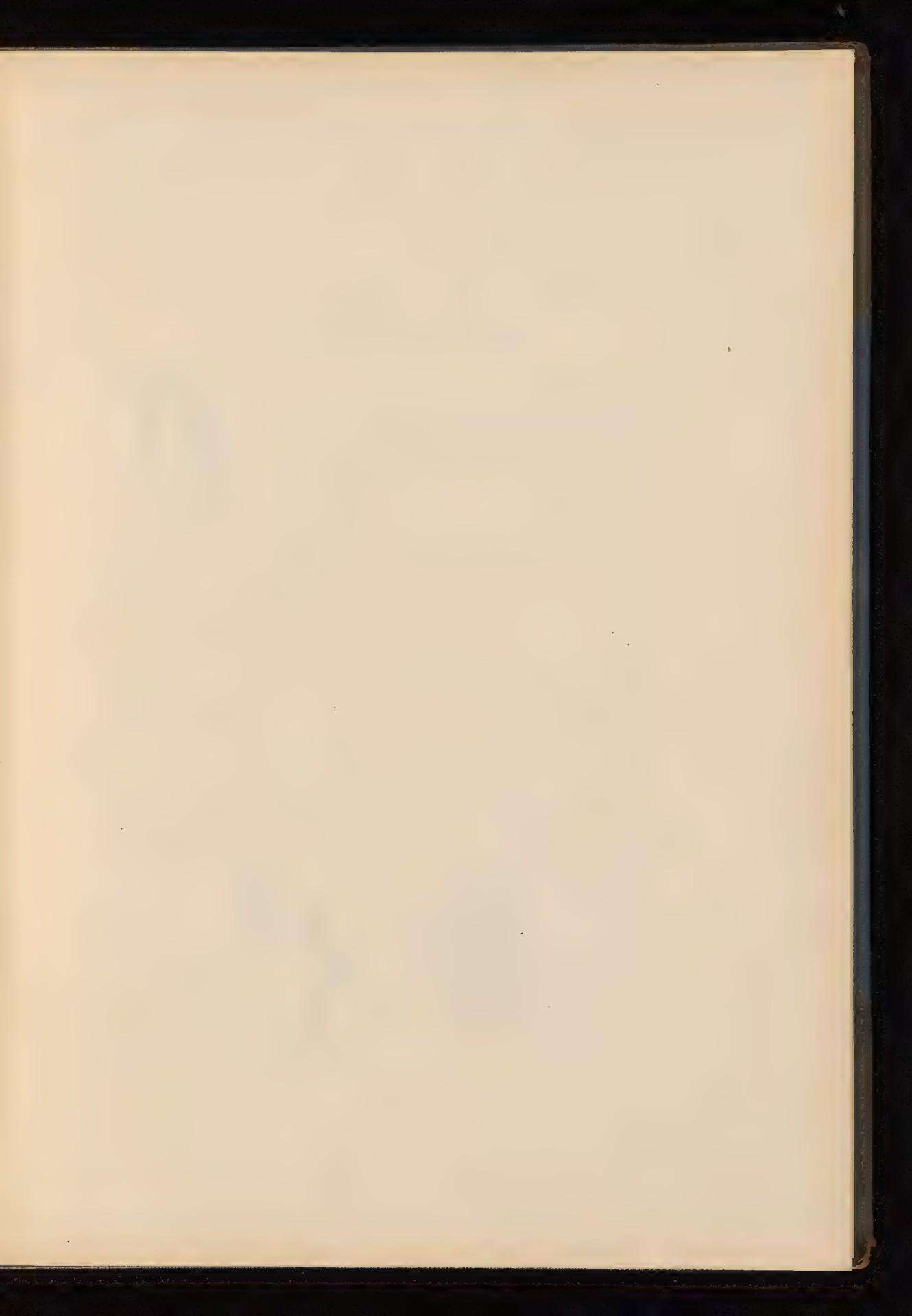
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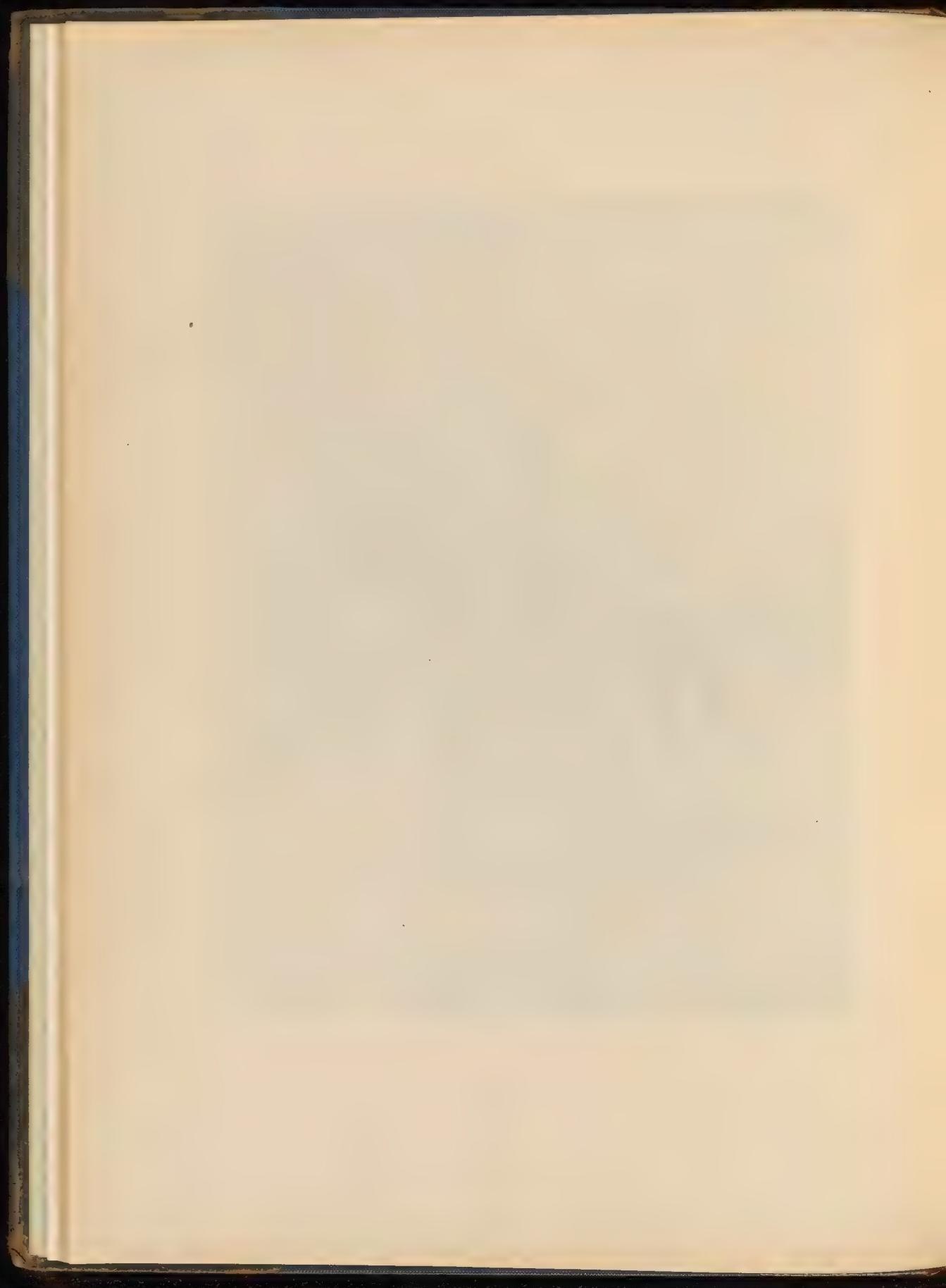
CROSSING THE RAPIDS.











V.

THE EVER-HUNGRY SOLDIER.

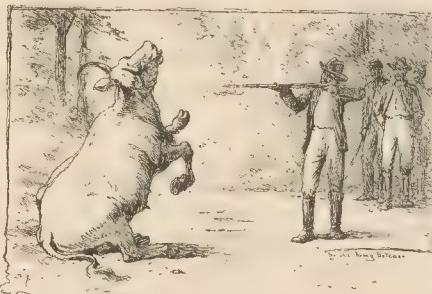
*Volunteer Foraging.*

KIND of traveling human locust dressed in faded blue, is a phrase that might have been truthfully applied to the Union soldier; always hungry, never satisfied, and willing to join a foraging party on the shortest possible notice. At times he literally cleared parts of our country of all bounties acceptable to man and beast; and yet deprivations were laughed at and forgiven, for the little obtained by the brave "boys in blue" was but slight recompense for the great service rendered to the land.

Many were the ludicrous scenes in those memorable campaigns. At the back door of every cabin or farm-house on the line of march could be seen groups of irrepressible Yankee soldiers with one question: "Got any pies for sale, Aunty?" and when such things were obtainable, eager hands stretched forth to receive them. Often hoe-cake and biscuits were offered instead of pies, and seemed just as desirable to the hungry men. They always paid liberally for such supplies, and many poor people made considerable sums of money in thus catering to their wants.

A party of "the boys" on scouring through the barn-yards would often chase up a nimble porker, whose ridiculous efforts to escape would greatly amuse them; but a final corral in some fence corner and a quick thrust of the bayonet would end the noise and life of the unfortunate pig. Or perhaps a proud-stepping old rooster who had been a neighborhood tyrant would come in their way. Age was no objection to such healthy appetites, and the wringing of the old fellow's neck was only a question of very limited time. A bee-hive was a strong attraction to the soldier's "sweet-tooth," but a capture of it sometimes resulted in more bodily pain than had been counted on.

The remains of a pillaged vegetable garden suggested the visit of a cyclone; everything would disappear in a twinkling, and the men always seemed to confiscate the onions with especial relish. But first of all delights was the sudden sight of a cherry-tree in full bearing. How with a bound and a cheer the soldiers would run to it! In scarcely more than a moment of time all small limbs would be broken off and feasted upon in the ranks when on the march. The sight of fresh meat always increased the already ravenous appetites. When, after pitching camp division herd, and rifle plant a bullet expectation prevail be removed in the time, and almost be cool it would be dis odor of beef-steak air. Berries in their ry always accepta-soldier has halted battle to snatch and blackberries; or in growth, with bullets

*Henry C. Wetherbee*

discover a patch of huckleberries, and at a taste of them memory would go back to the old outing-parties and the juicy home-pies made from the culled fruit.

Luxuries for the mess often came from the river or sea. When an old net was obtainable, streams would be drawn, and the suckers, bull-heads, and black bass secured would make a welcome variety to the scanty fare. If near the shore, oysters and clams would be sought for, and were gratefully devoured by the men who were subject to so much hardship. Game could sometimes be procured, and an old shotgun if obtainable was a great prize. With the colonel's permission to fire near camp, the fields would soon be beaten and rabbits, quail or perhaps a wild turkey would be added to the bill of fare. But many times the troops were limited to plain scant rations, and anything eatable was accepted then. Green horse-corn was often gathered from the fields, thrown on a fire of burning fence rails and scorched to a good deep brown. Without salt or other condiment it would be devoured with all the zest of a great luxury.

When Sherman marched to the sea his orders were, "The army will forage liberally on the country during the march. To this end each brigade commander will organize a good and sufficient foraging party under the command of one or more discreet officers, who will gather near the route traveled, corn or forage of any kind, meat of any kind, vegetables, corn-meal, or whatever is needed by the command, aiming at all times to keep in the wagons at least ten days' provisions for his command and three days' forage. Soldiers must not enter the dwellings of the inhabitants, or commit any trespass; but during a halt or camp they may be permitted to gather turnips, potatoes, and all vegetables, and to drive in stock in sight of the camp. To regular foraging parties must be intrusted the gathering of provisions and forage at any distance from the road traveled."

How well the troops obeyed this order, their good condition on their arrival at Savannah bore evidence. General Sherman relates that although the foraging was attended with much danger and hard work, there seemed to be a charm about it that attracted the soldiers, and they thought it a privilege to be detailed on a party. He said that he was often amused at the strange collections that were secured of mules, horses, and even cattle, packed with old saddles and loaded with hams, bacon, bags of corn meal and poultry. While walking up to a house on a plantation where a bivouac was made, General Sherman passed by a soldier who had a ham on his musket, a jug of sorghum molasses under his arm and a big piece of honey in his hand, from which he was eating. Catching Sherman's eye he remarked *sotto voce* to a comrade, "Forage liberally on the country!"

One could conclude in a measure how much food it took to supply an army by watching the enormous trains of laden wagons. I heard it stated that the wagon-train of the Army of the Potomac would cover a distance of sixty miles if stretched along a single road. To see the enormous piles of hard-tack and pork barrels at the railroad depots near camp convinced one of the truth of the old adage that "an army marches on its stomach." When supplies failed, only those in command knew how plans miscarried.





But any place for sale Auntie?



ROADSIDE COMMISSIONS



VI.

THE DRUMMER-BOYS.



F. G. Riker

HOSE omnipresent youngsters whose pranks gave so much life to camp or march deserve more than a passing tribute to their characteristic personality. Through rain or sunshine, at rest or in action, they seemed imbued with the same good-nature; and whether beating the drum or marching with it slung over the shoulder, they were the most picturesque little figures in the Union army.

Many of them were boys of twelve or thirteen, youths

in years, but after a season of army life, men in experience. Parents no doubt sent them forth (or learned of their running away to the army) with grave apprehensions of the dangers they would be exposed to, but if they could have had an occasional glimpse of them in their newly acquired self-reliance and persistency, part of their sympathy might have been bestowed on those with whom the boys came in contact.

I am sure that many of the housewives of the country through which we marched long remembered the modest and innocent-faced youths who so often pestered them in their hunger. Nothing seemed to escape their prying eyes; no well was deep enough to make butter secure from them, and no cellar was sufficiently dark to keep the goodies it contained from their grasp. In camp, any mischief that was set on foot could be safely attributed to the drummer-boys and their confederates the fifers. A stern hand was necessary to make them obedient to military discipline, and a week in the guard-house or half a day's penance carrying a log, proved to them that a soldier's life had restrictions as well as pleasures. And yet they served an important as well as pleasing purpose, for what like their marching rattle-clangor or their sudden camp-calls stirred the soldier's pulse! And the march on the parade-ground during dress-parade or brigade-drill often inspired hearts that were despondent. Both drummers and fifers were in their special element at a grand review, when they appeared with white gloves and shining brasses. None were so proud in all the glorious array. When the order to "fall in" was given, they stepped majestically forward, and as the regiment approached the point of review, where perhaps the President or commanding general was posted, they glanced toward the reviewing officer with an expression of self-consciousness which suggested to a looker-on that the parade would have little importance were it not for their presence.

Painters of military pictures are fond of placing a broken drum in the fore-ground of their battle-scenes; but no representation could be more incorrect, for during a battle the musicians and drummers are detailed to the rear for hospital service, and may often be found behind some fence enjoying a quiet cup of coffee. They were sometimes made use of by the surgeons to bring the wounded men out from under fire on the battle-field, or to carry water to those sick with fever and whose patience in suffering was remarkable. With quick steps and bright faces they did good service and brought hope and cheer to many sufferers. They had their hours of drill under a drum-major, and in some quiet spot near camp would practice the calls and marches. But their unfailing good-nature lightened their many burdens and a volume of anecdotes might be related of their original ventures and ready wit.

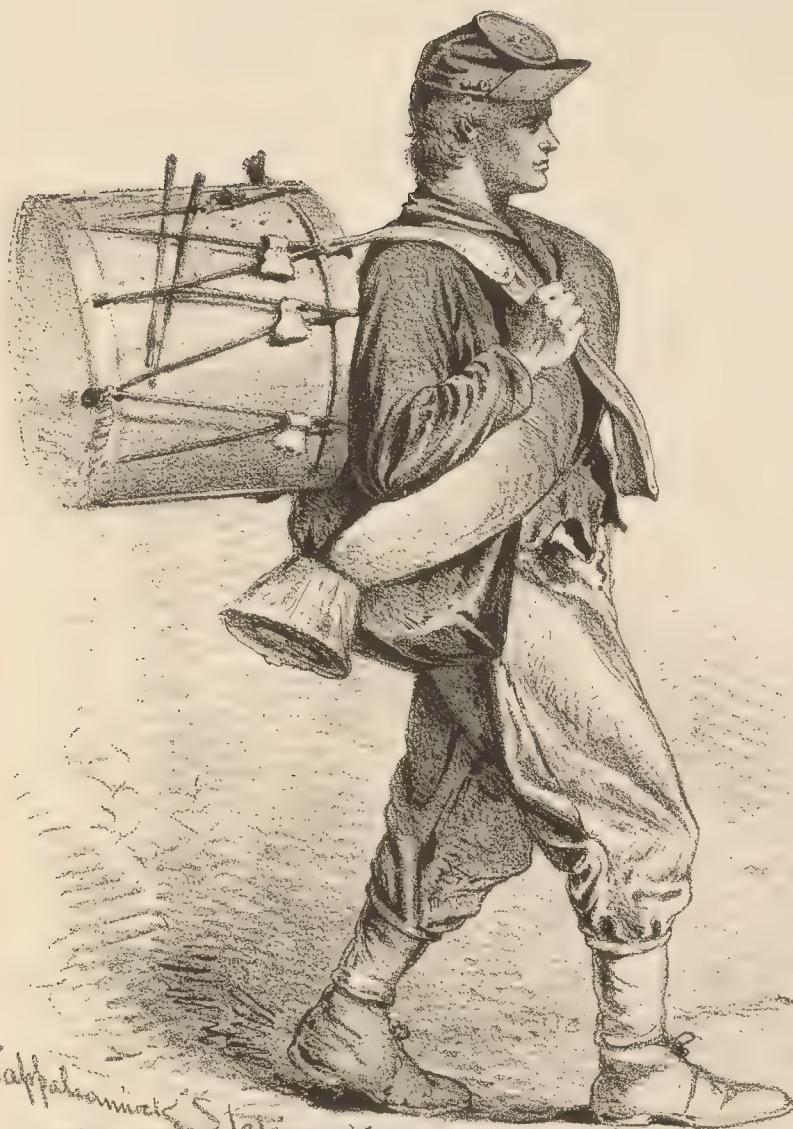
An incident occurs to me now that happened in Virginia, after an order had been

issued from headquarters which forbade foraging. In the early part of the war it was looked upon as trespassing, and those in command failed to appreciate that all civilians outside of our lines were our bitter enemies. One commander thus conscientious met a drummer-boy carrying off a rooster by the heels. "Did you not know," said the officer, "that foraging had been forbidden?" "Yes," answered the boy sheepishly (but keeping a tight hold on the rooster) "I know I have done wrong." Then he looked up with a saucy twinkle: "But, General, he got up on a fence and hurrahed for Jeff Davis, so I killed him." The general's face relaxed; he laughed, and said, "Well, go on to camp with your chicken, but no matter whom the next one cheers for, you must not touch him."

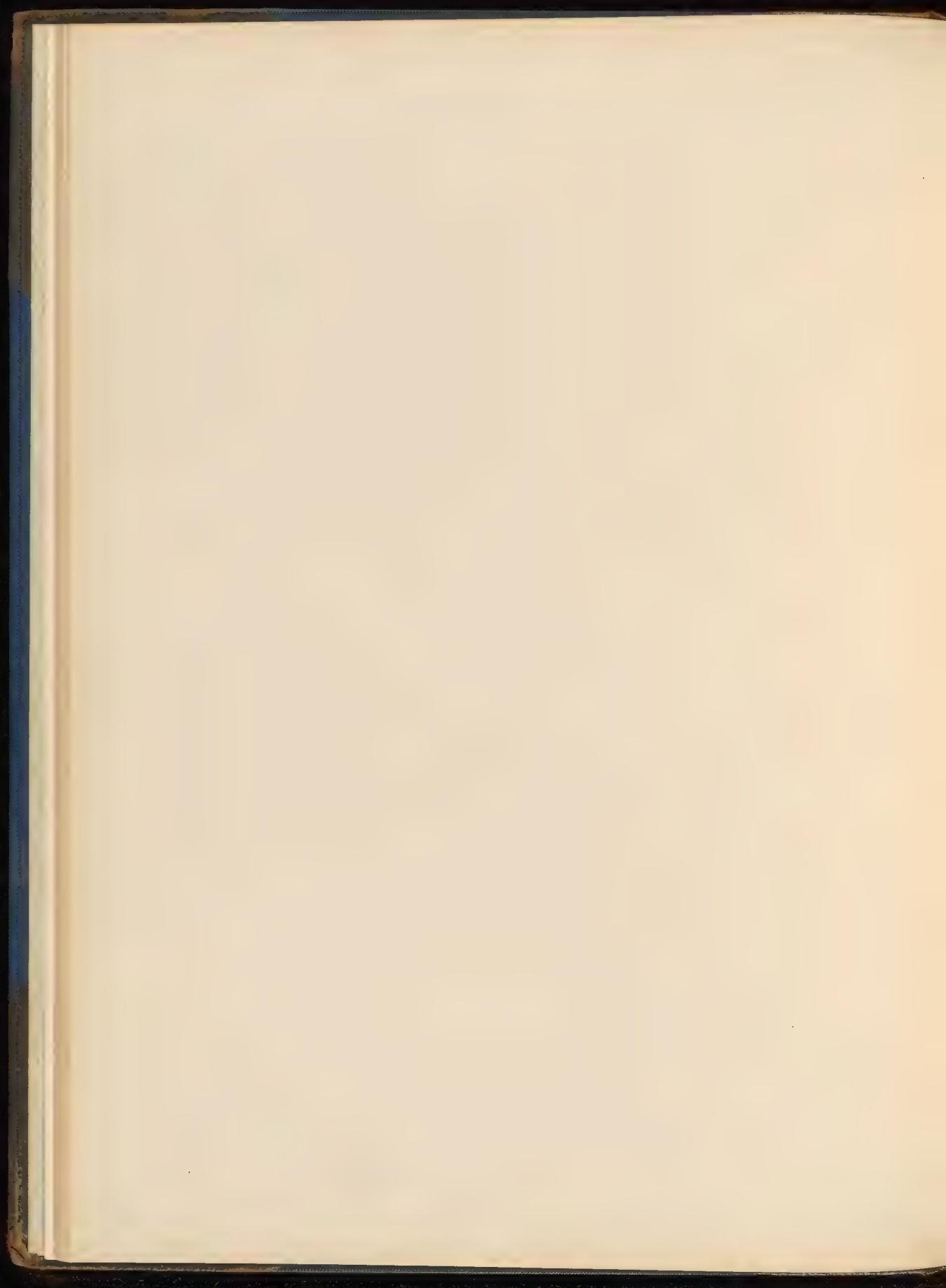
Ah! well, the soldiers would have missed other comrades far less than the lively little drummers, and many marches through scorching sun and suffocating dust would have been much harder to bear had it not been for these little musicians. Lagging foot-steps often quickened and weary faces brightened at the sudden sound of drum and fife, and many a "God bless you, boys; you give us cheer" went out to them in the long march. There is many a duty of war that tries the courage and nerve of the soldier more than the battle-field, with its wild excitement. Marching is one of them; and when it is remembered that these little chaps were hot and tired and dusty and drooping, as well as the men, it may be seen that it often required genuine heroism in them to unsling their drums and tune up their fifes for the inspiriting of the veterans' long line of march. They have been celebrated in song and story, and to those who returned to civil duties, memory of army life must seem like a dream. The scenes in which they mingled are now read as history by our children, and when we think of the drummer-boys, may we say fervently:

"Sweet is the dew of their memory,
And pleasant the balm of their recollection."





R. W. E.
Raffaldine Station
Feb. 13th 1864
from life



VII.

WINTER HUTS.

THE COMMISSARY'S HEADQUARTERS.



Putting on stone.

O THOSE reared amid comfortable surroundings, and who had left bright fires and home luxuries for the field of battle, life in an army hut must, for a time at least, have seemed a strange existence; but after the hardships of campaigning, the exposure on the picket-line, or sentry and fatigue duty in winter, the little shelter became a haven of rest. Much of original skill was displayed by the soldier-architects in the designing and erecting of these structures. Their materials were more than limited, and as for tools, the dull army ax was about the only building-instrument that could be made available.

A winter camp was generally located on a well drained hillside, convenient to water and accessible to supply teams. After selecting a site the limits of the camp were designated, streets laid out and arrangements vigorously carried forward that the men might get under cover before the inclement weather began. Ax-men were detailed to the nearest pine woods for logs, while others scoured the country in search of further building material. Sometimes an abandoned house would be discovered, which the men would swarm over and take away piece by piece, until at the end of two or three days nothing would be left of it but the foundation. Everything that could be called a board was of value, and window-frames, doors and sashes were treasures indeed, and seized upon with the greatest eagerness. Even the foundation was not always left to mark the spot where the house had stood, for the stones were available for chimneys, and were often carried away with the rest.

The walls of the huts were made of pine logs joined together at the corners, and their interstices plastered with yellow mud. Space for a doorway was left at one end, and a chimney at the other. This was usually made of stones plastered with mud, and extended on the top with one or two barrels, the latter improving the draft, and, in the soldiers' eyes, adding to the style of architecture. The roofs were often made of canvas, although some of the men were ingenious enough to build them of boards, which gave much more warmth and were rain-proof.

The commissary's headquarters in the illustration gives faithful delineation of a style of structure to which the soldiers were most partial. It was furnished quite luxuriously with home-made chairs and benches, a bunk to sleep in, and a fireplace from which came a gentle warmth. The walls were more or less tastefully decorated with pictures cut from the illustrated newspapers, and a visitor, glancing at the interior, would conclude that there were some genial spots in a soldier's experience.

Exterior comfort was also considered in neatly laid walks before the door, made of barrel staves. This made a dry spot to sit upon, and the soldiers were often seen together there chatting in the sun. Washtubs was also improvised, by cutting barrels in halves and attaching handles to each section. Protection to horses was a necessary consideration as well as to men, and the arrangement of pine boughs against the chimney in the picture was a stable contrived for the sergeant's favorite horse.

It was interesting to watch the groups of men that continually gathered about these

headquarters. The greatest number were seen when rations were issued to the mess. Then pork was weighed out, and hard-tack, coffee and other supplies distributed. Now and then a soldier would appear, to obtain a barrel for a chimney-top, or a hard-tack box to make a seat for his hut.

Notwithstanding the great effort made by the men to have their huts habitable, they experienced much discomfort at times. Roofs would leak, and it was not an uncommon sight to see them blown off altogether; then the rain would pour in and cause much consternation until damages could be repaired. Or perhaps an easterly wind would blow down a chimney and so fill the hut with pine smoke that the occupants would be driven into the open air. Then they would scheme anew to remedy the difficulty, and after placing a board across the barrel and trying other experiments, the quarters could be again occupied.

The winter evenings presented varied scenes in the huts. Many times the men would be sitting before the fire discussing the coming spring campaign, or retailing bits of camp gossip gathered during the day. Again I would find them enjoying a quiet game of euchre or draw-poker by the dim light of a tallow dip furnished by the commissary; while by the same insufficient light a soldier with thoughtful face would be laboriously penning a letter to the "old folks at home." Story-telling would often be in order, and the best romancer in the regiment would at times regale the boys with bits of real personal history, and again would trust entirely to his fertile imagination.

Evenings were also spent in song, and the sound of the manly, mellow voices fell sweetly on the ear. They were often accompanied by the insinuating strains of a violin or the twanging of the banjo. Popular military songs of the period were indulged in with great spirit, and the recollection of their effective influence has always remained vividly in my mind.

"Home is where the heart is;" and the soldier's home for long months was in his hut. When the spring campaign opened, it was with a pang that the hand of destruction was laid on the shelters, and when the order to "fall in" was given and the column made its way over the hill to the ford to meet the enemy, regretful glances were cast backward at the dismantled winter-town, soon to be occupied by crows and turkey-buzzards, who always flock to a deserted camp to feed upon the refuse.

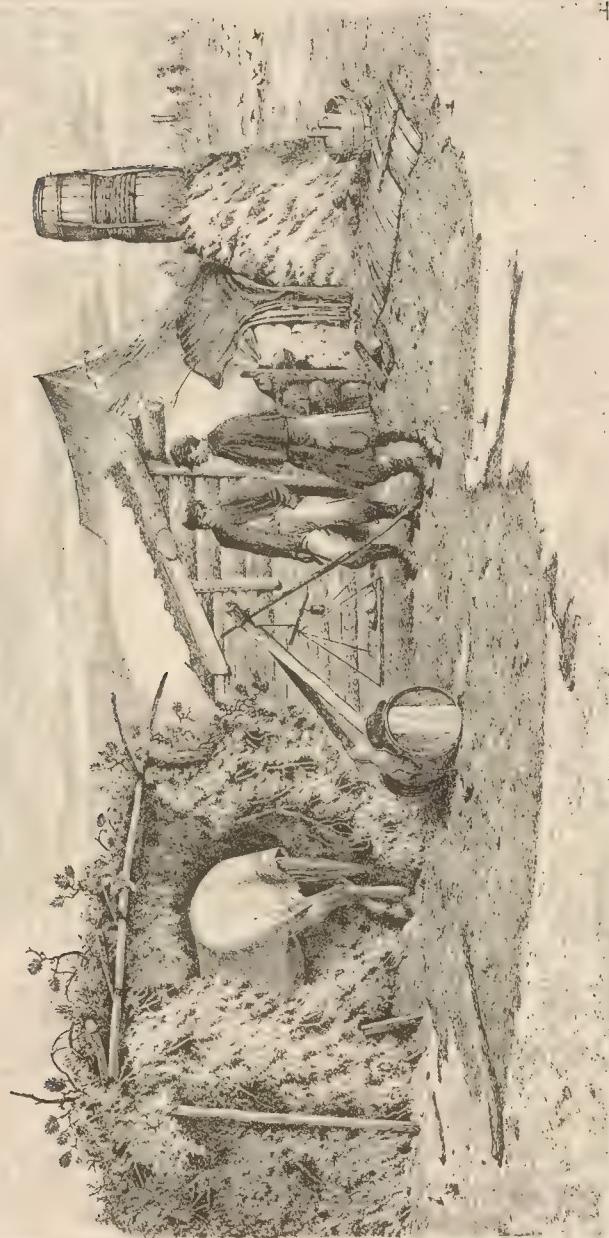
Memories cluster thick know, to those who have been in reconnection; for at army galore, that were told in those

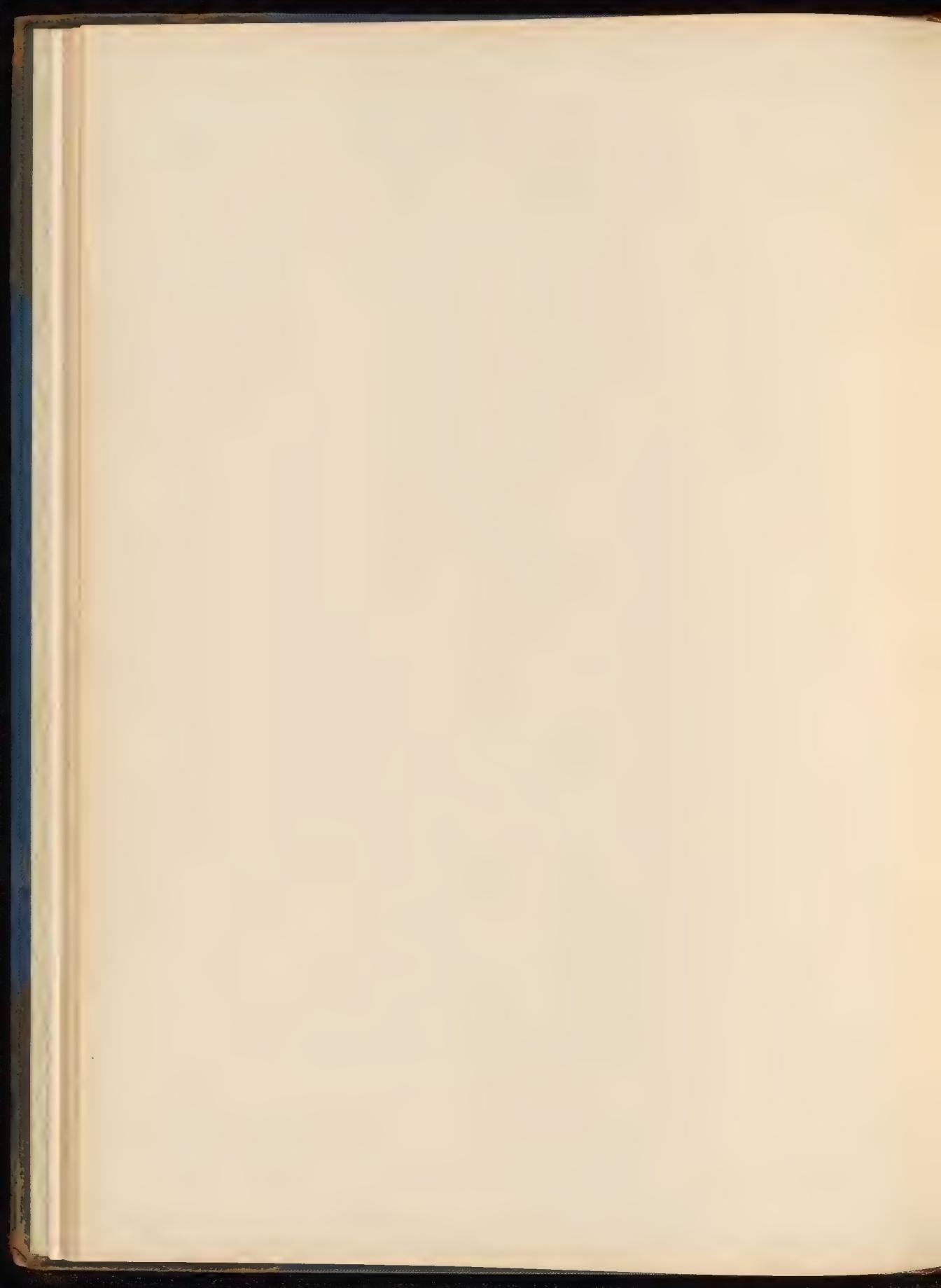
tiled winter-town, soon to be occupied who always flock to a deserted matter.

and fast about them now, I spared to live the scenes again re-unions I listen to stories winter camps.



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VIII.

A SCOUTING PARTY.



ANT of occupation or dullness of time were complaints that rarely came from the army scout, as the demand for his services at headquarters was constant. To penetrate the enemy's lines and locate his out-posts and main body would often be a sudden and peremptory order. Then the necessity of burning a bridge to impede the enemy's progress would unexpectedly present itself, and the frequent intelligence received of the activity of bushwhackers and guerrillas would cause the scouts to be despatched beyond the lines to abate, if possible, that never-ending annoyance.

The scouts connected with the army were an active and wiry body of men, who were expert horsemen, splendidly mounted. They usually traveled in small parties to escape observation, and were dressed in gray homespun to look as much as possible like the inhabitants of the country where active operations were carried on. They were always well armed with carbines and revolvers.

I had the pleasure of accompanying several scouting parties during the war, and remember most vividly my exciting experiences with that branch of the service. During the many campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley I scoured the country on both sides of the pike from Harper's Ferry to Port Republic in company with scouts from the various commands; and later, under Gen. Grant, during the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg had a number of adventures with the scouts of Sheridan's cavalry.

Shortly after the battle of the Wilderness a party of six scouts were sent by Gen. Grant to locate the enemy's right flank, and to discover whether the bridges over the North Anna River were held by a strong force, and also if Lee's army, which then occupied Spotsylvania Court House, was receiving heavy reinforcements from Richmond. I received permission to accompany this party and started with them at midnight from camp near Todd's Tavern. We moved to the left in the direction of Port Royal. On the first day we did not meet any force of the enemy and about noon entered the town, consisting of but few houses, a blacksmith's shop and a tavern. Ascertaining from contrabands that a small force of Stuart's cavalry was posted a few miles to the south, beyond the Mattaponi River, we succeeded in slipping past by crossing a ford below them. We proceeded at a trot in the direction of the North Anna River, with an advance guard of two men three hundred feet ahead, meeting with no adventure until five o'clock. Then our guard came back at a gallop, with pistols drawn, and reported having come face to face with three Confederate cavalrymen at a turn in the road a short distance ahead. Preparations were at once made to receive an attack from the body to which that advance guard of three probably belonged; but after waiting about five minutes, our own advance was sent cautiously forward again and found that the enemy had disappeared.

Later in the afternoon we saw clouds of dust in the south and west, and moving cautiously that way, we were able to get a view of large bodies of troops moving in the direction of Spotsylvania. A battle was evidently in progress at that place, as we could hear the steady growling of guns in the distance. We esconced ourselves in a piece of woods on a hill-top

three-quarters of a mile from the road where the enemy's troops were marching, and watched them with intense interest till sundown.

Feeling unsafe in such close proximity to the armies, we accosted an old contraband, evidently a slave, and asked if we could reach a certain point by riding over the farm where he was. "No, sah!" he replied. "Massa wouldn't let nobody ride ober his farm, but you might go down the road by the ole mill and git thaht way." Our ideas of "Massa's" rights, however, differed from those of the old negro and we started across country. Toward daylight we neared the North Anna River and learned from negroes that the stream was held by a force of cavalry, and that the railroad-bridge was strongly fortified and guarded.

On approaching the enemy's position carefully, we were able to see, with the aid of a field-glass, men at work on the earthworks. At intervals we could hear the rumbling of trains and the screech of a locomotive whistle, showing that Gen. Lee was still in communication with Richmond. We posted a sentinel near the edge of some woods and rested within them until nightfall, when the commanding officer wisely determined to return to the army.

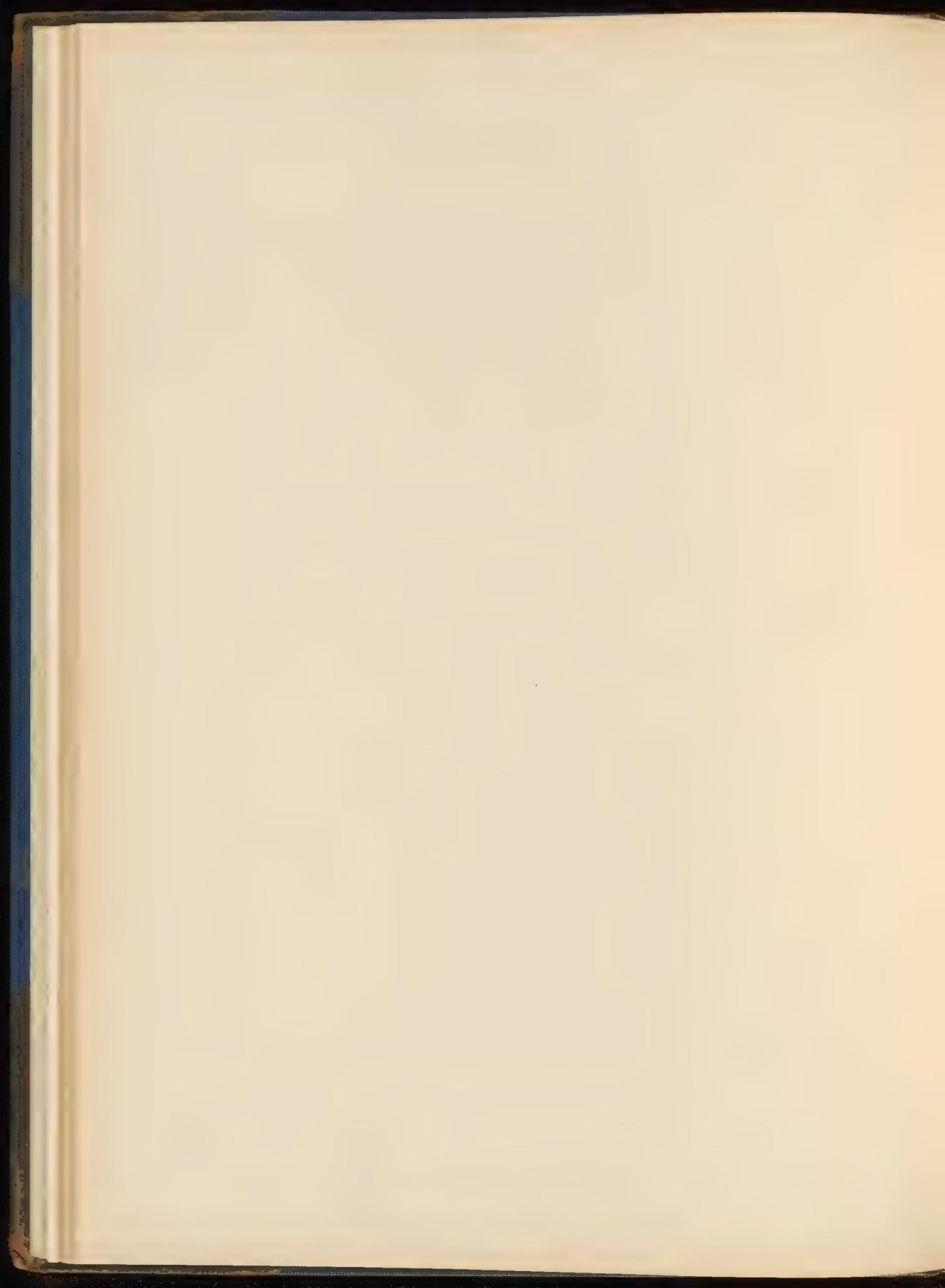
Starting, we avoided as much as possible the main road and moved cautiously northward. Toward midnight we saw the glare of camp-fires on a hill a mile or two distant, and were obliged to make a detour to the eastward to avoid possible capture. Toward daylight we struck the road leading to Fredericksburg and came in sight of a party of the enemy's cavalry, who made a dash to capture us. Two of the scouts were slightly wounded, but hard riding saved us, and we reached the right of the Union lines near Spottsylvania just as Gen. Grant's army was moving by the left flank in the direction of the North Anna River.

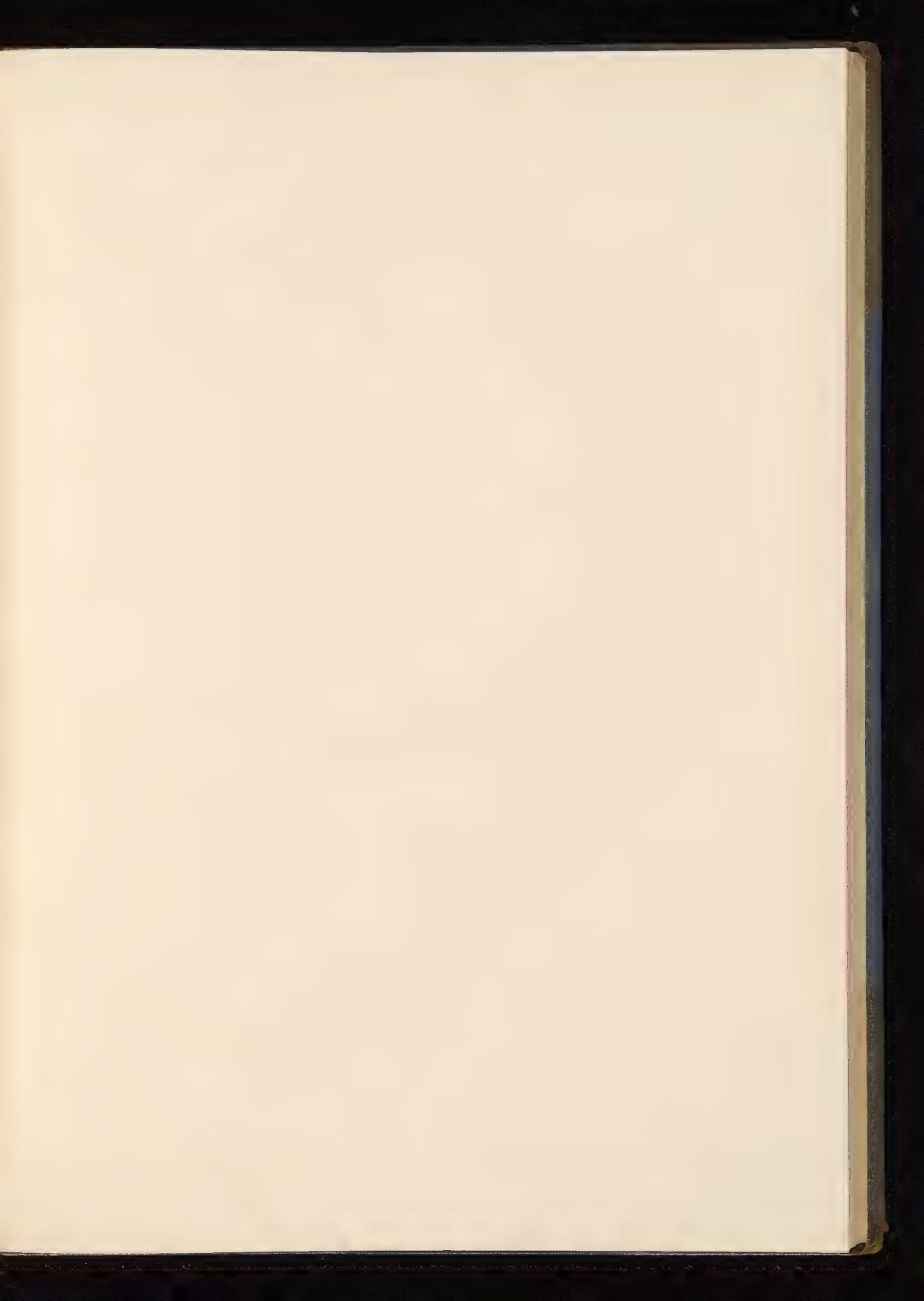
The country lying between the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Orange and Alexandria Railroad was thoroughly scouted during the war, as large parties of guerrillas under the redoubtable Mosby made life miserable for the Union forces in that section of Virginia. In the West, scouts of the Union army did splendid service, often penetrating hundreds of miles into the enemy's lines and returning with information of great value to the commanding generals. During the Atlanta campaign Gen. Sherman relied greatly on the work of scouts, and had large numbers of them out in the enemy's country in front. In West Virginia and East Tennessee the scouts were natives of the mountains, true Union men, whose spirit for our success was intensified by sufferings endured and outrages inflicted by the hands of their Secession neighbors. Brother often fought against brother, and family feuds commenced then have been continued to the present day. West of the Mississippi the scouts were generally recruited from the men of the plains, Indian fighters and hunters, and in some cases half-enlisted in the service. Although not commanding, this performed deeds of live in memory as self. All historians do full justice to this brave and daring body of soldiers.



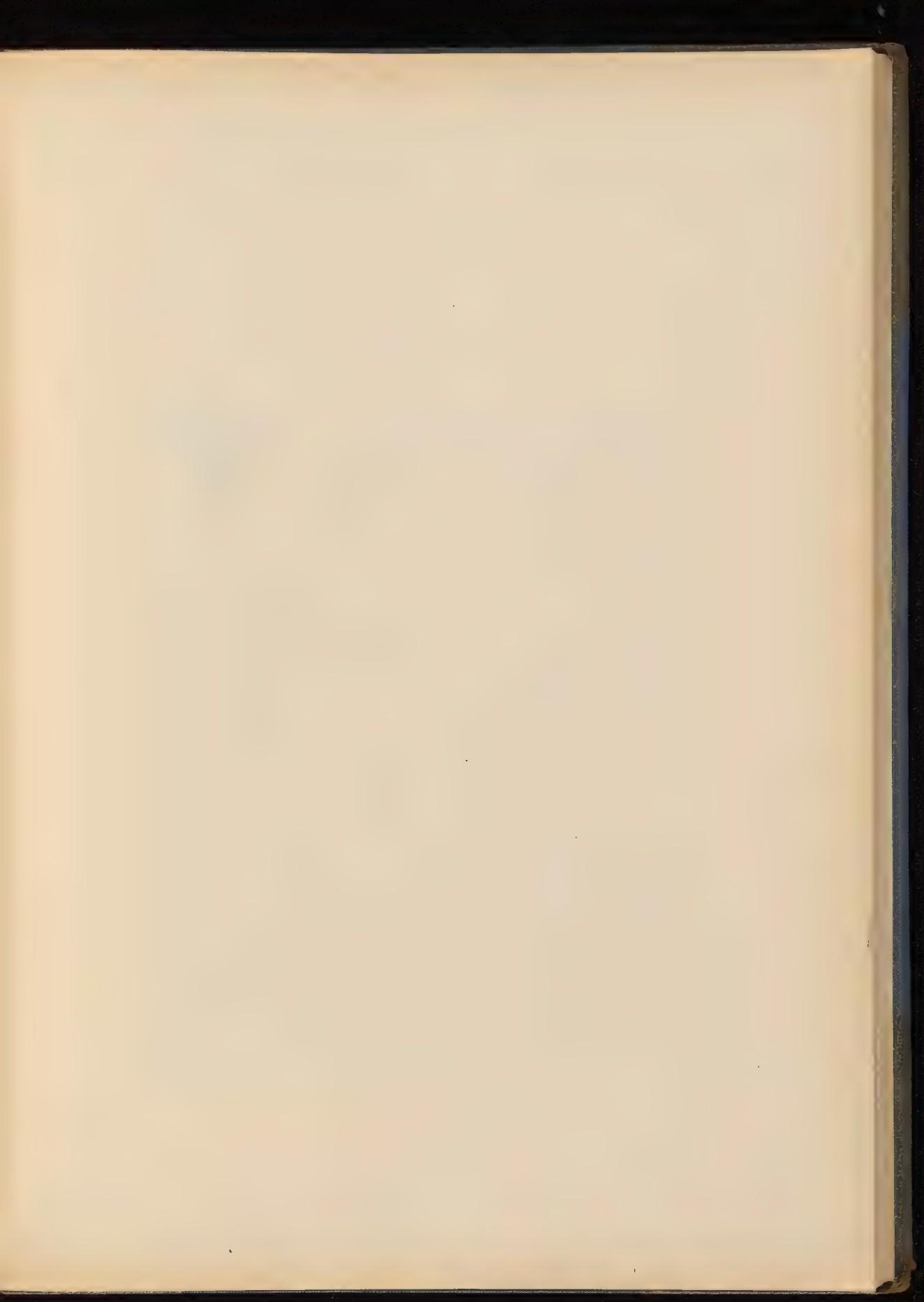
ON THE MARCH.

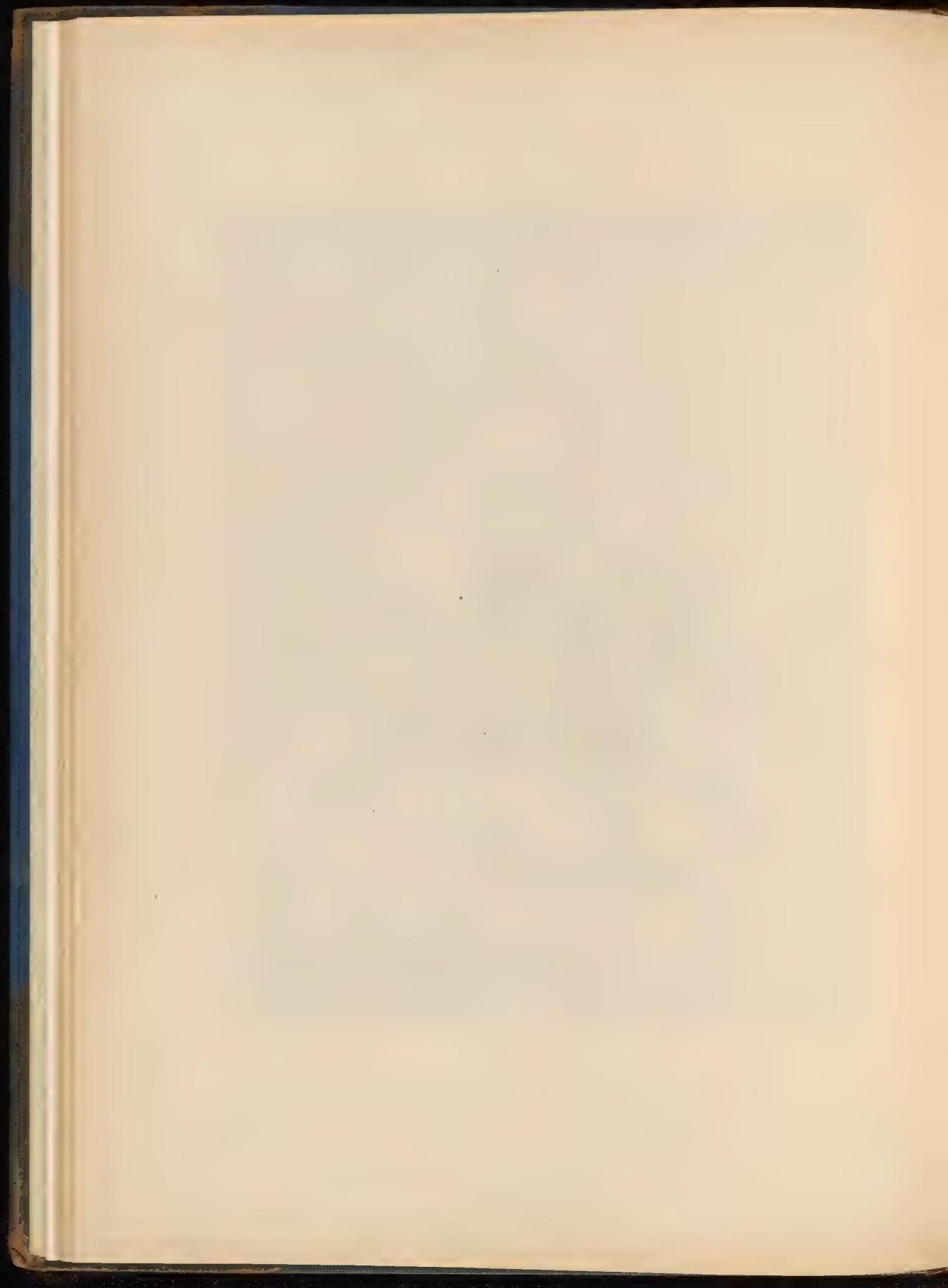












IX.

A NIGHT MARCH.



WHILE IT IS always preferable for a great army to advance on an enemy by the light of day, there have been some most wonderful marches made in the dead of night. Many Union soldiers can recall to mind the varied scenes of adventure when they tramped in darkness through unknown country, occupied by the enemy in such strong force, and so well fortified at every available point, that it seemed like an impossibility to make an attack that would result in anything but defeat.

None had more interest for me than a march I made in 1863 with the Army of the Potomac under command of Gen. Hooker, when it left the winter camp on the north fork of the Rappahannock, opposite the town of Fredericksburg. This town was then occupied by the Confederate army commanded by Gen. R. E. Lee; and upon orders from Washington active preparations were made to turn their position and drive them out of their fortified lines.

The whole Union army, except three corps under Gen. Sedgwick, marched up the north fork of the Rappahannock and, crossing on pontoons at Kelly's Ford, moved rapidly to Ely Ford on the Rapidan. Fording this stream (about four feet deep) the troops advanced quickly and took Chancellorsville, thus placing themselves on the enemy's rear and flank. Holding this menacing position, Gen. Hooker gave orders to fortify a strong line in the dense woods surrounding Chancellorsville, where he awaited the enemy's attack. Meanwhile, Sedgwick's command had made a strong feint below Fredericksburg by crossing the river on pontoons and displaying a large force in front of the Confederate entrenched lines, on the hills in rear of the town. Two corps were then detached from Sedgwick's force and marched in the direction of the United States Ford to form a junction with our main body under Gen. Hooker. Heavy skirmishing and some fighting had already taken place, which suggested a determination on the part of the enemy to retain possession of their stronghold.

I accompanied the detached column along the north fork of the Rappahannock late in the afternoon, and approached the ford, at which point on the river two pontoon-bridges had been thrown across. As we marched along, we could hear artillery and musketry fire from the opposite side of the river, but did not suppose the contest would be intense before we could reach the field. Just before dusk, however, a tremendous volume of sound came from the woods where the two armies confronted each other. It commenced with crackling musketry fire, as if advancing skirmish lines had become engaged, and soon swelled into a continuous roar which made the ground tremble with its power. Now and then could be heard a separate cannon shot, as if but few guns had secured favorable position. As the musketry fire became louder, we knew that the Union lines were being forced back, and clouds of dust and smoke rolled up from the woods where the two gallant armies were struggling for victory.

Our pace was quickened, and troops hurried forward in route-step to succor the hard-pressed Union lines. From the high bank on our side of the river we could get a view of the field of conflict, on our approach to the ford. Looking over the stream we saw a densely wooded country stretching for miles toward the south and west. In the open fields of the foreground were ammunition and supply trains, reserve artillery, extra pontoon-trains,—in fact,

all the impedimenta of a great army. It was a thrilling scene as it lay bathed in the warm glow of a May sunset. Clouds of smoke rolled up from the woods, which in many places had taken fire, and as we stopped to gaze for a moment we might conclude, were it not for the noise, that the sight before us was the conflagration of a great city.

We descended the hill to the river, and crossing on the pontoons, were soon on our way towards the front. We passed through the wagon-camps on a flat near the river, and ascending a gentle slope were soon in the dense woods beyond. Darkness had now fallen, and the din of the conflict increased, though we concluded that the enemy's advance had been checked, as the reports of firing came no nearer. Sounds rose and fell as the opposing forces changed position, coming clearly and distinctly from a wooded ridge but with muffled tone from the valleys. Suddenly there came a burst of artillery, and a tremendous roar continued for one hour. Then word was received that the enemy's advance had been checked.

Suddenly we met straggling parties of demoralized troops hurrying towards the rear, and found on inquiry that the Eleventh Corps, holding the right flank of our army, had been surprised and put to rout by Stonewall Jackson, who had been making one of his famous forced marches for the purpose. These men were panic-stricken, rushing about at random with no directness of movement, their only thought being to get away from the bullets. Guards were thrown out on both sides of the road to put an end to the disgraceful confusion, and when the way was cleared we pushed forward toward the firing.

I shall never forget the scene at this point, at nine o'clock. Fires were blazing on every side, which, with the pine trees that had been ignited, so lit up the road that objects were as discernible as in the day; and surging through it all was a mass of earnest, determined men who were intent only on reaching the line of battle where they could be of service to their struggling comrades. Marching hurriedly forward, they soon came to a road leading from Ely's Ford to Chancellorsville, and deploying to right and left the lines were very shortly in such a position that the damage done by Jackson's masterly surprise was almost made good, although a last desperate attempt was made at eleven o'clock to take possession of a plateau surrounding the Chancellorsville House.

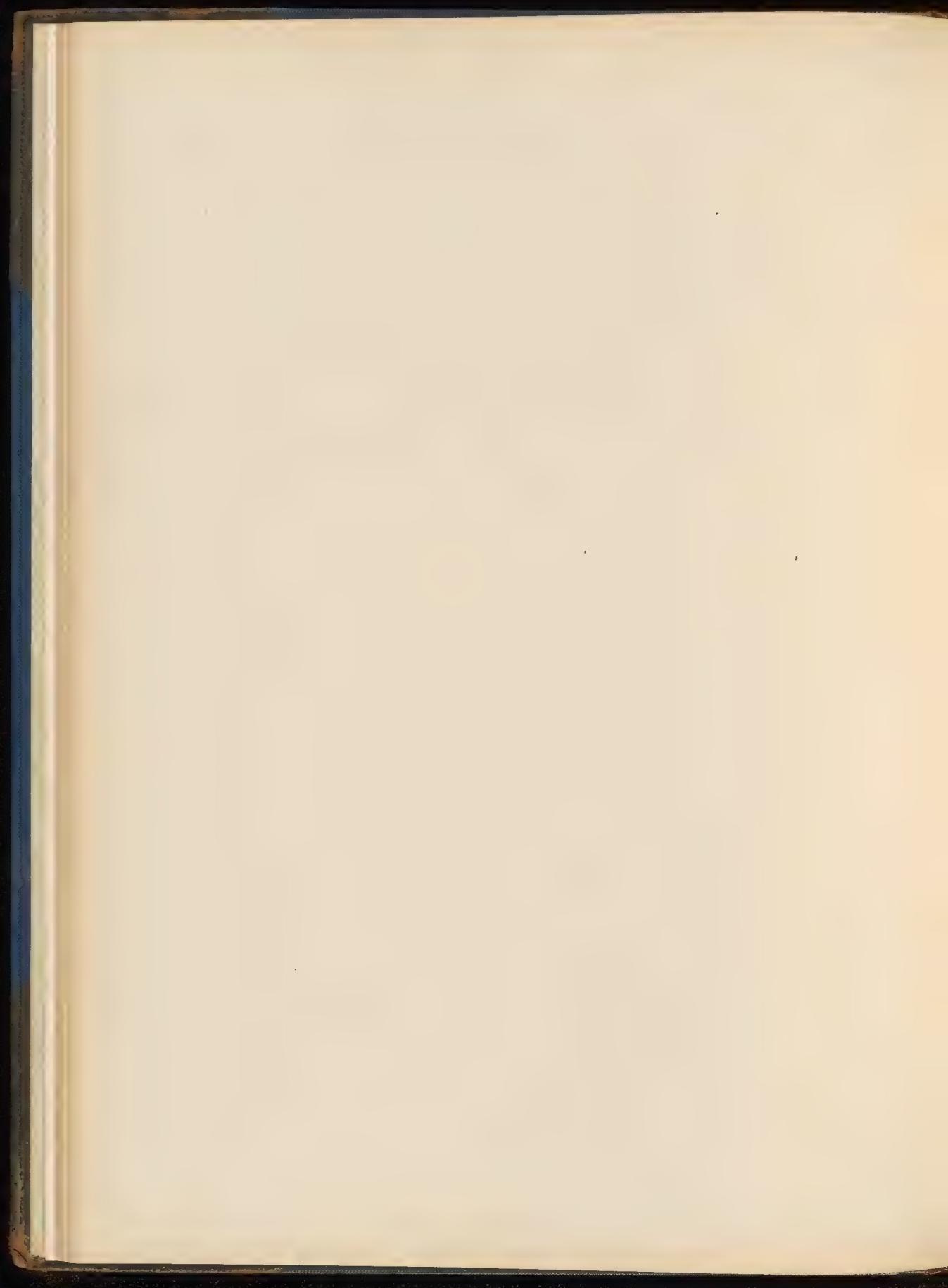
The incidents on the road during the remainder of the night were full of absorbing interest, for troops were continuously pushed forward. The moon looked placidly down as the column of men, broken here and there by batteries of artillery and ammunition-wagons, hurried toward the front, and through the woods on all sides could be seen large bodies of men in reserve, grouped around camp-fires, preparing coffee and other much needed food. Thousands were wrapped in gray blankets, sleeping peacefully, dreaming perhaps of a far-off home, while only a mile away the roar of the musketry rose and fell in continuous sound.

Soon after midnight there was a cessation of battle-turmoil; but the rumbling trains and weary troops steadily made their way through the smoky wood until the sun lit up the eastern horizon.

Thus the great night march was ended, and the last of twenty thousand men who had marched bravely during the night came straggling by. Their eyes were so heavy that they could scarce keep them open, but so high were they in spirit that a passer-by would think they were marching to a scene of pleasure instead of perhaps to a field of death.







X.

CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT.



"FACE ON EARTH, good-will toward men" could not ring out its grateful cadence in the scenes of conflict through which our army was passing; nor even during the ordinary camp rests, when most of the soldiers, if they had anything in the nature of a special banquet in honor of the ancient festival of good cheer, had to get it by special foraging in the enemy's country. Yet, although there were no home-greetings, tender memories of Christmastide filled the hearts of the soldiers and took them back in thought to where little ones sang in anthem the story of old.

Remote from scenes most dear and happy in the consciousness of a country's defense, our brave men brushed away a tear and sought to enjoy the holiday as best they might.

I was just feeling a sense of my own loneliness one Christmas day when an officer of the Signal Corps invited me to take dinner with some friends of his on the picket-line. It was quite early in the morning when we mounted our horses and started from camp. After riding some miles, we came in sight of the picket-reserves; then rode on and found that the main picket-line extended across a valley through which flowed a creek. Nearing a point of crossing, we passed a picket-post on a sand-bar in the middle of the stream, and halted a while to admire the beautiful surroundings. The hut, which was prettily fashioned of pine boughs, sheltered three or four sleeping men, while the cook was getting a frugal dinner ready on the camp-fire in front. Near-by, the officers' mess was being prepared, and we were cordially invited to partake of "chicken fricassee, camp-style." The odor of the cooking was appetizing, and our long ride had given us an appetite, but as we were expected elsewhere, we were obliged to decline and soon took leave of the hospitable officers.

We rode down the line and found the post, commanded by my comrade's friend, on an old farm road. The men were camped in the farm garden, where they had thrown up a shelter of boards against the fence as a protection from the cold wind. We dismounted in the barn-yard, and entrusted our horses to an old negro servant who promised them a feed of corn. We were most cordially received, and the dinner was soon placed before us on a table improvised from the cover of an oat-bin.

We found that living on the outer picket-line was much better than in the main army camp, and were surprised at the real luxuries placed before us, most of which had been obtained from the farmers at very small cost. The bill of fare consisted of rabbit-stew, fricasseed chicken, griddle-cakes with honey, and excellent coffee. To this we did full justice, and, with the addition of a little "commissary," had a more enjoyable feast than we had eaten in months. The rough fellows often detailed as cooks, and especially the "darkeys," who attached themselves to the various commands as camp-followers and servants of all kinds, developed much culinary talent at times, and the clearness of the coffee and toothsome ness of their simple dishes would put to shame many a professional cook. It is fair to allow, however, that perhaps the admirable hunger-sance of outdoor life had something to do with these savory concoctions.

After an hour or two of social chat over our pipes, we rode further down the line and stopped at various points to talk with friends who were on duty. None seemed to have fared

as sumptuously as ourselves; most of the men were cooking salt pork, though one party had secured a turkey from a neighboring farmer and looked lovingly towards it as it roasted before the glowing camp-fire. Some of the men were fortunate enough to have received boxes from home, and their faces grew bright as they lifted out roast turkey, chickens, bread, cake and pies that kindly hands had prepared. An occasional bottle of "old rye," secreted in a turkey or loaf of bread, would give rise to much fun and expected enjoyment. The provost guard, however, seldom overlooked a bottle, and confiscated any contraband liquor; and his long experience had bred in him a sort of special sense for any such little infractions of the rule, which was inflexible even for Christmas, and if got the better of at all had to be by a skillful and imperceptible breaking.

But little more of interest came in our way on the agreeable trip I have mentioned, and we returned to camp much brightened by the scenes which so pleasantly broke the monotony of soldier life on that Christmas day at the front.



Some things good.





THE ARMY HERD.

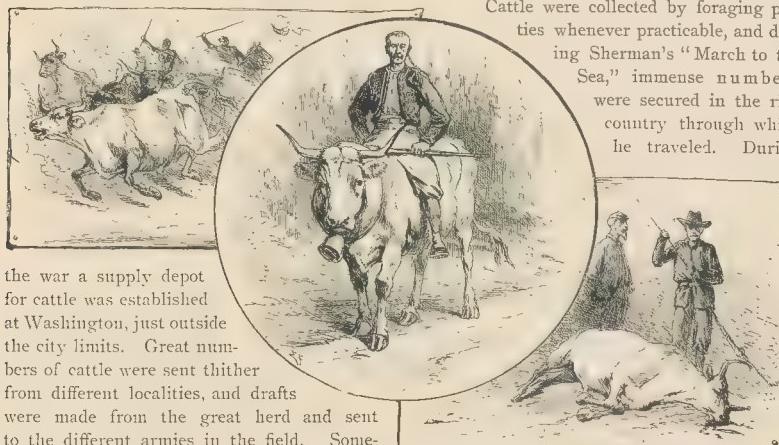


"EEF ON THE HOOF" was the soldiers' name for the fresh beef furnished them, and the herds of cattle from which it came were no inconsiderable portion of the army's supplies. The Commissary Department usually furnished a certain number of steers to each moving column, and it was a pleasant sight to watch the droves with their escorts as they traveled along the road. A stalwart white ox, with eyes too gentle to suggest slaughter, would sometimes be in lead, and around his neck would be hung blankets, a cartridge-box and other accoutrements of the guard. Often a soldier would sit astride the animal in lead and guide him with a long pole, while the rest of the herd would be kept in order by a series of vigorous shouts.

When a herd reached camp at night-fall, it would be driven into an adjacent field, where it was carefully guarded during the night and where it could rest and feed till the column moved again.

Sometimes fresh beef rations would be issued to the men while in the midst of battle. I recall to mind an instance where during an engagement I was watching an army butcher slaughter an ox, when a sudden charge was made by the Rebs which quickly caused a scattering of both spectators and men engaged in the work. The herd of cattle stampeded and dashed back through the ammunition trains and lines of troops, causing a great panic for a time.

Cattle were collected by foraging parties whenever practicable, and during Sherman's "March to the Sea," immense numbers were secured in the rich country through which he traveled. During



the war a supply depot for cattle was established at Washington, just outside the city limits. Great numbers of cattle were sent thither from different localities, and drafts were made from the great herd and sent to the different armies in the field. Sometimes they would be captured by the enemy's cavalry, and many a drove of well-fed oxen intended for Uncle Sam's boys would go to sustain the strength of the "fighting Johnnies," who were always blessed with vigorous appetites.

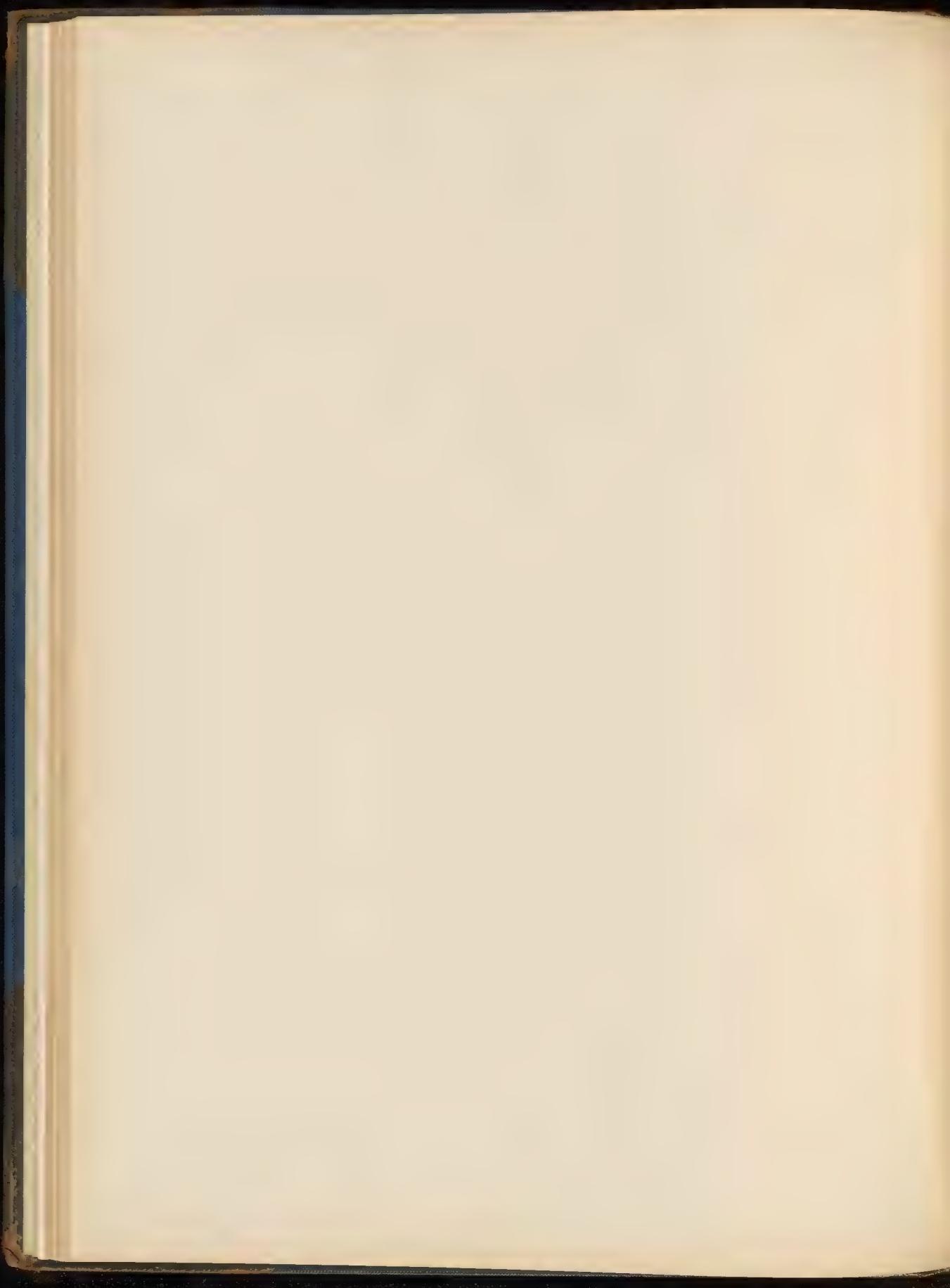
They were not peculiar in that, however, and I have already noted the importance to all army operations of the "commissary of subsistence." One can well believe what is said of the ancient Romans, that their success in war was not altogether the result of their indomitable courage and splendid discipline, but that these were sustained by the fact that they paid more attention than any other nation of their times to the organized and efficient serving of the commissariat of their army. If it is true that man must eat to live, it is indisputable that man must eat to march and fight.

I once saw a herd of beautiful cattle being driven through the streets of Baltimore. The leader, a handsome red ox, was mounted by a Zouave who sat astride with his Springfield musket across his knee. "A picture of war and peace!" I thought:—the dashing Zouave with bronzed skin, strong, characteristic face and gaudy uniform; and the patient beast, whose eyes wondered mildly at the sights of a great city.





THE HOUSE OF



XII.

THE MOVING COLUMN.



HE most interesting war-sight to an observer is a great army on the march. I learned one morning that the whole army had been ordered to move forward, so I mounted my mare *Kitty* and rode out to see the great column pass by.

The first object that came in sight in the distance was a division of cavalry, the advance guard, which presented a splendid appearance. The horses had evidently had hard service, but looked tough and business-like. Neither had the soldiers a superfluous pound of flesh upon them, but both officers and men looked bronzed and hardy, and, like the horses, appeared able to endure continued hardship. Flags and guidons were flying and sabres clattering, and men were

chatting and laughing. In rear of the cavalry several batteries of horse-artillery rumbled along. The powder-and-smoke-blackened muzzles gave evidence of recent service, as did the limbers and caissons covered with mud and dust; blankets and other traps were fastened to the latter, and here and there a bag of oats or bundle of hay for the horses.

Just behind, the headquarters flag appeared to view, and I knew that the commanding general, Grant, was approaching. I had not seen him in some time, so awaited his coming with pleasure. He sat his horse with easy grace, his right hand resting upon his thigh. He wore a slouch hat ornamented with a cord, a double-breasted military coat carelessly thrown open, and a vest which had lost two buttons. He was, as usual, without belt or sword, and had the inevitable cigar in his mouth, unlighted. Anxieties and responsibilities had left telling traces, for the general was much thinner than when he left winter camp a few months previous; but the resolute face, which time proved so true an index of character, remained the same. After Gen. Grant came the headquarters staff, followed by a cavalry escort.

Then came the infantry, and as they surged along I was struck with surprise at the youthful appearance of the troops. Many of the enlisted men were hardly more than boys; but notwithstanding their few years they looked strong and muscular, their blankets and knapsacks slung over one shoulder and canteens clattering a refrain to their steps. Their bright faces bespoke the best of cheer, and a ringing laugh echoed along one part of the column when some witty fellow had made an amusing remark.

The staff officers rode backward and forward with anxious oversight, while the company officers made effort to hold the men to their gait. The general color of the troops' clothing, originally blue, was a greenish yellow; the sun and rain having faded the uniforms, and the yellow dust of marching settled thickly in the fabric. A Zouave regiment soon appeared, and the gay uniforms of the officers and troops gave new brightness to the moving column, although their flowing, baggy trousers were mostly tattered. One Zouave who wore an old white "stove-pipe" hat was the subject of much merriment; he had evidently lost his fez in the last encounter, and in the bereavement had donned some old farmer's ancient head-gear. Quite a number were barefooted, and gingerly picked their way over stony places, and the poor fellows were laughed at by inconsiderate comrades when a missstep caused them to wince with pain.

After I had viewed thus for hours the varied elements of the army on the march, a

low, rumbling sound broke upon my ear, and sharp glances and quickened footsteps told of the men's realization that their front was already engaged with the enemy. The column was now shifted to one side of the road, and a couple of batteries dashed along, the speed of the horses increased by the slash of whips and cries of drivers. The gunners ran frantically by the side of their pieces or clung excitedly to the ammunition boxes. The column was soon doubled up, the rear division taking to the fields beside the road. Fences across their course seemed to disappear at a touch, and corn and wheat fields were swarmed over as if by a legion of locusts. Ambulances were scattered through the column to pick up the sick, and the pale faces that glanced out from some of them told how severe a strain the march had been in many instances. Several times I saw men fall out of the ranks too foot-sore to proceed a single step further, and after receiving the captain's admonition to return to duty as soon as possible, would retreat to the shelter of a fence-corner and fall into the sleep of sheer exhaustion, oblivious to the clatter and noise.

The sun was scorching, and the dust suffocating as it drifted to leeward and settled a foot deep over grass and weeds, and lay like heaps of winter snow on the fence rails. A grateful though brief respite was given to the troops, and as the column halted, the men dropped down in the dust by the road-side to snatch a moment's rest. Orders to "fall in" were soon given, and the weary column was again under way. Ammunition wagons were hurried forward, and the negro drivers lashed their animals and yelled as if to hasten the speed at every jump. The baggage-trains were turned off the road and parked in the fields to await the outcome of the struggle. One unusual picture presented itself: two infantrymen languidly mounted on an old gray horse; one was wounded and the other sick, if a pale, sad face was any criterion. A drummer-boy was acting the Good Samaritan by carefully leading the horse and conveying the suffering soldiers to a place of refuge. Meanwhile, the infantry still surged along, officers urging their men to increased speed. When the chief part of the column had passed, stragglers that always follow an army and foot-sore men tramped on, wagons guarded by infantry, reserve artillery, army forges and pontoon-trains, followed in irregular line. Occasional groups of men limped by, different ones being supported by a hay-fork or a crutch made of a forked stick. The road now became littered with blankets and knapsacks flung away by the troops when they could no longer endure their weight in the weary march. Some parts of the road were blue with overcoats cast away, no doubt without a thought of the protecting warmth they would lend at night-fall.

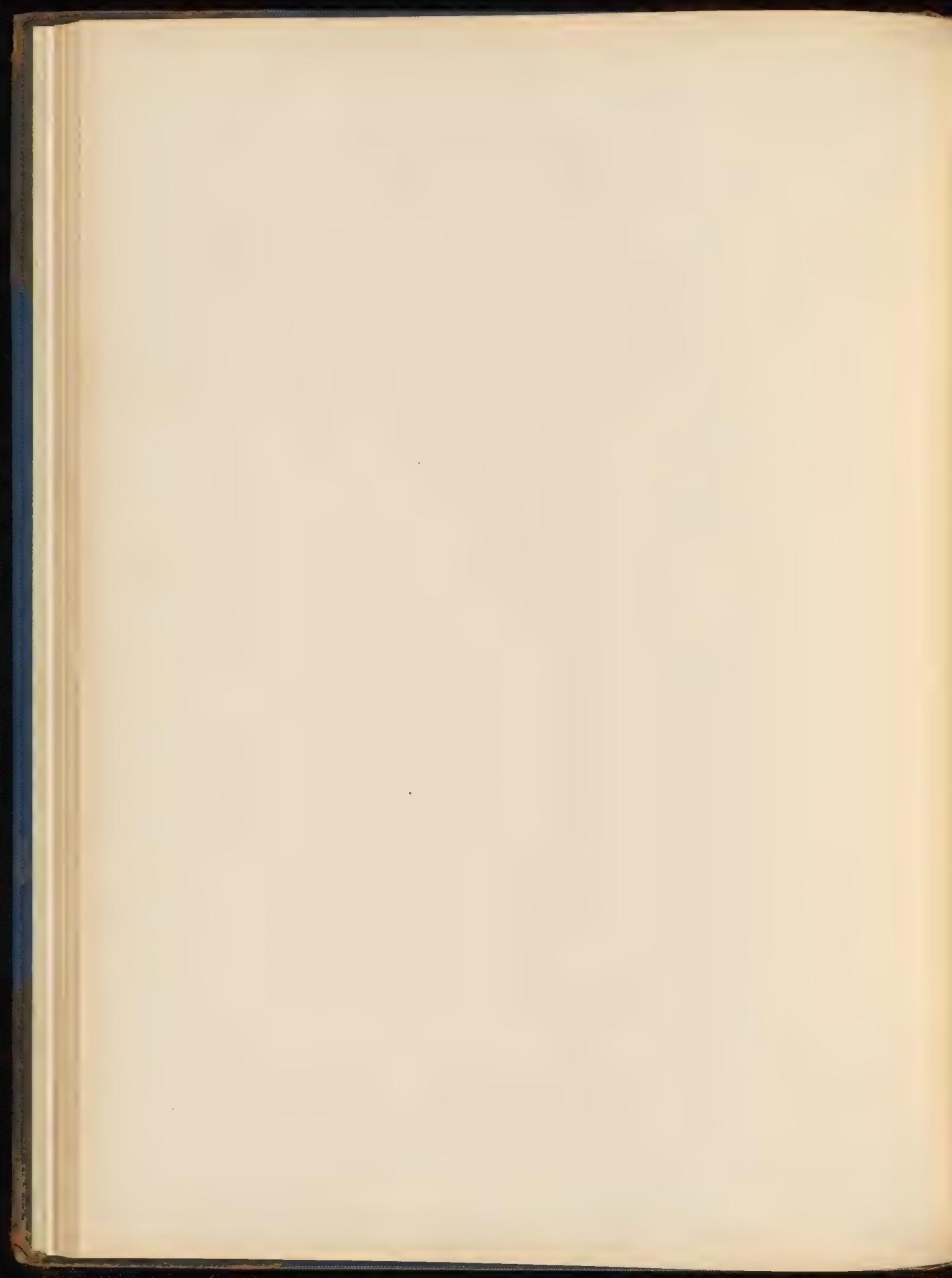
Interspersed through the column were negro servants of officers, many of them very grotesque. They were all proud of their new-found freedom, and stepped gleefully chattering along as if to the "Happy Land, far, far away." Some of them had confiscated old mules and horses, over which they had slung kettles and camp utensils in ridiculous fashion, and seated astride some of the animals an unknown future with their scene of this wonderful pan-by, and the resident whites ventured out from their up the too-plentiful cloth-is no great loss without

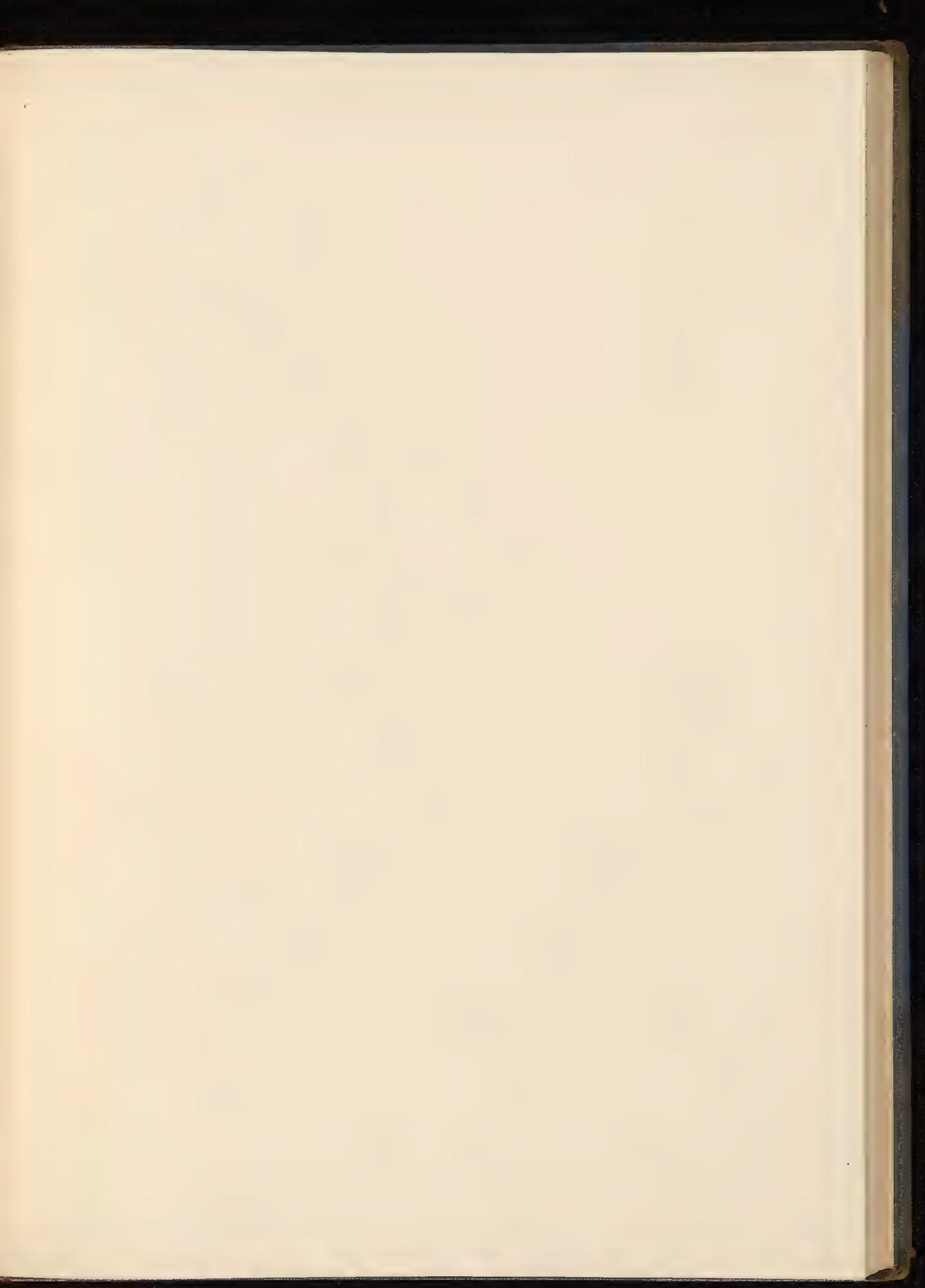
were the pickaninnies, trusting to happy parents. And so the last orama of human beings passed and negroes of the locality hiding-places and picked ing, as if to say, "There some small gain."





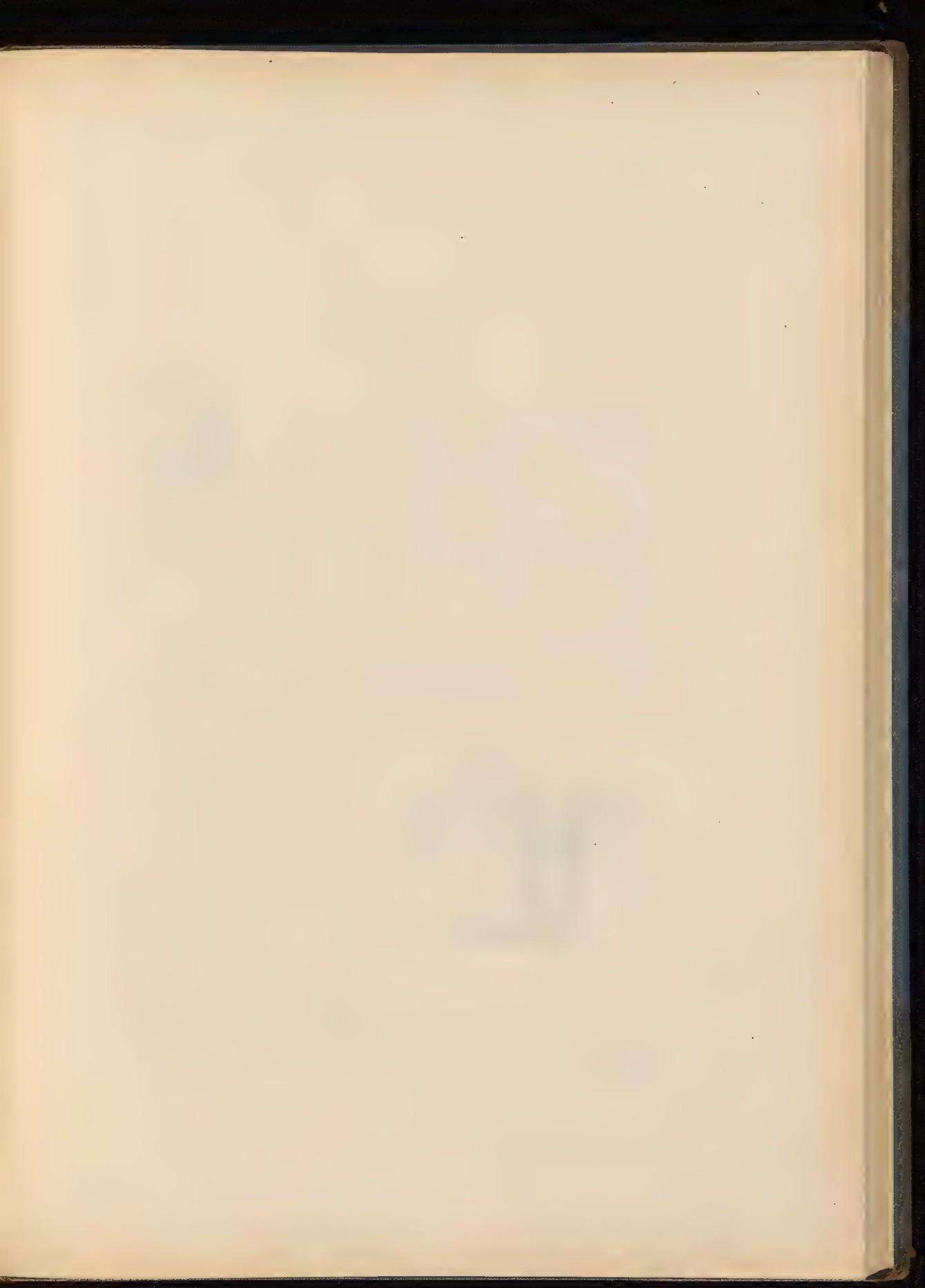
TYPES FROM THE MARCH.







HOOKEE AT LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.





XIII.

THE SOUP-KETTLE.

WINTER CAMP.



T WAS a cold and dreary day that I rode through camps scattered over miles of hillside, and as the wind moaned through the pines and the chilling blast swept my face, visions of home and its cosy comforts came back to me. But before I could long indulge in regrets, peculiarities of the different camp-homes so interested me that thoughts of my own hardships were put to flight.

It never occurred to me before that there could be class distinctions in camp-life, yet that such a thing was possible was at this time clearly defined. One regimental home would have an air of neatness and comfort which bore evidence of efficient officers, and their care of the men; all would be sprucely dressed, healthy in appearance and alert and intelligent in their movements. But in immediate vicinity, and with the same opportunities of comfort, I would find a carelessly constructed camp, with men poorly dressed, sluggish in movement and despondent in spirit.

"This is like all life," I said; "even where conditions are the same, some will thrive and pronounce the world a success, while others will falter by the wayside and discover nothing within grasp."

It was early in the day and all were astir in the camp-streets, and it took but a few glances to conclude that preparations were being made for dinner. Some were cutting wood, others were building fires, and the cooks were concocting the simple but savory soup. The fires were usually made of pine; but when hard wood was obtainable it was preferred, as it lasted longer. Beans were the basis of soup, as a rule, and these with a piece of salt pork always made an appetizing mess to a soldier. Beef soup was sometimes served, when an addition of desiccated vegetables ("desecrated" the boys called them) could be had. Occasionally a company secured a cook who had served in a restaurant, and his services were greatly appreciated, for he could often make a most acceptable mess from very simple ingredients. The cooks were amusing characters, who held rather rigid sway and whose word relative to the composition of a soup was law. They used for soup-making heavy sheet-iron camp kettles, which were slung over the fire on a pole, each end of which rested on a forked stick.

I stopped at one of the camps just as the dinner call sounded, and was amused at the quickness with which the men responded to the lively notes of fife and drum. All houses on the company-street were soon vacated, and a general move made towards the soup-kettles.



Some of the men came with coffee-cups and others with tin pails made from tomato and fruit cans. The latter were sold in great quantities by the sutlers to the soldiers during the winter season.

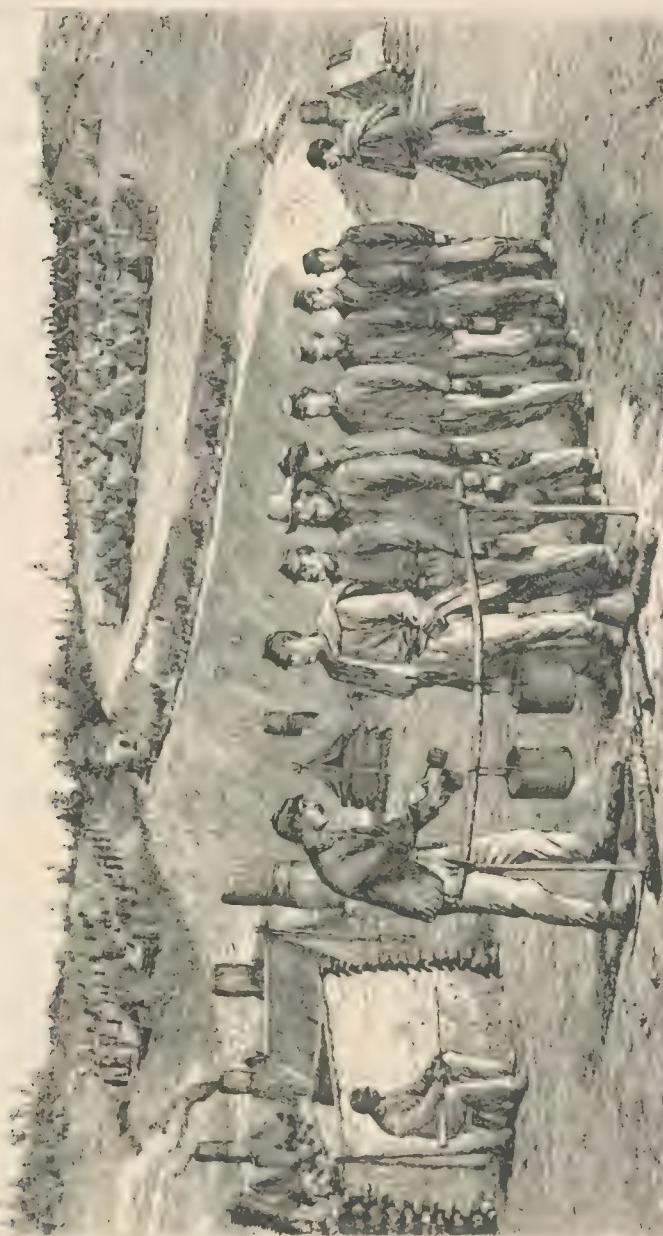
I watched the hungry but orderly line that formed in front of the fire, as they patiently awaited their turn. First came a fair-faced boy of perhaps eighteen summers, full of life and with the rosy glow of health. Next came a more sedate man, but none the less hungry if one could judge from the anxious look on his face as he watched the filling of his can. A good natured Irishman some distance in the rear kept all the men laughing. "Say, Bill," he called out to the cook, "Skim the top for them fellers but kape the grounds for me. Sich boys can live on thin soup, but we men nades something thicker." "Oh," said a slow German near the end of the line, "Give us some kraut and Limburger, and shust one class of pier." "Shut up, Dutchy!" cried out a New Yorker, "this ain't the Bowery. Take what you can get, and be thankful." And so talk was exchanged until the whole line had been served and the last man had taken his departure.

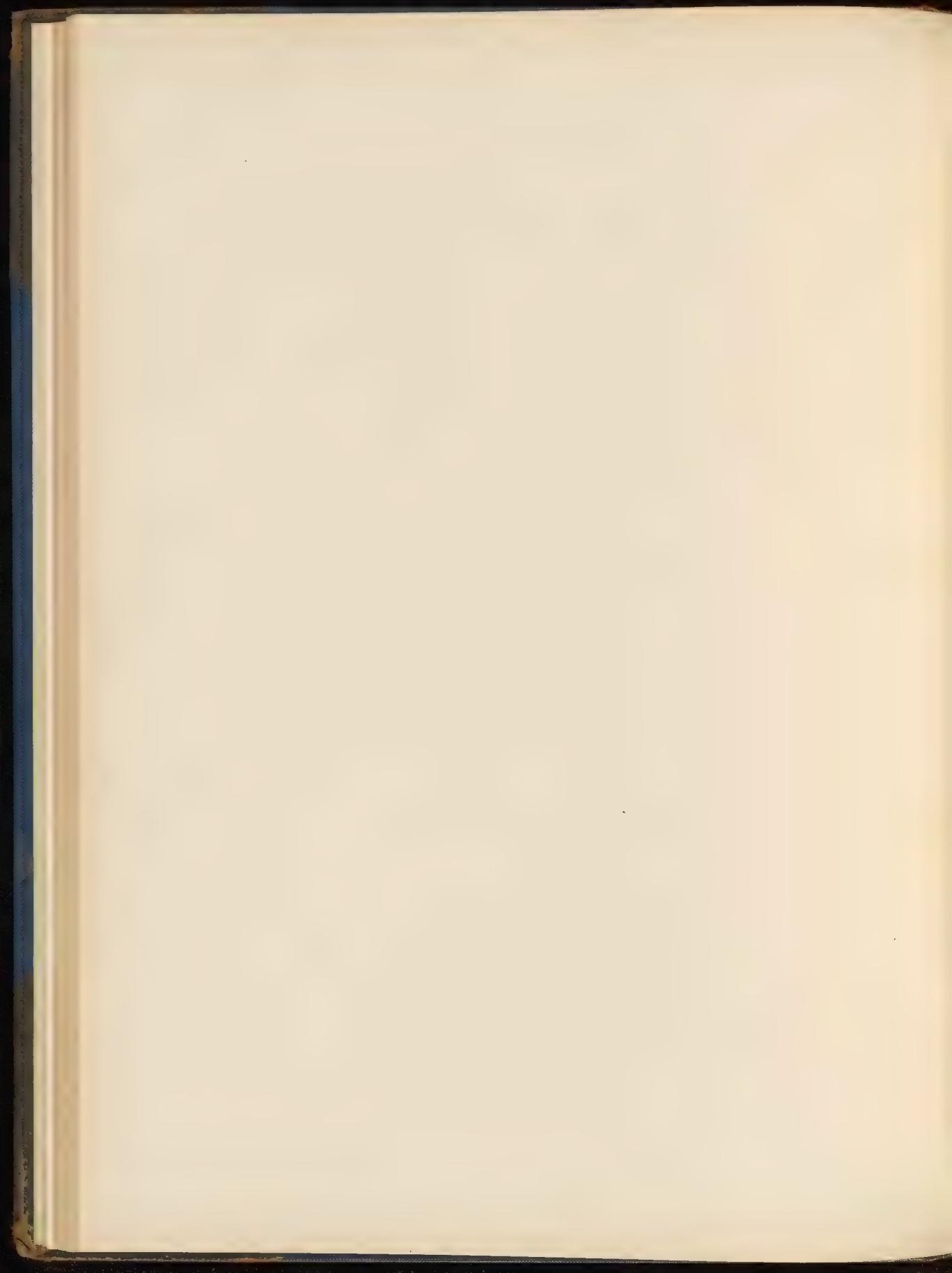
I followed on to one of the nearest huts, which I found most comfortable, and tenanted by three men who were at dinner. They sat near a center-table made of boards taken from an old barn door. On it was set the soup and wheat bread which the commissary served during the winter, some hard-tack, and some cake sent from one of the soldiers' homes the week before. They were all young, and a jolly party, who had little thought of what privations or disaster the next campaign might bring them. There was often much of quiet enjoyment about the soldiers' dinner in winter camp, and thoughts of the pleasant times must have come back to the boys in the hot summer march. Then hard-tack and raw salt pork became luxuries, and a hurried bite under fire was often all they could get; and water,—ah! how they longed for just one swallow of water as they tramped through dusty road and field amid singing bullets and bursting shells! Sometimes they had to drop and sleep without supper; and those poor fellows used up by the way fared badly enough. But whatever of comfort or discomfort was theirs, they were usually in cheerful mood; and even when they grumbled, at bottom one could find, by a little probing, the solid sentiment—"The Union must be saved!"



—Dawn T.—

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XIV.

MARCHING THROUGH THE RAIN.



HO THAT rendered service in the great war will ever forget the discomforts of long marches in the rain or tramps in the deep mud!

The roughest experience that I can recall was one day's march when orders came to flank the enemy's position. The Union army had for some time been trying to dislodge the enemy, but found entrenchments so strong that this could not be done by direct attack, and the commander-in-chief decided that a flank movement was the only way by which the Rebs could be forced out of their impregnable lines.

Word came at midnight that a move must be made, and we were ordered to withdraw cautiously from our breastworks, which in some places were only a few hundred yards from the enemy's line. The men were ordered to make as little noise as possible and to prevent the rattling of accoutrements. Officers were told to give command in low tones so that the opposing pickets should not suspect that a move of great importance was taking place. The advance skirmish-line, which was in close proximity to the enemy, was left in position; but was ordered to withdraw at the first gray light of dawn. The movement commenced at midnight and was successfully accomplished, as the night was cloudy and an impenetrable darkness overspread the country. The men crept along toward the rear, feeling their way through tangled woods and swamps with an instinct that came of years of severe experience.

At daylight drizzling rain began to fall, and a cold east wind gave promise of an uncomfortable march; but after a halt was made and a hearty breakfast eaten, the column started in good earnest, determined to gain a position which would make the enemy loosen his grip. The rain soon fell heavily, and our men marched steadily through its down-pour, protecting themselves as best they could. Some covered themselves with rubber ponchos, and often one would share his with a less fortunate comrade by stretching the rubber covering across two short poles and marching underneath the shelter of this improvised umbrella. Some would cover themselves with blankets, but these, not being waterproof, gave only partial protection. The column after a time presented a soaked and bedraggled appearance; the road became slippery, and the mules and horses as they plunged along spattered the mud in showers. Fine uniforms were covered, and the entire column partook of the clay-color of the road. When descending into a valley the men would be compelled to wade through water which within a few hours had increased from a rivulet to a torrent. Sometimes the water would reach the waist; but the troops would plunge through, shouting and laughing at the mishaps of those who slipped and for a moment disappeared in the muddy stream. Some of the soldiers sought to better things by throwing up temporary bridges of logs; but the greater proportion did not seem to think it worth the effort, and accepted conditions as they were. At times when the ground was too soft to march upon, delay would be prevented by building a corduroy road, which is a laying of logs crosswise.

The column was halted about midday, and the cavalry in advance was pushed forward to learn if the enemy had prepared to resist our movement. Meanwhile the men were huddled together along the roads and in the fields, protecting themselves as well as possible from the driving rain. Officers sought the shelter of old barns and farm-houses whenever

possible, and all hands made a quick cup of hot coffee and snatched a bite from the haversacks. A message soon came from the advance cavalry that the way was clear, and after an hour's halt the column pushed on. I sat on my horse by the roadside for an hour and saw the troops go by. The formation was in open order, each man marching at his own ease and carrying his gun as he could. At times the column would take to the fields, and throwing down the fences would make a wide-beaten road, brushing aside the corn and trampling the wheat and rye into a miry mass. The men at last marched quietly and soberly, there being an entire absence of the laughter and banter heard in fair weather or even in the early part of the day. The mounted officers sat their horses glum and reticent, huddled in their ponchos, and showed but little activity,—except that when a canteen was passed about occasionally, that smelt suspiciously strong, they awakened into new life.

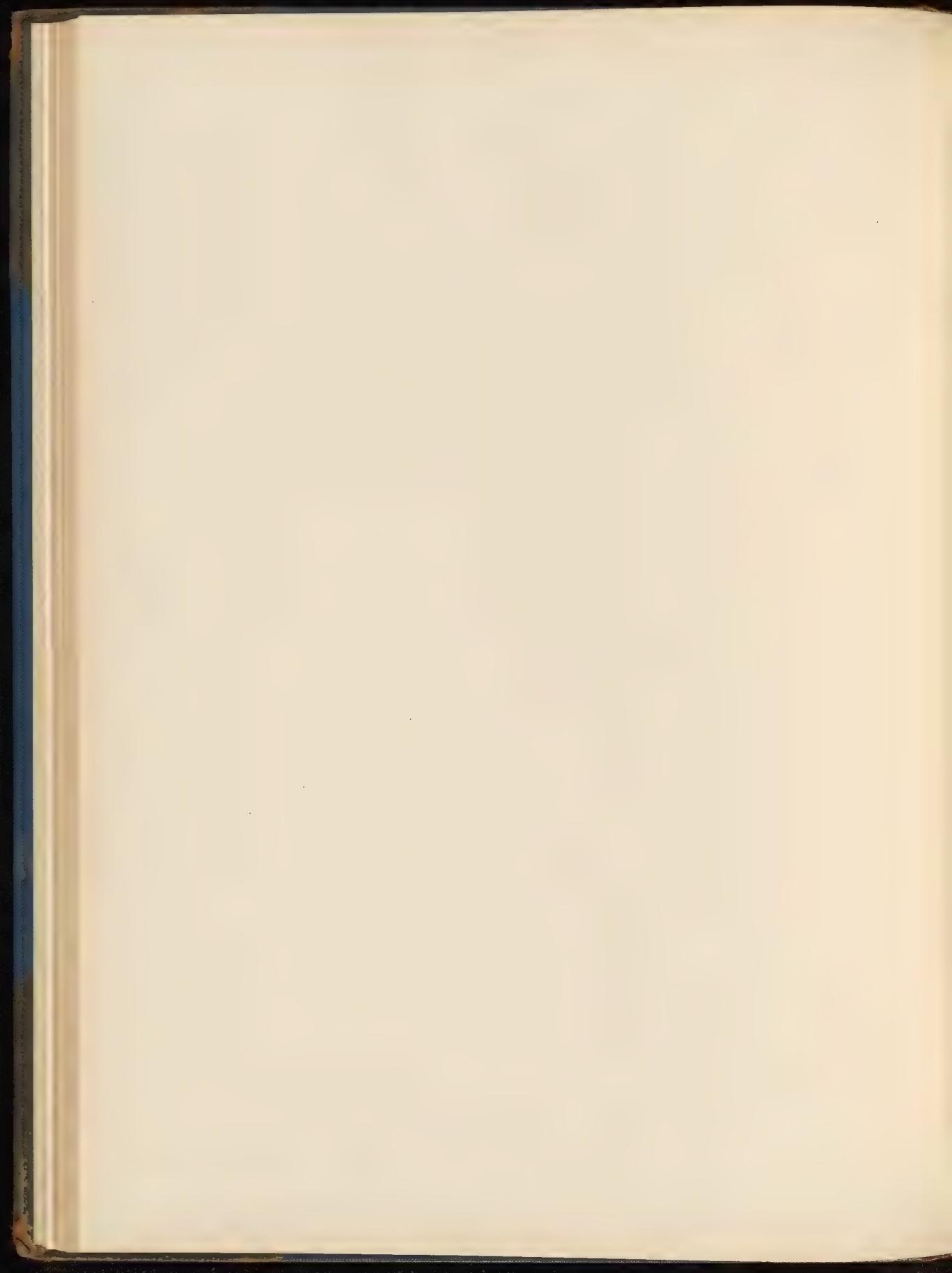
In rear of the infantry column came the artillery, literally smothered in mud, clouds of steam arising from the heated bodies of the horses as they tugged away to what seemed their utmost at the harness; and yet the poor creatures made renewed effort to cross the soft spots, when the drivers urgently cracked their whips and madehortatory remarks! Back and forth on the flank of the column staff-officers were hurrying, to urge the men into rapid and continuous movement so that the line should not be broken and distance lost. Although in sympathy with the brave men who suffered so much discomfort, my sense of the ludicrous was aroused at the grotesque appearance of the officers' contraband servants; cooking utensils were slung over their backs or upon poles, and some were leading horses and mules which were laden with full paraphernalia of a camp-kitchen. They seemed demoralized and generally despondent, given to sighs and groans as they marched along. Last of all came the wagon-trains, escorted by infantry-guards, the mules doing splendid work under the incessant lashing and urging of the dusky drivers.

But here I took a short cut across country and soon reached the head of the column, when I found the troops going into camp, in rain-soaked fields, on a ridge of ground that crossed the line of march at right angles. Information had been received that the enemy were posted a short distance in front, and had the day been fair our troops would not have gone into bivouac but into fight. The commanding general, however, knowing that the ammunition was liable to damage in such a storm, did not think an attack advisable. In less time than one could imagine possible, the little "pup tents" and camp-fires drifted across the ridge, and wretched, our brave yet willing in their hearts, into battle at the first sight of the flag."





ACROSS COUNTRY IN A THUNDER STORM.



XV.

THE RESERVE LINE.



O A PERSON unaquainted with military movements or engagements, it is natural to conclude that all interest should center in the line of battle, but while the desperate work which decides an army's fate is done there, so much of smoke and confusion exists that there is not the opportunity for careful study of individual things that there is in the rear.

So, one afternoon, in the heat of a great battle, I mounted my horse and rode back along the reserve line to witness whatever scenes of interest there might be. I first came upon a park of ammunition wagons with the kind and caliber of contents marked plainly on the canvas covers and ready at a moment's notice to dash forward and distribute supplies to those sorely pressed at the front.

Near-by was a cavalry brigade; the men were in most cases dismounted and held the bridles of their horses as they grazed on the grass or picked at the sheaves of wheat in the field throughout which they were scattered. Picturesque groups of officers were gathered here and there under the shade of trees, for the heat of the sun was intense. Further on I found the ambulance corps posted, and watched their continuous dispatching to the front with the necessary appliances for the wounded. Riding on a short distance beyond, I came to a line of ambulances moving slowly to the rear, and, following them as they turned up an old lane, I found a field-hospital with its terrible scenes of suffering. It was an apple-orchard in rear of an old farm-house, and beneath the shade of trees and under tents hundreds of wounded men were lying. I was much impressed at the stillness of so many sufferers, and thought that their patient resignation bore strange contrasts to the descriptions I had read of the "shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying."

Surgeons were grouped about an operating-table improvised from an old barn-door, and as I rode close upon them I saw that an infantry soldier was raised up and placed before them. From the blood stains on his pantaloons he had evidently been wounded in the upper part of the leg, and his pale face bore an anxious expression as the surgeons prepared to examine his injury. One of them calmly thrust his finger deep into the wound, felt about, withdrew it and spoke in a whisper to an assistant at his side. "Will it have to come off, doctor?" the wounded man asked anxiously. "I'm afraid it will, my good man," he replied kindly. The poor fellow closed his eyes and with a sob said "All right; I expected to give my life if need be, and if I only lose a leg I pay the debt easily. Go ahead."

Following the ascent of a hill I came to a battery of reserve artillery, and from this position I had quite a view of the battle in progress. Groups of interested spectators were scattered about the guns, some sitting on the wheels, others standing on the axles. Officers in front were watching the ebb and flow of the battle through glasses. Some of the men were sleeping under a temporary shelter of boards which they had thrown up as a protection from the burning sun of that hot day. Several men were making coffee and two or three groups of men sheltered under the shady side of a caisson were engaged in playing poker. This amusement seemed in strange contrast to the death struggles taking place not a mile distant, and I wondered how the indifferent fellows could have so little apprehension of their fate. "Sufficient unto the day," perhaps, "is the evil thereof."

The Reserve Line was usually a place for rest and refreshment, but it must be always with a keen outlook for possible flankings or surprises from the rear. The men, unless posted for that purpose, left care-taking to their officers, and enjoyed their ease.



HEN the day's march was ended and camp had been pitched in a pleasant grove, at times when the enemy was remote enough to dispel all ideas of danger, there was much pleasure in the soldier's evening meal; but when in close neighborhood to the foe, ceremony was a thing unthought of, and the whistling bullets and shrieking shells made supper a very brief and urgent indulgence. It was a matter of good fortune if the men were able to finish the meal at all, at such times, whether in the advance or in the reserve; for often a charge from the enemy would cause a sudden scattering and abandonment of food, mess-kettles, coffee pots, etc. And the triumphant Johnnies never ignored the most frugal meal, but made immediate appropriation of all food and camp-conveniences that came in their way.

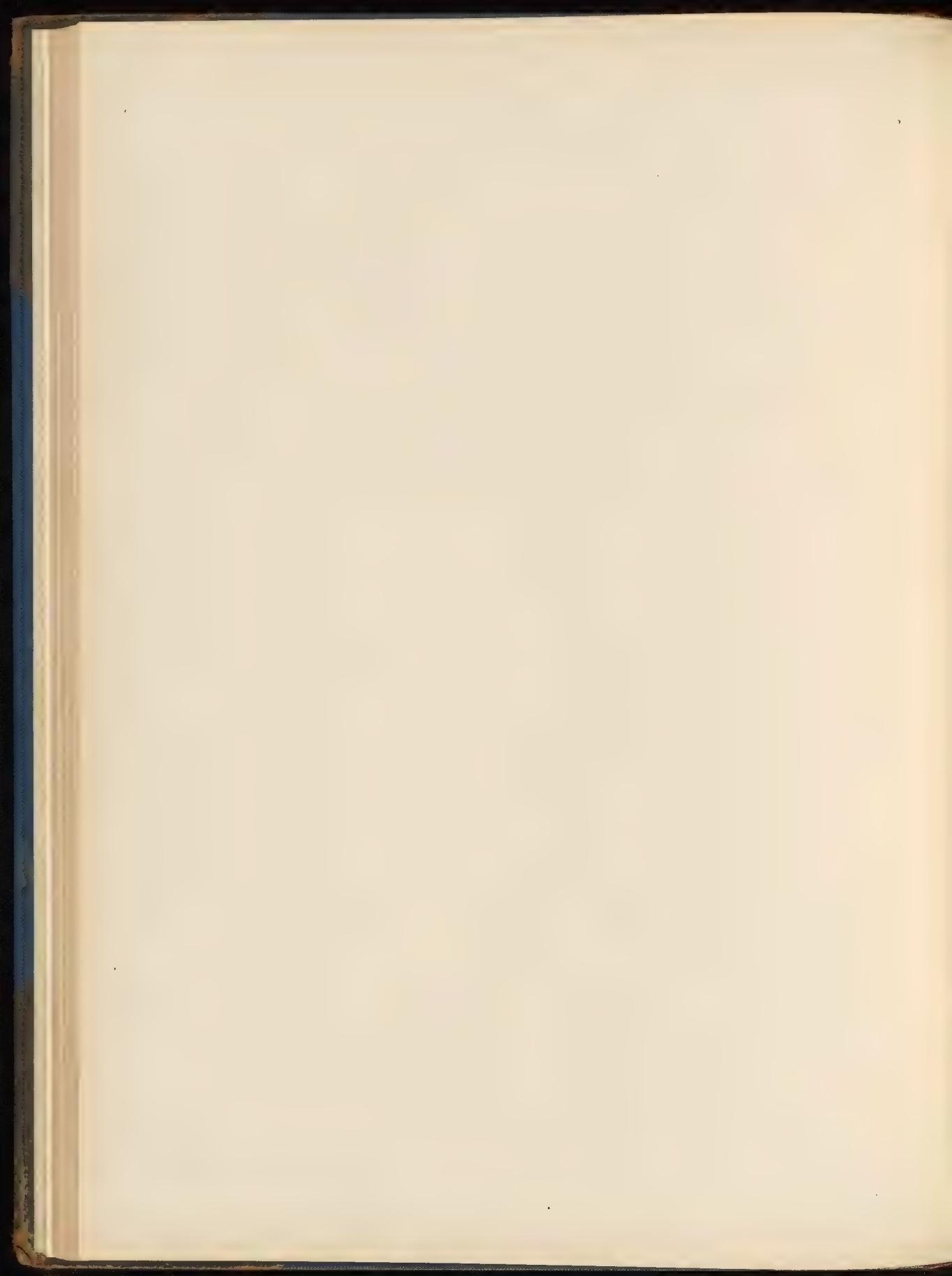
The cook's position in preparing a meal was not an enviable one, and his consideration of personal safety were often a source of amusement to the soldiers. When the battle became warm he would nervously gather brush and fence-rails for the fire, but keep an anxious look-out toward the enemy, and was ready at the sound of a shell to dart to the rear or jump behind some friendly rock or tree. Perhaps after much perturbation a fire would be started, and then would begin an anxious search for water. When this was found, coffee and bean soup would be made, and distributed; then the men, with cup in hand, would seek cover behind trees or under the lee of breastworks, and there munch the hard-tack and enjoy the soup and coffee in comparative safety. When the meal was finished the old pack-mules would be brought forward, and without the formality of washing, pots and kettles would be made secure to them and then would be sent to the rear.

The scenes of hasty suppers were less frequent at the reserve line than in the advance, of course, but when they did take place they were the more lively from being unexpected.



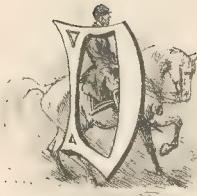


HOOTIDE AND BREAKING.



XVI.

THE PRESIDENT'S REVIEW.



URING the winter and spring of 1863 the Army of the Potomac was camped on the north bank of the Rappahannock River, opposite the town of Fredericksburg. It had to all appearances recovered from the disastrous battle of the previous December, when, under the leadership of Gen. Burnside, it had attempted to drive the Confederates from their strongly fortified position on the south bank of the stream. Gen. Hooker had since succeeded to the command; under him the morale and discipline had improved, and in April of '63 the army was in better condition to assume the offensive than it had been at any previous time. It had been reorganized, and the different corps under their able commanders were ready to advance upon the enemy on receiving orders.

It was announced early in April that President Lincoln would soon review the army, and great preparations were made for this important event. A spirit of rivalry arose among the commanders of corps and divisions as to how their men should appear; and brigadiers and colonels of regiments and captains of companies and the rank and file joined in the strife. Clothes were brushed and repaired, shoes polished, brasses brightened, and white gloves were received with great satisfaction to lend finish to the uniforms.

All desirable preparations had been made, when word came that President Lincoln had arrived at Gen. Hooker's headquarters near Falmouth, and that he would review the whole army on the following day. The soldiers fell asleep full of anxious expectancy, and at dawn the camps were astir with busy preparations. Breakfast was hurriedly disposed of, and by eight o'clock everything was in readiness for the march to the parade-ground.

This was a level stretch of country several miles in extent, north of the town of Falmouth and in direct sight of the enemy's camp: and towards it as a common center columns of infantry marched slowly along. Mounted officers preceded them, and the men who came under my notice trotted along in route-step, chatting gaily and making comments on the events of the day. Bodies of cavalry, with bright colors and fluttering guidons, wound slowly over the rolling hills, and here and there batteries of artillery lumbered along. The cannoneers sat with folded arms upon the ammunition boxes, consciously proud of the splendid appearance of their guns.

When I reached the reviewing ground a wonderful sight was presented. Seventy thousand troops of all arms were drawn up in long lines, and under the soft grey light of an April day formed a picture that I shall never forget. The President soon arrived, and, after passing up and down between the lines, was escorted by Gen. Hooker and staff to a position on a gentle slope near an apple orchard, where he awaited the movements of the troops.

I placed myself where I could see Mr. Lincoln to advantage. He was very tall and his horse being rather small his feet appeared to almost touch the ground; his black frock coat and high "stove-pipe" hat seemed in strange keeping with the soldiers' uniforms, and his pale, anxious face in great contrast to the thousands of sun-burned ones about him. From the position he had taken, the whole body of troops could be seen at once, and his kind face lit up with pleasure from time to time at the great picture before him. It was a

beautiful sight to see the great army stretched for miles across the gently undulating hills, waiting for orders to march in review; flags and guidons innumerable fluttered in the breeze, and mounted officers could be seen dashing about in all directions, engaged in giving orders.

But the signal to march (a cannon-shot) was given at last, and the head of the column, preceded by the commander-in-chief and staff, appeared in sight, moving to the sound of the headquarters band. Crowds of spectators, composed of civilians from Washington, officers' wives and friends, sutlers, wagoners, officers' servants, and those detached from duty, were ranged in lines and kept in position by Rush's Lancers as the column passed through. The infantry, marching in "company front" presented a magnificent appearance. They were bronzed and hardy-looking, and marched with mechanical precision; and for hours the men poured by, under the critical eyes of the President and the General in command. The President was again and again saluted and made pleasing acknowledgment by the raising of his hat. As each corps commander passed the reviewing-stand, he would wheel to the right and with his staff fall in behind the President.

Not the least interesting feature of the review was the tattered and smoked battle-flags; they were carried in nearly every instance by a splendid specimen of the American soldier, who seemed conscious of his precious burden.

The cavalry corps, under command of General Pleasonton, followed the infantry, and were a grand sight as they too marched in company front. The bright trappings of the men and horses, the gay regimental flags and guidons, gave a brilliancy and color that the infantry did not have, and the animated movements of the horses, with the blare of bugles and noise of tramping were sights and sounds not easily forgotten. The artillery came next, with heavy rumbling sound, nearly two hundred guns passing by; both men and officers were in the best of condition and the batteries were finely horsed.

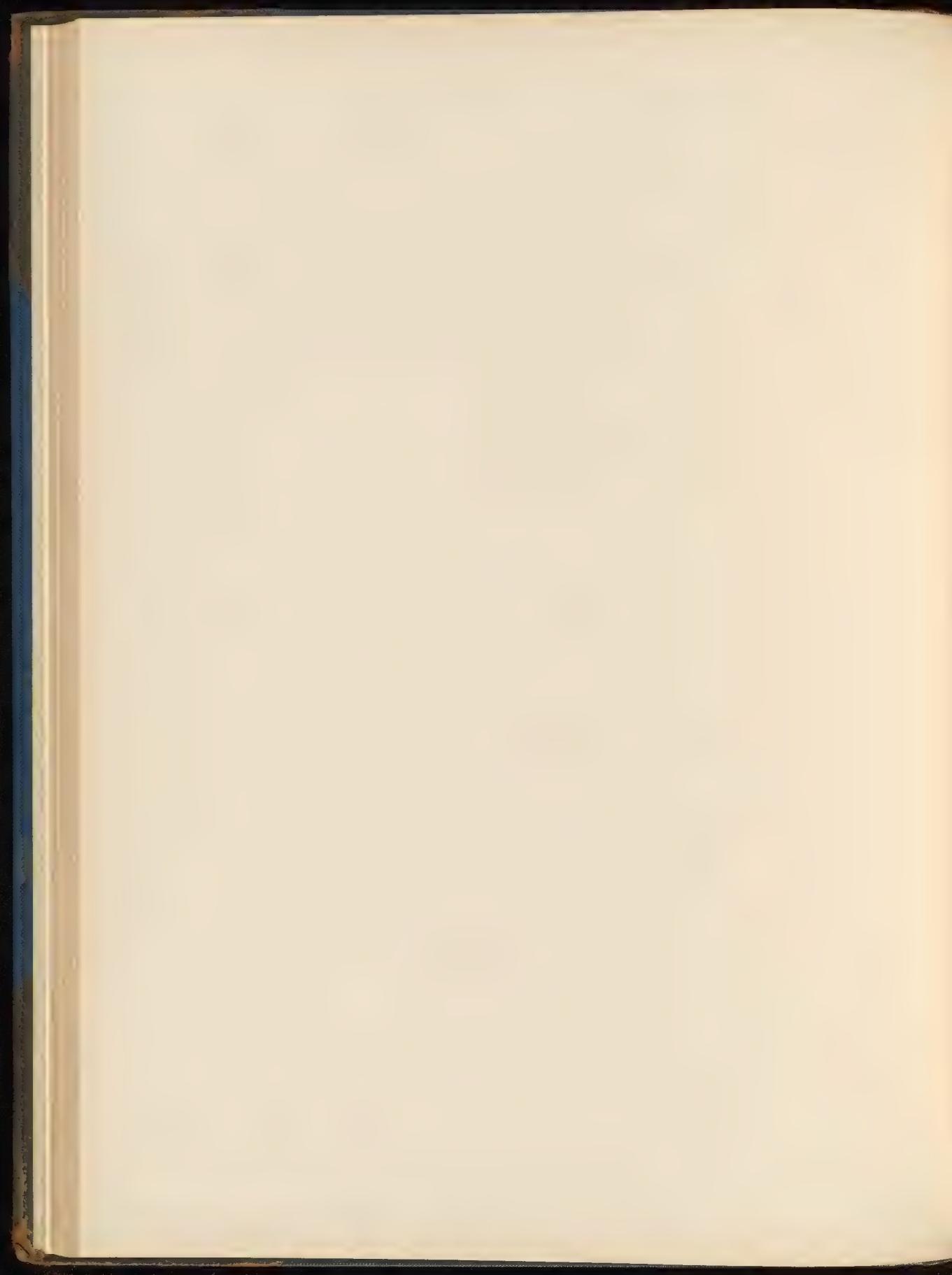
When a regiment had passed the point of review, it hurried off in "double-quick" that the progress of succeeding troops should not be impeded; the artillery also made way at a trot, and by noon the last of the long columns that had formed the grand pageant could be seen disappearing over the hills in various directions. None were left but a few camp-followers and idlers, who gathered in groups and discussed the day's exciting scenes. The President rode through the camps in the afternoon, accompanied by Gen. Hooker and staff, and great enthusiasm was manifested among the soldiers. In the evening a reception was held at the General's headquarters, and the President returned to Washington the next morning, after expressing great admiration for the splendid array which had passed before him.

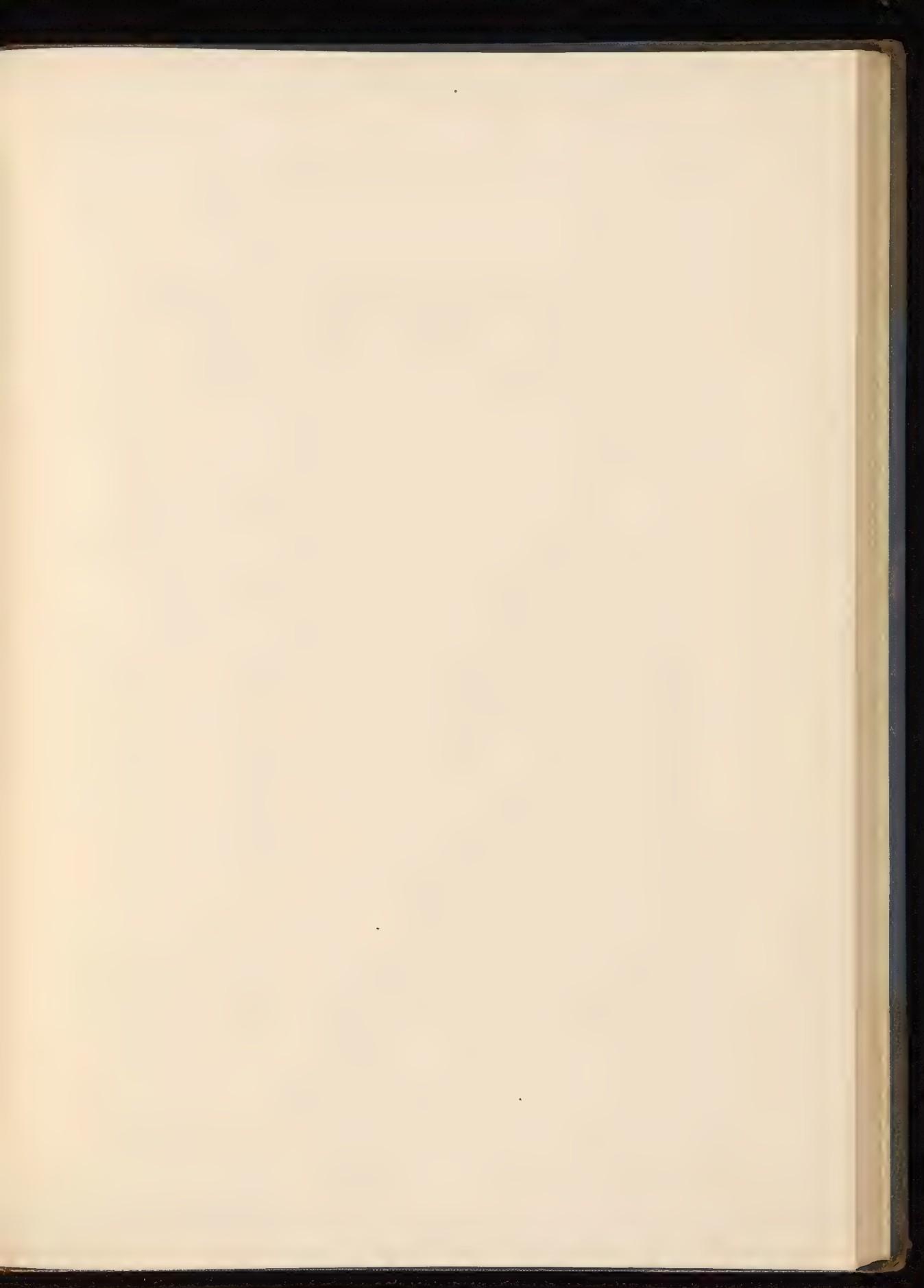




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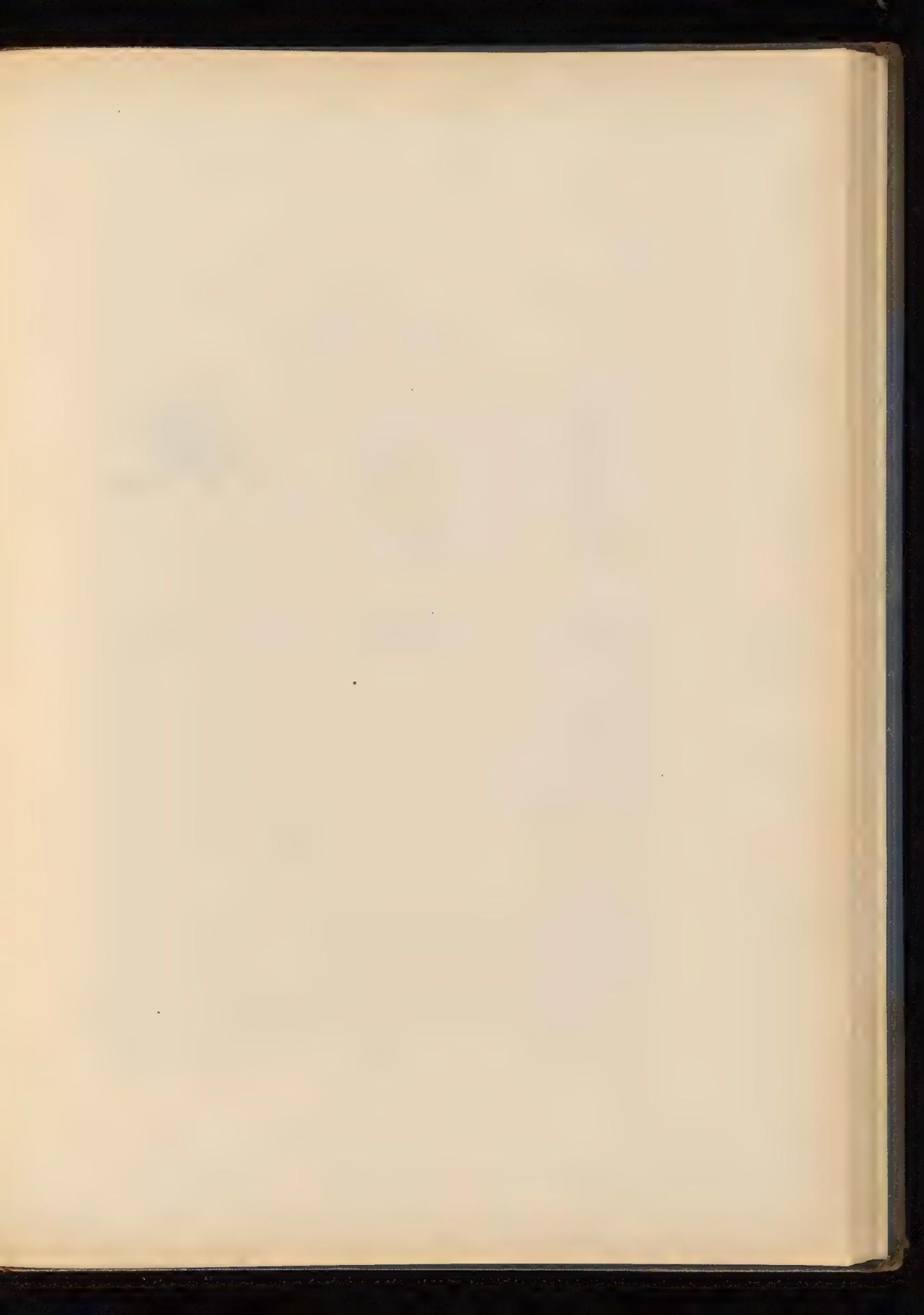
A Grand Remnant on the march
at Sketch

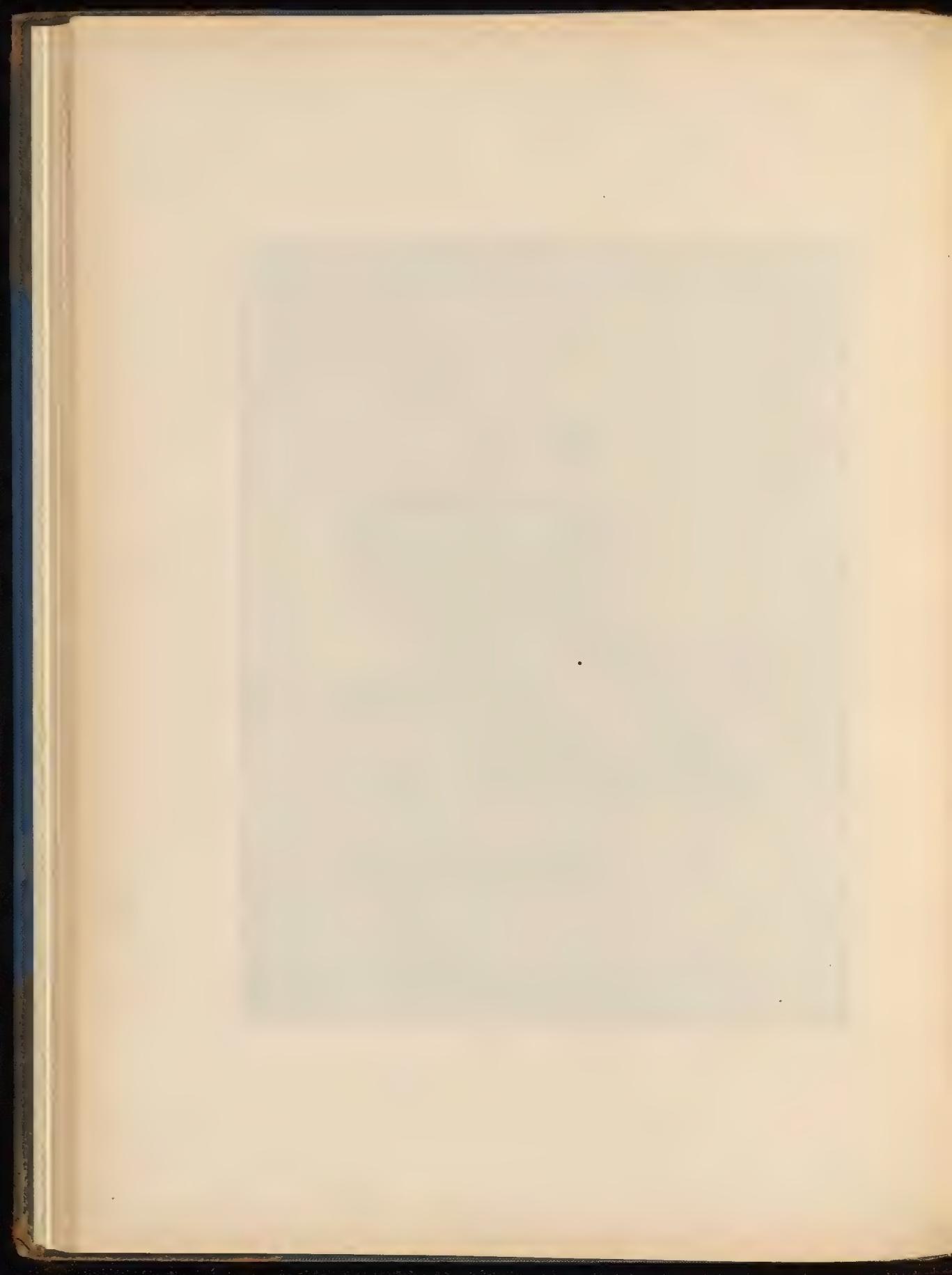






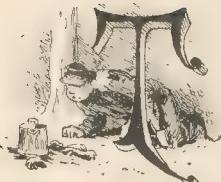
LOCRI AT VICKSBURG.





XVII.

COFFEE COOLERS.



THE absurd names that were given to individuals and things during the war were legion, but none of them caused more queries from those out of the Service than the one which gives title to our chapter and the picture of the thing itself "Under the Bank." If I were called upon to define the name "Coffee Cooler," I should say: He belonged to the genus *tramp*, shirked all work, avoided all danger, and could invariably be found where duty *did not call*; and yet, when conflict was ended, he "could a tale unfold" that would make one believe that shot and shell possessed no terrors for him, and that in the foremost line of action he had struggled fearlessly forward to victory.

During the winter he became an invalid; carrying water and cutting wood were duties left to his comrades, and under the doctor's care frequent draughts of "whiskey and quinine" were most acceptable.

In the spring, however, he burst forth like a butterfly from its cocoon, and, if not able to sip real nectar from the flowers, stood in readiness to devour all luxuries of the season that might come within his reach. And his spirits were most buoyant, for he knew that the danger of the coming campaign awaited not him,—only the brave boys in the front. It was his policy to seem eager to advance into action; but no comrade ever saw him in a battle; and he bore no scars, save the sting of bees that he had received in robbing a hive of its stores. He would boast of his bravery like Falstaff; but when artillery rumbled his utterances ceased, and as the column closed up he became much agitated. When the steps of the brave men quicken at the cheering words of the officers, and they shift their loads as if they had suddenly become lighter, then the "coffee cooler" becomes at once much afflicted. He is overcome with an unquenchable thirst, and in spite of the sergeant's protest stops at every spring to drink. Suddenly his shoes hurt his feet, and he limps painfully along, warily watching his chance to slip away unnoticed. After a time he drops groaning by the roadside, and after removing his shoes, searches with apparent carefulness for a stone-bruise or other injury; but as his regiment disappears over the hill, he hurriedly puts on his shoes and walks without difficulty across the fields to a cosy farm-house which his quick eye had seen before dropping out of the line.

The case of one such army tramp came to my notice, and I learned that after reaching the farm house he worked upon the sympathies of the people who lived there until he was well fed and his haversack stored with the best the larder contained. Thus feasted and supplied he sallied forth and soon fell in with kindred spirits—skulkers from commands. They immediately joined forces and sought the seclusion of a neighboring wood, where they made arrangements for a feast. Two of the party were sent to capture chickens and anything else the country afforded, while the rest set to work gathering wood to make a fire. The fragrant odor of coffee soon gave evidence that they had been successful. (It was a "cold day" when they did not have at least some ground coffee in their haversacks, and the fact that when caught these fellows were nearly always gathered about a steaming pot of the grateful beverage, gave them their nick-name of "Coffee Coolers.") Presently the foragers returned on the double-quick, laden with chickens, sweet potatoes and green corn. The chickens were soon

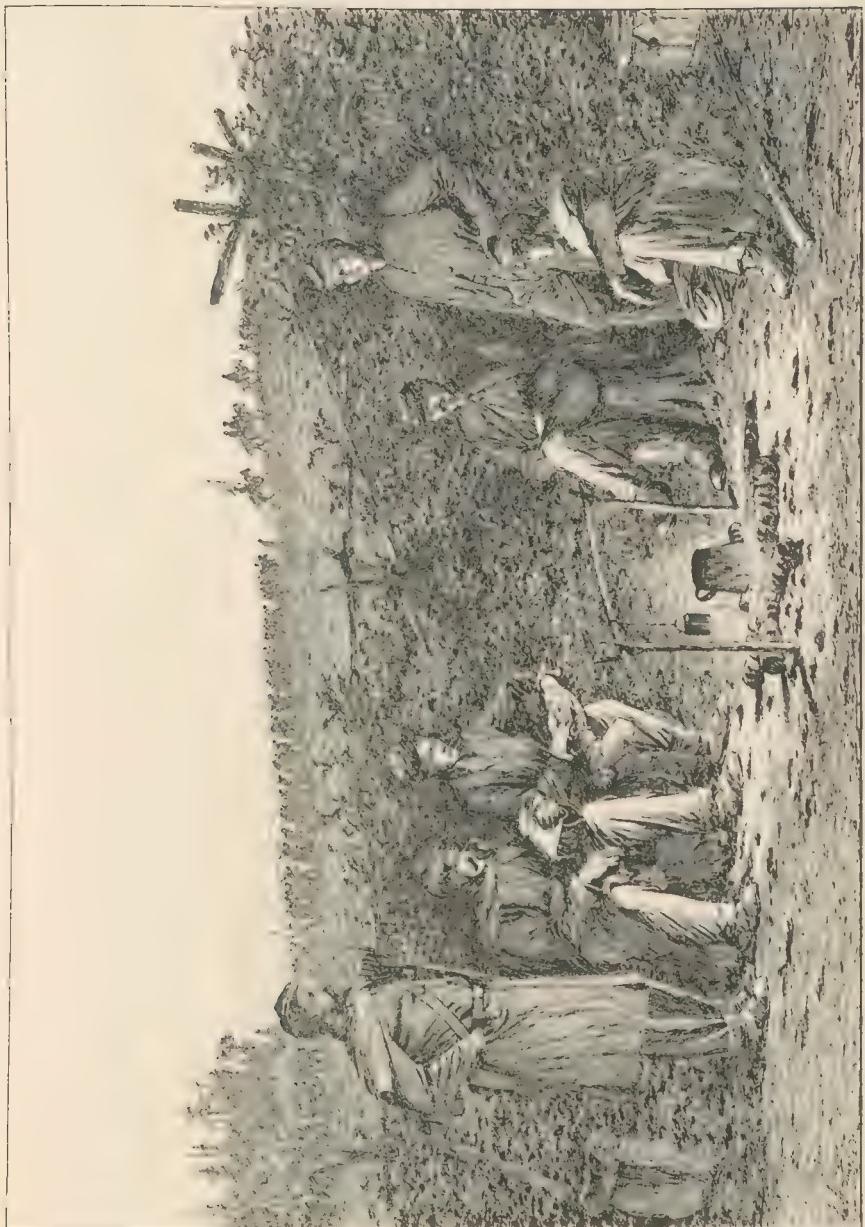
picked and cooked, the corn and potatoes roasted, and the hungry shirkers devoured them with the zest and merriment of a royal banquet. Then followed a smoke, and the burning brand was passed from pipe to pipe amid many jokes. The evening was spent in jollity, and the distant sound of musketry caused but little thought of their fallen comrades at the front. The camp-fire in time died down, and our heroes wrapped the drapery of their blankets about them and lay down to pleasant dreams.

Just at daylight, however, the sleeping party were suddenly lighted upon by the provost-guard, who without ceremony suddenly aroused them with the butts of their muskets. Numerous and elaborate were the excuses offered; but none availed them, and they were turned over to the tender mercies of the officer of the guard, who already had a hundred stragglers in charge that he had gathered within an hour. Formed in column, they were all marched to the provost-marshal, and from him were distributed to their several commands. That "the way of the transgressor is hard" was now illustrated; for amid the jeers of comrades the "coffee coolers" were subjected to various punishment. Some were bucked and gagged; some compelled to carry logs on the shoulders for hours in the sun, and others were placed in the extreme front line of battle.

I remember an instance where thousands of stragglers were scattered for miles through woods during a great battle. Orders were sent to the provost-marshal to sweep the country in the rear and force every man back to his regiment. A brigade of infantry was taken from the trenches in front, and marched about three miles to the rear, where it was stretched across country in open order with a frontage of about one mile. Advancing, they gathered in all delinquents, and deaf to all entreaties marched them forward. When the line halted and the catch was counted, there were found to be about three thousand of these skulkers. Men who were detailed to this service sought not the responsibility, for the pleading of the really sick, and the pitiful efforts of the frightened to justify their absence, appealed to sympathy and fellow-feeling. Many declared that they would rather remain under hottest fire than be detailed to such duty.

After all, the pleasure gained by the straggling "coffee coolers" scarcely compensated for the anxiety experienced and the penalties paid. Had they held firmly to the flag, their safety would have been as fully insured and they would have enjoyed the pleasant consciousness of duty done.







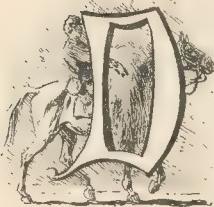
XVIII.

CAVALRY ESCORTS, ORDERLIES, AND FORAGERS.



O PLACE in the vicinity of headquarters had more of life and brightness than the camp of the cavalry escorts. It was usually pitched in the nearest woods, where both men and animals might be protected from the hottest rays of the sun. The little shelter-tents were scattered about in picturesque confusion, and groups of horses could be seen picketed where the shade was most dense. The camp was a busy one during the day, everyone seeming to have important work to attend to. Some would be bustling about cleaning the horses, others would be occupied in repairing saddles and equipments; while a short distance away a squad would be engaged in saber exercise. I never tired of looking at this drill, and often wondered, as I watched the glistening swords, how they could be handled in such unison of action.

Other duties fell to the cavalry escort while in camp, such as going off to guard ammunition or supply trains from depots to the army, being sent with dispatches to distant headquarters, or being detached as orderlies to accompany officers on special duties. In active service the duty was more severe and dangerous, the orderlies being often sent into the thickest of the fight; but, on the whole, the duty at headquarters was not objected to,—on the contrary, it was often preferred to the life with the main cavalry command.



URING a campaign there was often much delay in getting food for the cavalry horses from the rear. Grass alone when obtainable was not nutritious enough to keep them in good working order, and in the event of a railroad bridge being burned by guerillas, or a loaded wagon-train being captured by bushwhackers, cavalrymen would be compelled to resort to extreme measures to sustain their horses. The country would be scoured in all directions, and barns and corncribs emptied in short order, the supplies loaded upon wagons and brought into camp. Groups of horsemen could often be seen riding across country with bundles of hay or bags of corn slung across their saddles. Sometimes receipts for the produce taken would be given; but in war "necessity knows no law," and in urgent circumstances no ceremony was observed.

Foraging parties were often attacked by the enemy with a hope of securing supplies, and hot fights would ensue, for a soldier never loosened his grip on bounties except under compulsion. In danger, the loaded wagons would be hurried towards camp, the guards and foragers posting themselves in flank and rear of the train.

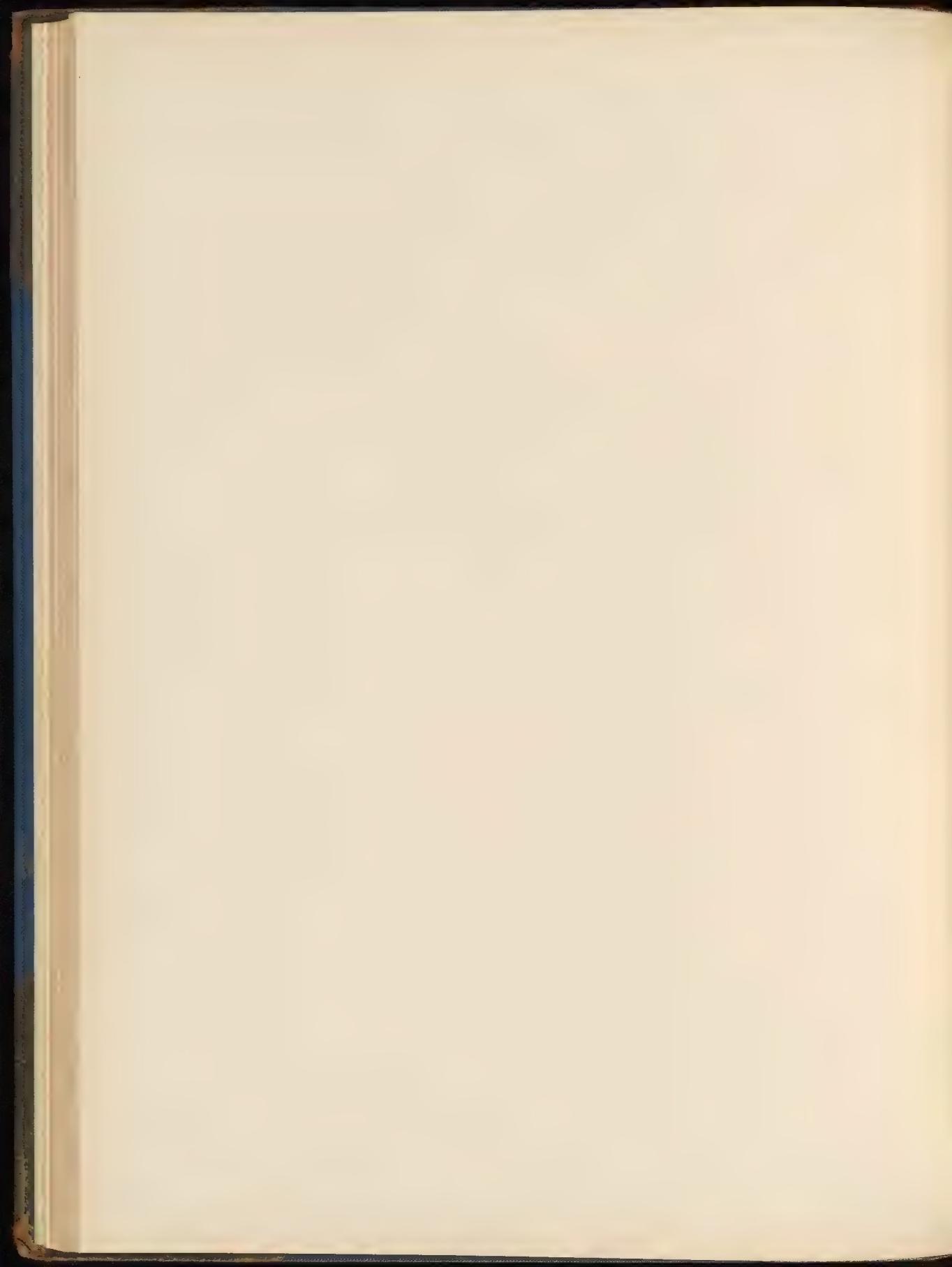
Men, like horses, were often short of rations, and pigs, poultry and small game were never ignored. They often made a ludicrous appearance on the return to camp, with the

bound chickens squawking and struggling to get loose, and the ducks quacking lustily. A stone jar of honey often found a place on the saddle, and was a great treat at the mess. Discipline was lax on these expeditions, and great mirth prevailed with such fun as boys—or, what is the same thing, soldiers let loose—could find on the road. Those who were detailed to the foraging parties were much envied by the less fortunate ones who were kept at regular duties.





SOME HORSEMEN.



XIX.

RE-FORMING THE LINE.



IRCUMSTANCES afforded me a fine opportunity of watching minutely the preparations of the Union army previous to the battle of Antietam, also the grand advance and the terrible struggle of those brave men who dashed defiantly forward into a volcano of Southern fire.

The infantry was first ordered forward, and under the shelter of the trees of a wooded ridge of ground the men were formed in lines. The artillery was then posted in advantageous positions to cover the advance; while the cavalry found

shelter from the opposing artillery fire until the outcome of the contemplated move could be determined. A body of infantry skirmishers covered the front, and at the word "Forward!" advanced and sent a responsive fire to every puff of smoke from the enemy's skirmish line. The latter fell rapidly back toward the main position in a sunken road on the ridge. The main body of the Union forces formed in three lines, and moved slowly forward. The battle-worn and tattered flags floated in the sunshine, and the clanking accoutrements, rustling and tramping feet, and officers' voices in command, mingled in one deep, strange sound, comparable only to the continuous roar of sea-surf at an incoming tide.

As soon as the enemy's main line caught sight of our advancing host it gave greeting with a withering artillery fire; solid shot and shell ploughed lanes through the living mass. The scattering fragments of the shells that burst above the heads of our men did more execution than if they had exploded on the ground, and every solid shot, fired with a ricochet, bounded like a baseball, sending up a cloud of dust wherever it struck and sweeping every thing in its course to destruction. Despite this deadly work, how grandly our line advanced, and how calmly they closed up the gaps and moved on, leaving a blue trail of the fallen dead behind them!

But the enemy's infantry fire soon became so severe that our advance line began to waver and show broken places. Looking through my field-glass I could see the mounted officers galloping up and down behind the troops, and the line-officers engaged in steadyng the men as the showers of bullets swept across the ground in their front. In examining the enemy's position on the crest of the hill I could see their battle-flags quite plainly through the smoke; and, just appearing above the edge of a sunken road seemed to be a line of heads. Puffs of smoke played along them, varying at intervals in volume. Musketry fire could be plainly heard, the sound rising and falling from a terrific roar to a scattering fire.

But soon a murderous crashing volley told of reinforcement to the enemy's line, and our own men halted and took advantage of the slight protection of a ridge of ground to regain their formation. Then came the order to advance again, and through smoke and an avalanche of fire they dashed defiantly up the ridge and poured a volley into the faces of the enemy, and then fired steadily at will.

Through my glass I soon saw hundreds of wounded men coming to the rear, some limping alone, others moving in groups, but all making for the same quarter, where they hoped to find relief. I saw also that our own lines began to lessen and great gaps appear. The Confederates had done deadly work, and off to the right of our forces several of their

batteries had secured an enfilading fire along our front. As the grain bows before the scythe, so were our men in front felled to earth by the bursting shells sent at this murderous angle.

Scanning the enemy's front near the batteries, I saw a body of our infantry posted behind a rail-fence, and from this position pouring a destructive flanking fire in return. I could see the wounded hurried back, and here and there a straggling grey Reb retiring from rock to rock or wisely making a screen of the bushes.

But our line of battle soon retired from its advance, and fell sullenly back to a retired position where they could halt and re-form. "Where is that gallant army," I asked myself, "that but one short hour ago dashed so fearlessly into action?" But a glance across the field in front of the enemy's line told the sad story, for there lay brave men stretched in hundreds, sleeping their long last sleep; and many wounded had gone to the rear, some on foot who were able to walk, and those who were disabled had been taken in the ambulances. I looked at the sadly broken lines of the men who remained, with the thought that they would falter from further duty; but when I saw the blackened, resolute faces, and the quick, firm steps as they closed up the line, I felt that they possessed more than bravery—the soldier's steady courage.

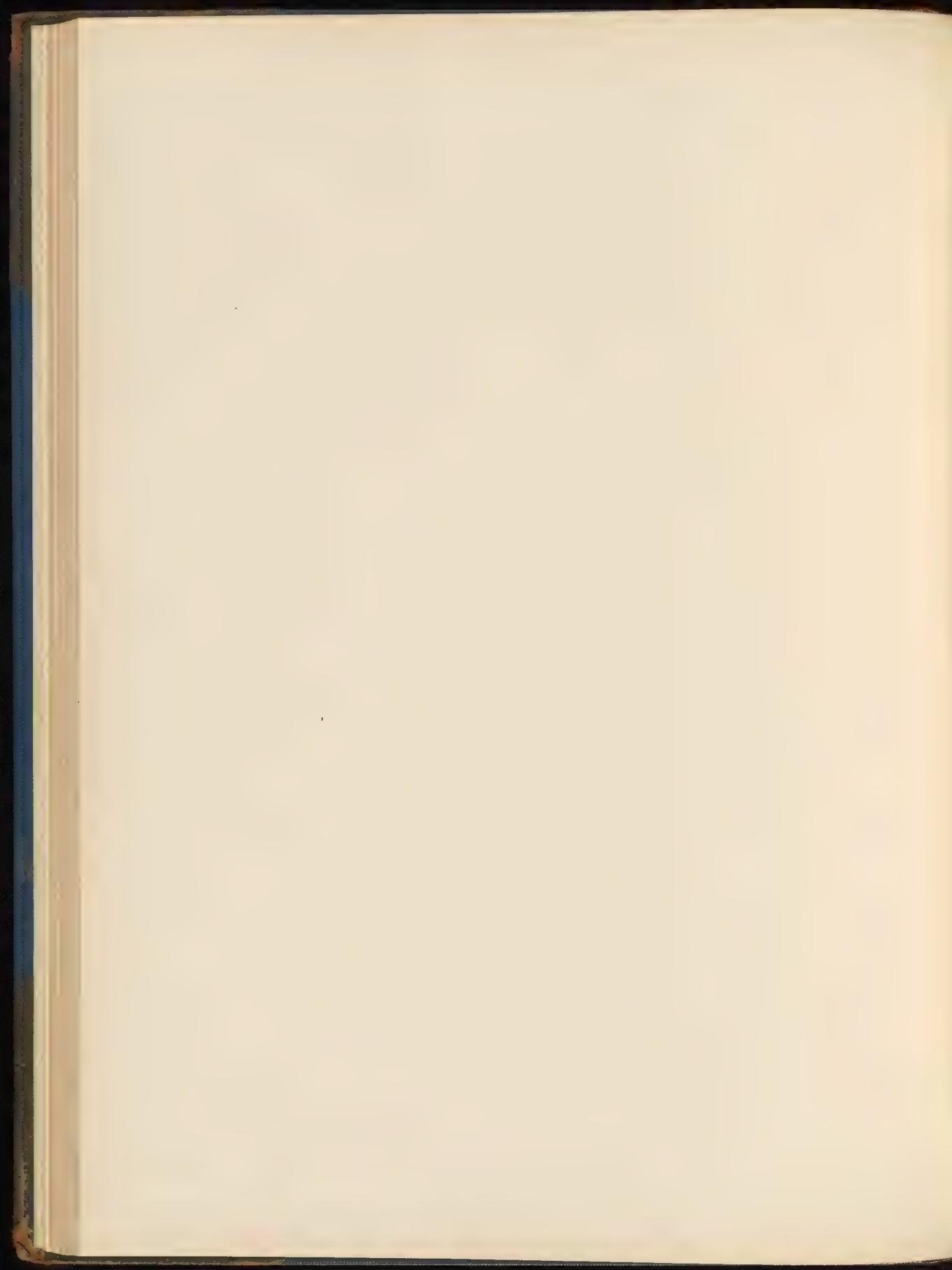
Reinforcements soon appeared, and our men, refreshed, started forward with renewed determination. The line breasted the hill once more, and with a rush dashed upon the enemy's front, covering the last few hundred yards at a double-quick, and halting but an instant to discharge a volley in the face of the foe. Then the bayonets came into savage action, sweeping the enemy before them, broken and scattered. Those who escaped rushed back through an orchard in the rear, and, taking shelter behind some farm-houses and out-buildings, kept up a dropping fire on our troops: but it availed nothing, as the enemy's center had been broken, and they fell back in confusion.

The whole of this battle was most gallantly and stubbornly contested on both sides, and after many bitter conflicts seemed to end as a stand-off; yet it sufficed for its main purpose,—to check and turn back the daring Lee and his brave army from Pennsylvania and the North. The special point of interest for us in the present chapter is "The Halt for Re-forming the Line."



The Bivouac of the Dead





RECONNOITERING.



T MAY seem, to those who have only read of battles, a simple matter to find the position of an opposing army; but those practically familiar with military tactics know that it is a most difficult thing to determine, so that an advance may be properly made against it. If the enemy are stationed in a country with which their own troops are alone familiar, the friendship of the residents (who, as voluntary spies, bring them reliable information) is invaluable. An advancing body can judge only from inspection, and a reconnaissance in force is often a necessity.

I took part in a reconnaissance in the June of '63, during the Gettysburg campaign, and have a most vivid recollection of the characteristics of the movement.

The Army of the Potomac, under command of Gen. Hooker, had marched from its position near Fredericksburg and was encamped near the town of Aldio, watching the movements of Lee's army, which had left Fredericksburg and was crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains to the Shenandoah Valley on its way to another invasion of Pennsylvania. The enemy's cavalry, commanded by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, were posted as a screen, east of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the Loudon Valley. They were quite active, and in a series of fights had given our cavalry many a hard scrimmage.

It became necessary to have more information of the enemy's plans than the scouts could gather, and a reconnaissance in force was determined upon. Gen. Pleasonton, commanding our cavalry, was ordered to advance upon the opposing cavalry forces and drive them back until their infantry supports were uncovered. A division of infantry was detailed to assist in the movement, and one morning at daylight the advance started from Aldio. We took the road towards Ashby's Gap, the cavalry deploying and advancing slowly, and after a march of several miles it came upon the enemy's cavalry force, which was posted behind stone fences and heavy woods on both sides of a road in which a section of artillery was also placed.

A heavy line of our infantry skirmishers advanced upon them, and we shelled them vigorously with a light battery which we had posted on the pike. They fell back slowly, giving up the point of vantage reluctantly. They were intimidated at the sight of our infantry, who would have considered it little more than pleasant exercise to attack cavalry in such a country.

I followed the troops as well as I could, while keeping to high ground as much as possible so as to see the varied incidents of interest. I remember watching an advancing regiment of Union cavalry which was evidently preparing a trap for the enemy. They were in regular line-of-battle; and behind them, screened from the enemy's view, was a gun from a light battery. The intention was to get near enough to make the masked gun effective before the enemy could discover the trick.

From my position on a hill I could with a glass see every move of the opposing lines. The enemy was posted on the edge of a distant wood, with skirmishers scattered along the stone fence in front. Our regiment approached slowly through an open field, unconscious of danger, when suddenly a body of Confederate cavalry dashed out of the woods in column formation. Yelling like Indians, they made for a direct attack, and to all appearance the Union chance of repulse was slight; but when they were within about two hundred yards of

our lines, our cavalry in front of the "twelve-pounder" wheeled to right and left, the gun was quickly unlimbered, and a double charge of canister poured into the exultant Rebs. In an instant, those who did not fall scattered like a flock of birds before a blind, and the Union line in rapid advance soon drove them towards Ashby's Gap in their rear.

During the advance the long line of cavalry skirmishers in the front moved slowly over the country, seeking cover behind fences and buildings whenever possible, firing at everything visible along the enemy's line. The main body of the Union cavalry, several thousand strong, followed closely, deploying on both sides of the main road, on which artillery moved. The infantry kept close behind, ready at any moment to reinforce a weak point. A rattling fire was kept up all day, until the enemy made a stand at the foot of the mountain at Ashby's Gap. Just before sundown a charge was made which convinced the Rebs that our cavalry was in the best of condition. A band of music was posted on a hill, and to the inspiring notes of "Yankee Doodle" our whole line moved forward. With drawn sabers they dashed upon the enemy and forced them back into the Gap, where was posted a corps of infantry, ready to receive the Union line. So strong was this force, that no further attack was made. The Union troops camped on the field, attended to the wounded, and gathered up the spoils of the running fight at leisure.

The next morning just at daylight, a retrograde movement was begun, and the Union troops fell slowly back toward the main camp at Aldio. The enemy followed closely, pressing our rear at every opportunity, and shelling our rear-guard at every possible point. I halted at a village on our route and saw the column pass by. Looking down the main street toward the enemy I saw a section of one of our batteries posted on the road firing back at the advancing foe, while the main body of our mounted force passed slowly along. Many wounded men were mounted in the column, and the ambulances were full of the more helpless ones. One cavalryman had a dead comrade hanging over the saddle, conveying him to where he could pay him the last tribute of a Christian burial.

Toward evening the Union force arrived at the old camp again, and the enemy thought it advisable to withdraw toward their main body.

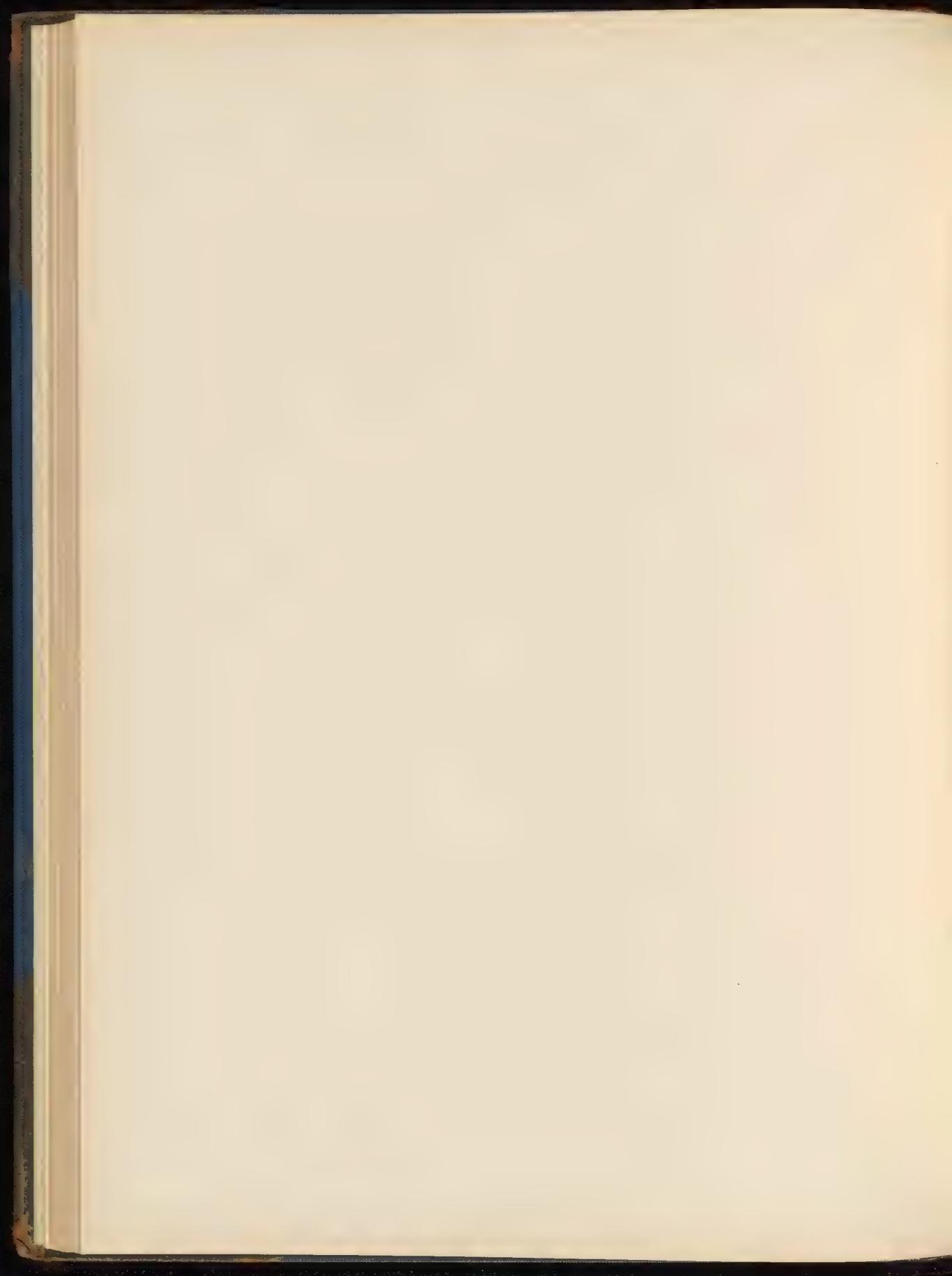
The reconnaissance had satisfied Gen. Hooker that the passes of the mountains were occupied by infantry, and that the enemy's main body were bound for Pennsylvania. This decided his next move, and in a few days the whole army was marching up the Loudon Valley toward the Potomac River. They crossed at Edward's Ferry, and from that point advanced to gain the glorious victory of Gettysburg.

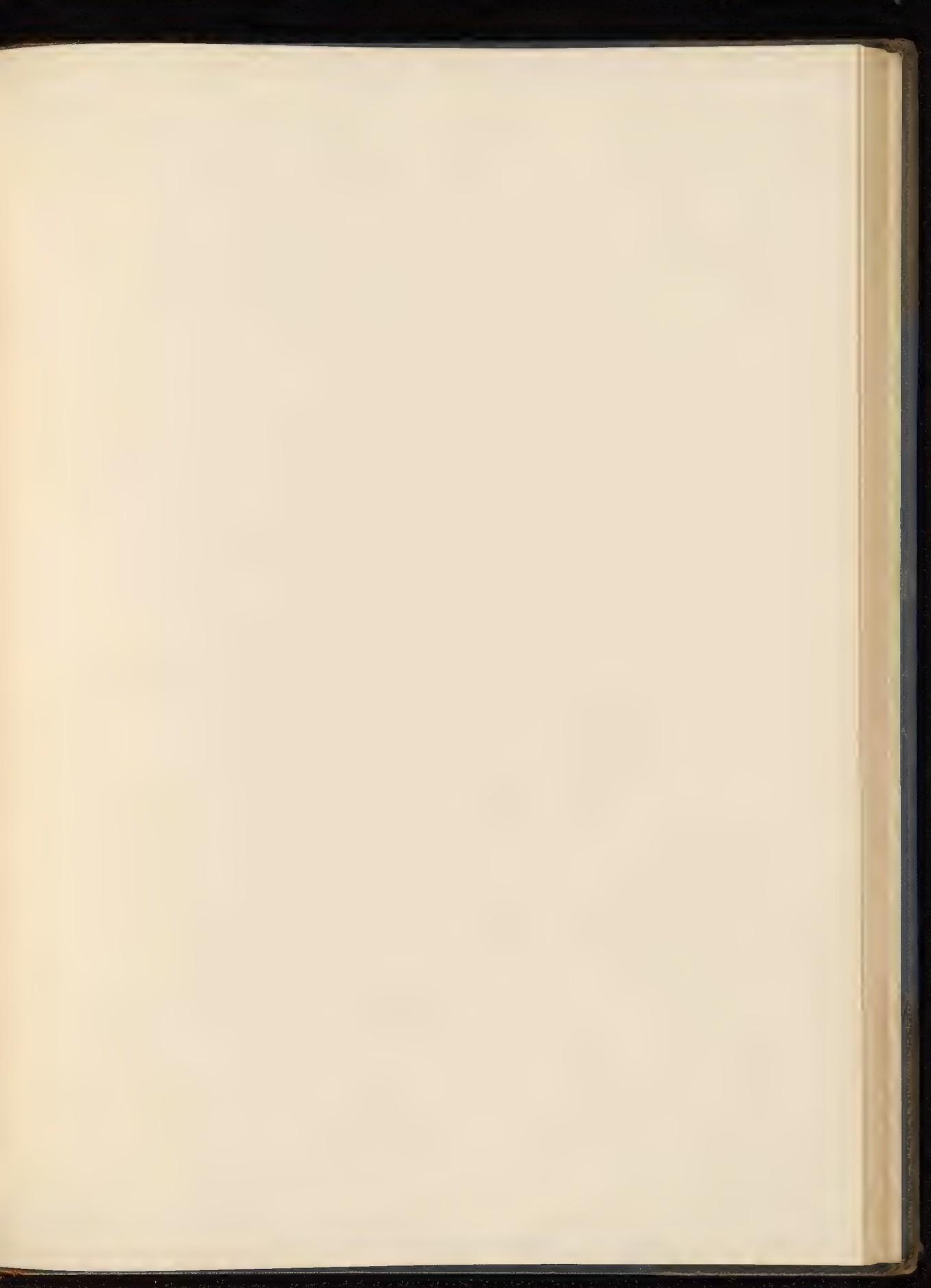


The Last Act of Friendship.

A RESONANCE IN FORCE.

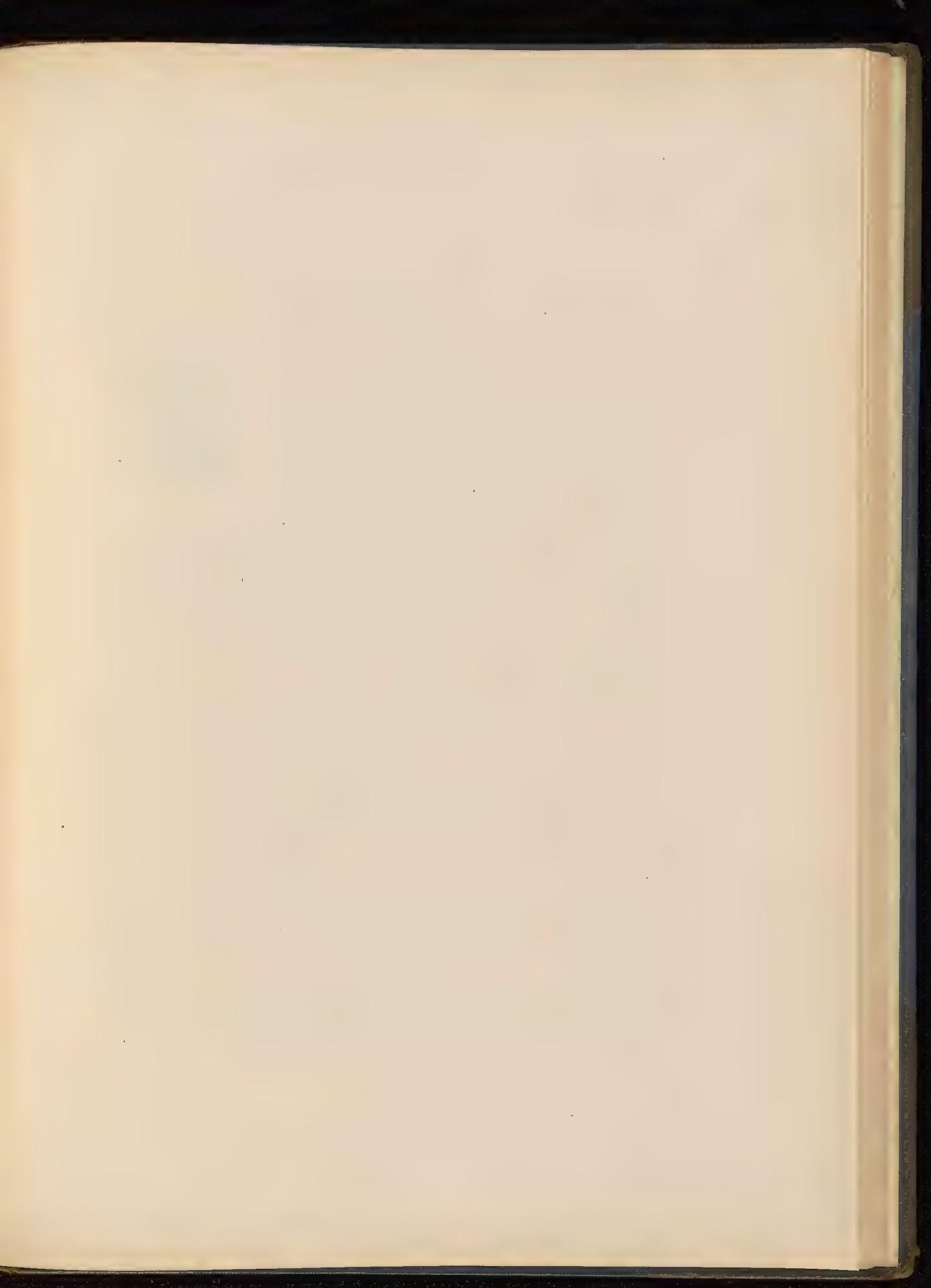


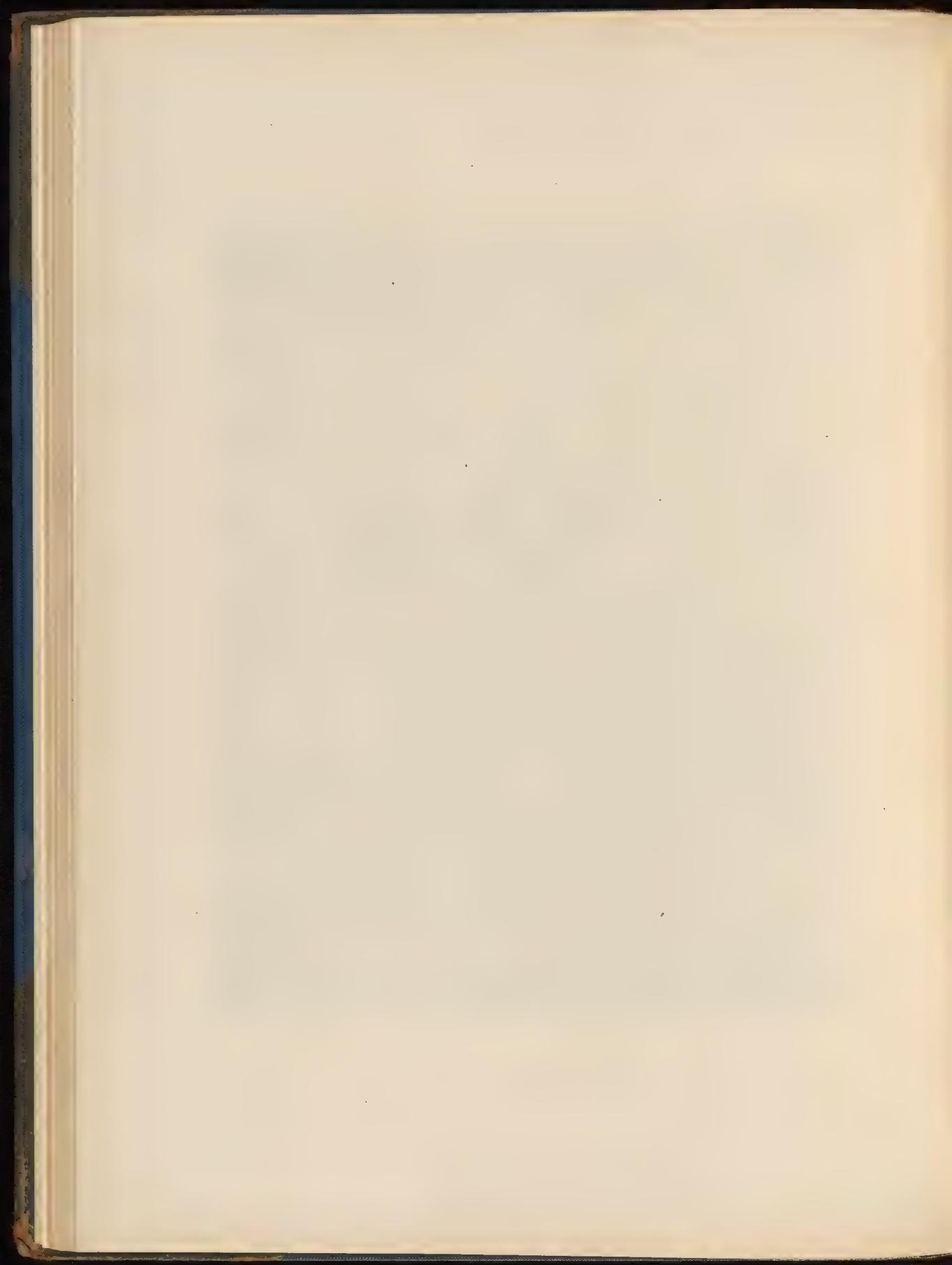






CUSTER A. TROOPER & SAWYOR.





THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.



HEN time shall have made the history of the great war complete, people who read the records will fail to appreciate how much historians will be indebted to the newspaper correspondents. Leading journals sent talented men to the front, some of the larger ones having several correspondents with each army in the field. I remember one instance where there was a correspondent with each corps, and a manager at the general headquarters whose duty it was to supervise the collection of news. Each correspondent was furnished with a good saddle-horse, to facilitate quick movement from point to point. Their duties were to gather all facts, rumors and matters of interest pertaining to army life, to keep informed of all movements, and during a battle to push well to the front to obtain material for graphic descriptions. During the winter a correspondent's work was easily accomplished; he gathered what information he could of contemplated movements, picked up camp-gossip and incidents, and reported the deaths of soldiers who died in hospitals. But when the spring note of preparation sounded for the army to gird itself up and prepare for a coming campaign, the correspondent as well as the soldier was aroused into active duty.

I had found in winter camp a pleasant comrade, who was an army correspondent for one of the New York papers, and we resolved that when the army should be ordered to move, we would together—for a time at least—follow its fortunes. When orders were finally given, they were at short notice, we learning only at sundown that camp was to be broken the next morning; but we were at headquarters by daybreak, and in the saddle for the march.

The columns moved along the roads to the south, and the wagon-trains were parked in long lines near their old camp-ground, ready to start as soon as the way was cleared. My comrade and I hurried forward along the side of the column, and soon reached the head of the line. We found the main body of cavalry moving rapidly after the advance guard, who were approaching a ridge on the crest of which the enemy were known to be posted in full force. Leaving the main road, we kept forward; but on high ground as much as possible, to obtain view of all that took place. As we were wondering just when hostilities would commence, a cannon boomed and a shell whizzed over the heads of a cavalry squadron that was moving slowly to the front. The small cloud of light smoke that drifted from a hilltop in the distance defined the enemy's position.

Two light batteries soon came galloping from our rear, took position on a hill, and unlimbered. The guns were quickly sighted and at the word "Fire!" two shells were sent toward the enemy, who by this time could be plainly seen on a distant knoll. One burst in the air, without destruction, but a puff of smoke among the enemy's guns and the muffled report that followed proved that the other was well placed. The enemy, however, soon returned sharp fire, and the shells came so suggestively close that we moved to the right along the ridges, where we could watch the battle with comparative safety. Soon a body of Union cavalry skirmishers, followed by heavy mounted columns, advanced across the level bottom-lands toward the Rebels. We adjusted glasses and watched with intense interest the game of war that was being enacted at our very feet. The enemy opened severe musketry fire from bushes along the ridge, and our skirmishers halted and waited for the main line, which was advanc-

ing at a trot, evidently determined to make a bold dash at the foe; but they received a volley of shell from the distant battery on the hill, and we shuddered as the great number of men and horses fell. Nothing daunted, those not disabled galloped up the hill and drove from the underbrush a swarm of grey coats. Meanwhile the Union infantry had deployed and made ready for an advance on the enemy's main position; and simultaneously the whole line moved forward and was soon heavily engaged. In the end, the ground was left in possession of the Union forces.

Now the anxious work of my friend began. We mounted our horses and started for the field-hospitals, where, by making himself known, he was able to obtain a list of names of the wounded as they were brought from the field. Then, hurrying to the front, we rode over the battle-ground, where many items of interest were obtained. Detailed parties for burying the dead were next visited and names secured of the killed, with details for classified lists. We found them already at work disposing of the silent figures; the old and the young men lay together in the trenches. Sickened at the ghastly sights, and faint from long fasting, we sought our haversacks, and, buying each a cup of coffee from a soldier, disposed of our not over-plentiful repast.

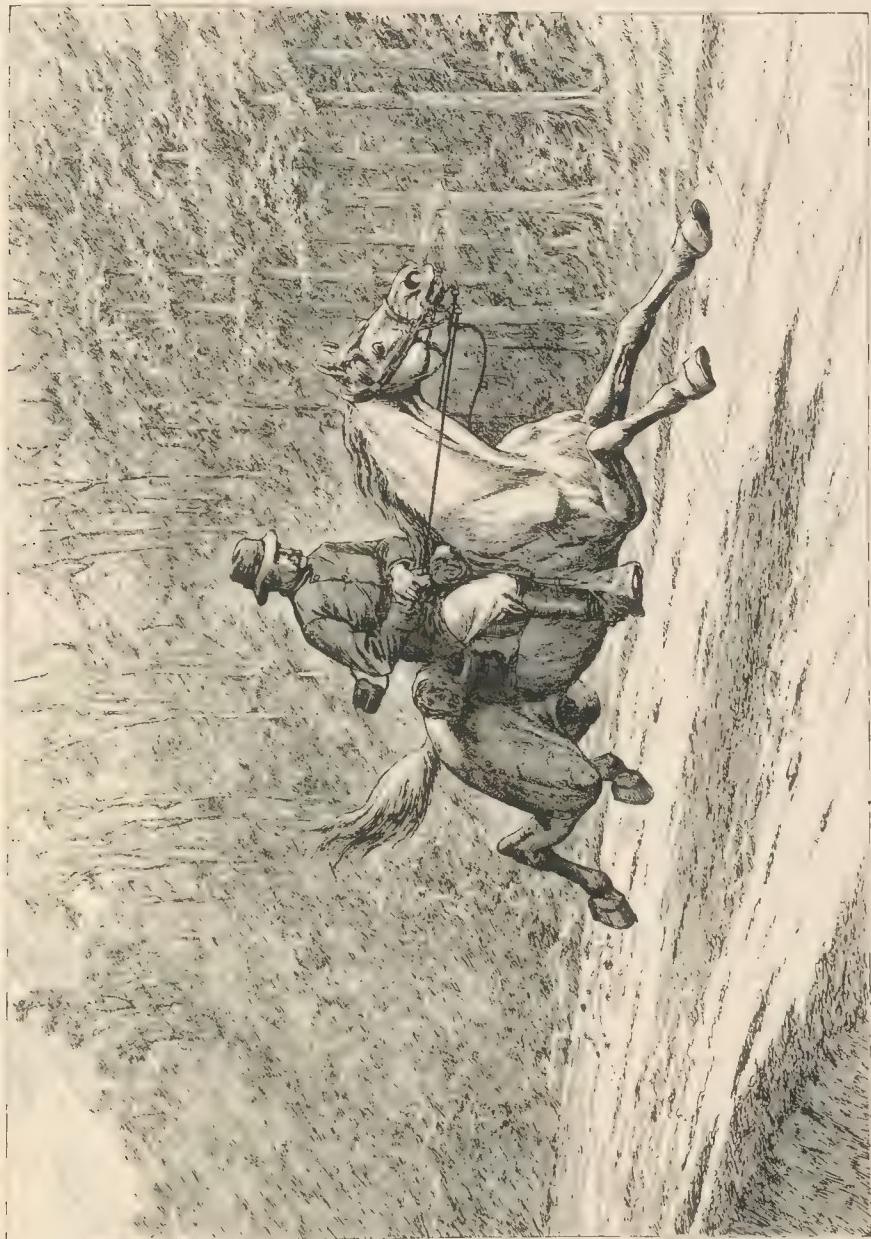
Making haste then to temporary headquarters in a grove, my newspaper friend sat down upon a stump to write an account of the battle. He interviewed as many as possible of the officers and men who had taken part in the engagement, and, industriously writing all through the evening by the light of a camp-fire in front of the general's tent, he finished his story by midnight. I separated from him at this time; but, although he had been at it since daybreak, his work was not done, for he mounted his horse and visited the hospitals to obtain a final checking of his lists of the names of the dead and wounded. This work was completed by two o'clock in the morning, when he made his way through the sleeping army to deliver his material to the manager, to be forwarded to the home-office by special messenger.

A correspondent was often compelled to carry his own despatches to the nearest post or telegraph station, and would ride at break-neck speed to be the first to deliver the intelligence and "get a beat" on other correspondents. Duty often took them through dangerous guerrilla country, and on many occasions they barely escaped. Quite a number of the brave, bright fellows lost their lives on the battle-field, others returned home with shattered health, and a large number were captured and confined in Southern prisons. The smoothly-written, crisp columns that appeared in the newspapers were no criterion of the dangers that their writers were exposed to; and while tributes are paid to gallant leaders and courageous soldiers, the bravery and endurance of the newspaper correspondents should not be forgotten, nor their work be unappreciated. For
est of the nation hung upon
the official documents and
material of the history
found in the work done
and heroic soldiers

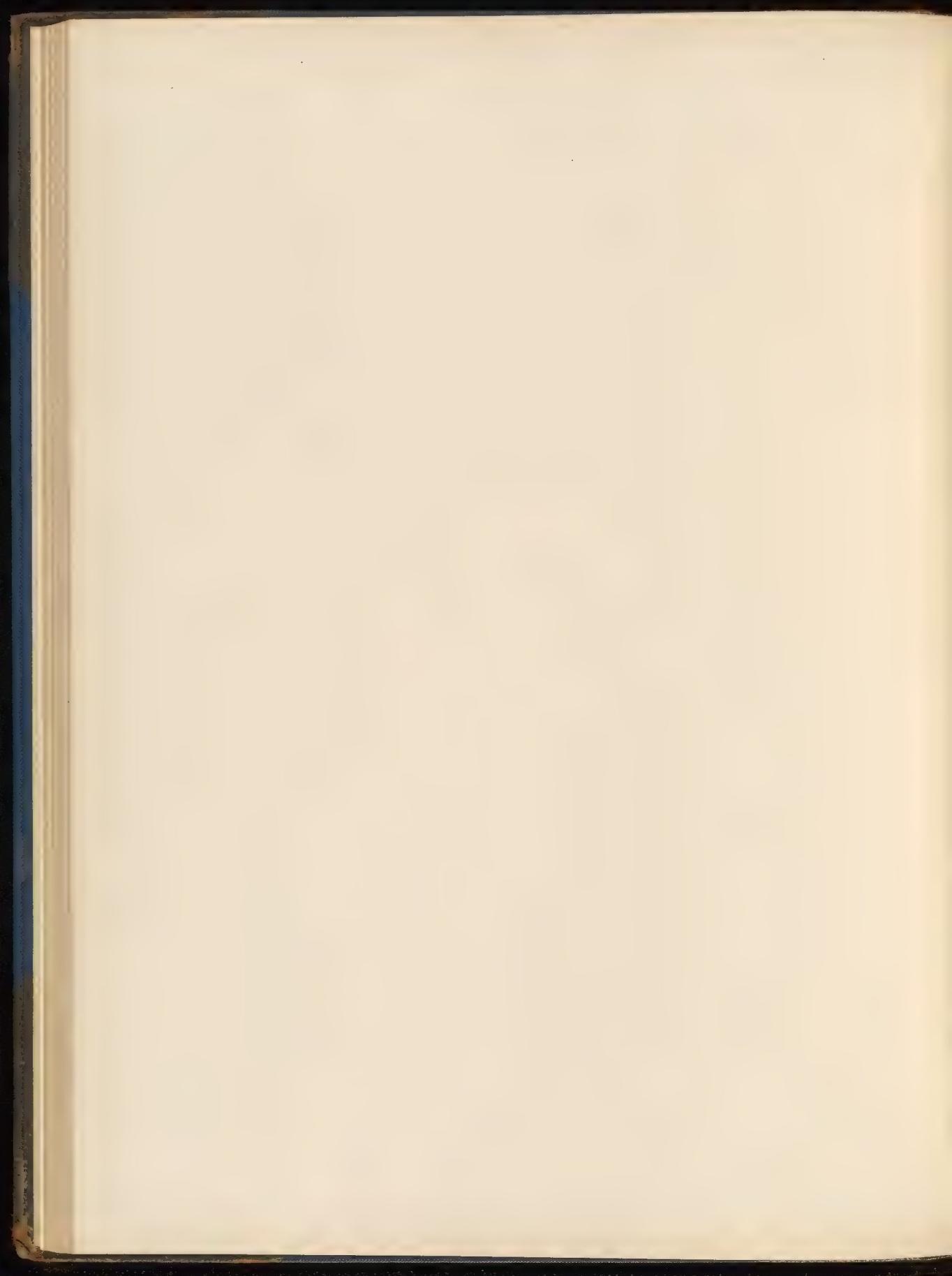
four long years the feverish inter-
their words, and, aside from
reports, the most valuable
of those times is to be
by these alert, hardy
of the pen.



WAITING IT UP.



HORSES FROM THE BATTLE.



UNBRIDGED RIVERS.



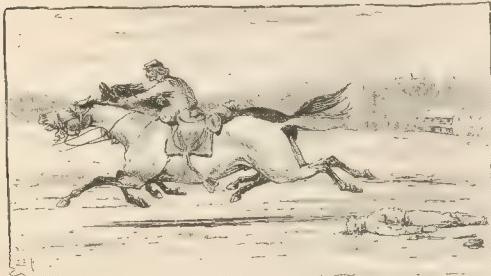
A Harry Ladd.

WHILE the main Union armies were always furnished with pontoon bridges for rivers, difficulties were often met which made these time-savers unavailable. Sometimes the roads approaching the river could not be passed by vehicles like the pontoon wagons, and occasionally the streams along the line of march would be too many for their use. In such instances fording became inevitable; but it had to be cautiously approached. Once I had been riding with the cavalry advance, and, after having been fired upon by bushwhackers and meeting several other adventures, we reached a hill overlooking a stream with wooded

borders that had to be crossed. The enemy was posted on the low banks opposite us, and the ominous line of yellow clay breastworks, which "the boys" learned to know so well, gave evidence of fortification. It ran along the bank and through the low growth of brush, which was quite thick in places, and afforded protection to their skillful sharp-shooters, whose keen aim reached some of our men as soon as they appeared in the open space in the region of the ford. First, three companies of our men dismounted, pushed forward toward the river, and lay down behind the bank of an abandoned canal. From this point they kept up a sharp carbine-fire on the enemy's works, so that it was unsafe for the Johnnies to show their heads

Watching the enemy's operations through a glass, I saw a group of mounted officers behind an old farm-house, a short distance above the fording-place on the other side, despatching messengers to the main body, half a mile back from the river. Several had made safe passage, running the gauntlet of our skirmish-fire at full speed, when two officers dashed into sight from behind the house and made for the rear. One was mounted on a grey horse and the other on a bay. Side by side they raced, with bodies bowed down on the necks of their flying horses, and each moment of life seemed a marvel as they escaped the shots of the Union carbines, fired by plainsmen long experienced in fighting Indians.

Suddenly the officer on the grey horse collapsed, fell from his saddle and quicker than thought was laid out flat on his back, dead: his arms close to his side, his cap and saber near him in the yellow road. His companion deftly slackened speed and caught the grey horse by the bridle, and then, lying close, rode rapidly on to a place of safety.



A Dead Shot.

He straightened up in the saddle as he disappeared into the wood, and in almost a moment of time a section of battery dashed out from the same place and opened a revengeful fire, as if to recompense the death of a favorite officer. A Union battery soon sent and maintained a spirited responsive fire.

But now came the forming of Union cavalry under the cover of woods on our side of the stream. Columns of them moved into the open, and made straight for the ford, in the midst of carbine-fire from dismounted Rebs on the opposite bank, and lively shell from the battery on the edge of the woods beyond them. Many men and horses sank as shells exploded and bullets took effect, on the hither bank and in the water, but the main body ploughed on through the river, causing the spray to fly in all directions, and then steadily pushed up the farther bank, a formidable mass of mounted men. They were soon face to face with those who manned the breastworks, and drove them toward the rear. Our cavalrymen pursued, and captured many prisoners. The Rebs in the wood beyond retreated as soon as they saw the ford carried, and our cavalry pursued in hot haste.

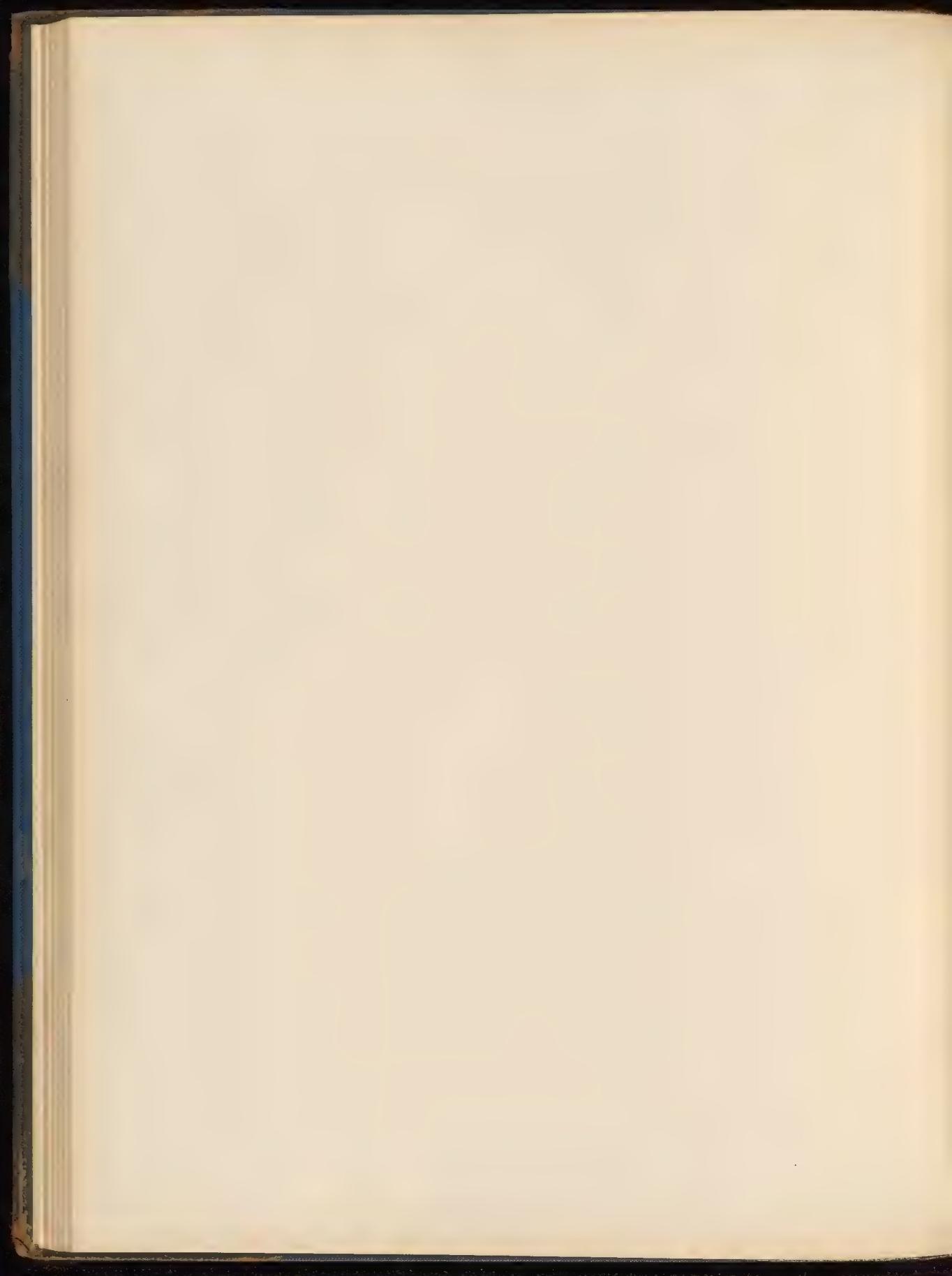
The head of our infantry column now appeared. I rode down to the bank and laughed heartily at the grotesque appearance of the troops, most of whom had taken off their trousers to make the passage of the deep stream; and, holding clothing, guns and cartridge-boxes on their heads, breasted a current which almost swept them off their feet. Some were in fact carried down, but were rescued by a line of cavalry posted below for that purpose. Despite all misfortunes, the men seemed to enjoy this novel experience, and chatted merrily and laughed loudly when a comrade slipped on the rocky bottom and drifted down stream. The cavalrymen rescued the "dough-boys" (as they deridingly called the infantrymen) amid shouts of laughter, and dragged them one by one to a place of safety.

When the infantrymen regained footing on solid ground, they made a ridiculous appearance as they tried to pull their clothing over their shivering legs. Those who had not taken the trouble to prepare were as bedraggled as so many "drowned rats," and sought in vain to wring the water from their uniforms. I have often recalled the comical scenes of this incident, and without much imagination I hear again the peals of laughter along the column;—so did tragedy and comedy tread close on each other's heels.



FORDING THE RIVER.





XXIII.

THE "BUMMER."



HIS characteristic name was peculiar to the Western armies, and particularly to the men of Sherman's force who left Chattanooga in the spring of 1864 on that magnificent and triumphal march to Atlanta and the sea. The genus "bummer" was not perfectly developed until Atlanta was deserted and the march into the unknown country began. Then necessity, or "natural selection," brought into full existence these daring spirits, who swarmed in front and on the flanks of the moving columns that swept with irresistible force through Georgia and the Carolinas, spreading consternation through the crumbling "Confederacy." The march proved that, when the shell was once penetrated, the great Rebellion was without reserves of either men or material of war. The only apprehension of difficulty that Gen. Sherman seems to have entertained in this venture, was that supplies might not be obtainable; but the country was rich in produce, and the organized foraging parties nearly always returned laden with bounties for both men and beasts. In obtaining these supplies, it was desired and ordered by Gen. Sherman that men should keep within specified limits, and the greater portion of them did. Many, however, overstepped the bounds, and their lawless and reckless conduct gave the name of "Bummer" to all foragers. An officer could not be cognizant of all that occurred in a scattered command, but all possible effort was made to prevent men from looting private property. Charges were made, however, of robbery of family silver and other valuables. Mills, manufactories or stores of material which might aid the Confederacy were to be invariably destroyed, and columns of smoke along the line of march were significant of how well these orders had been executed.

There was little or no fighting to be done; the march was the main thing, and the feeding of the multitude the one necessity. It is not strange, then, that out of the myriads in a great army, which of course includes all sorts and conditions of men, there should be many who, when the bands of discipline were a little relaxed, should take advantage of it, and, whether intent on fun or on devilment, make the most of their brief chances. Not a few traveled ahead or alongside, independent of the army, so long as it was safe, and like our friends the "coffee coolers" enjoyed a lively vacation from duty, showing devotion only to booty. It was this class who did the real damage to private property.

Many of the bummers' pranks were harmless and amusing. When on the march a town was sighted, a rush forward would be made and a motley crowd of "boys in blue" would clatter down the main street, some on foot, some on horseback, with guns prepared to meet Wheeler's or Hampton's cavalry. Hooting and yelling like Indians, they would make for the town-hall or court house, and, removing the secession flag from the staff on the roof, would hoist the national colors. Then some wag would improvise a court, and sitting in the judge's chair presided with mock dignity while a delinquent bummer charged with some grave offence would be dragged before him to receive sentence. At Milledgeville, Georgia, a mock Legislature was convened, and the Ordinance of Secession of the State was repealed with great solemnity.

On arriving at Savannah the bummer settled back into soldierly regulation again, and for weeks experienced no excitement except the perils of the breastworks and trenches in rear of the beleaguered town; but when the enemy evacuated and retreated through South Caro-

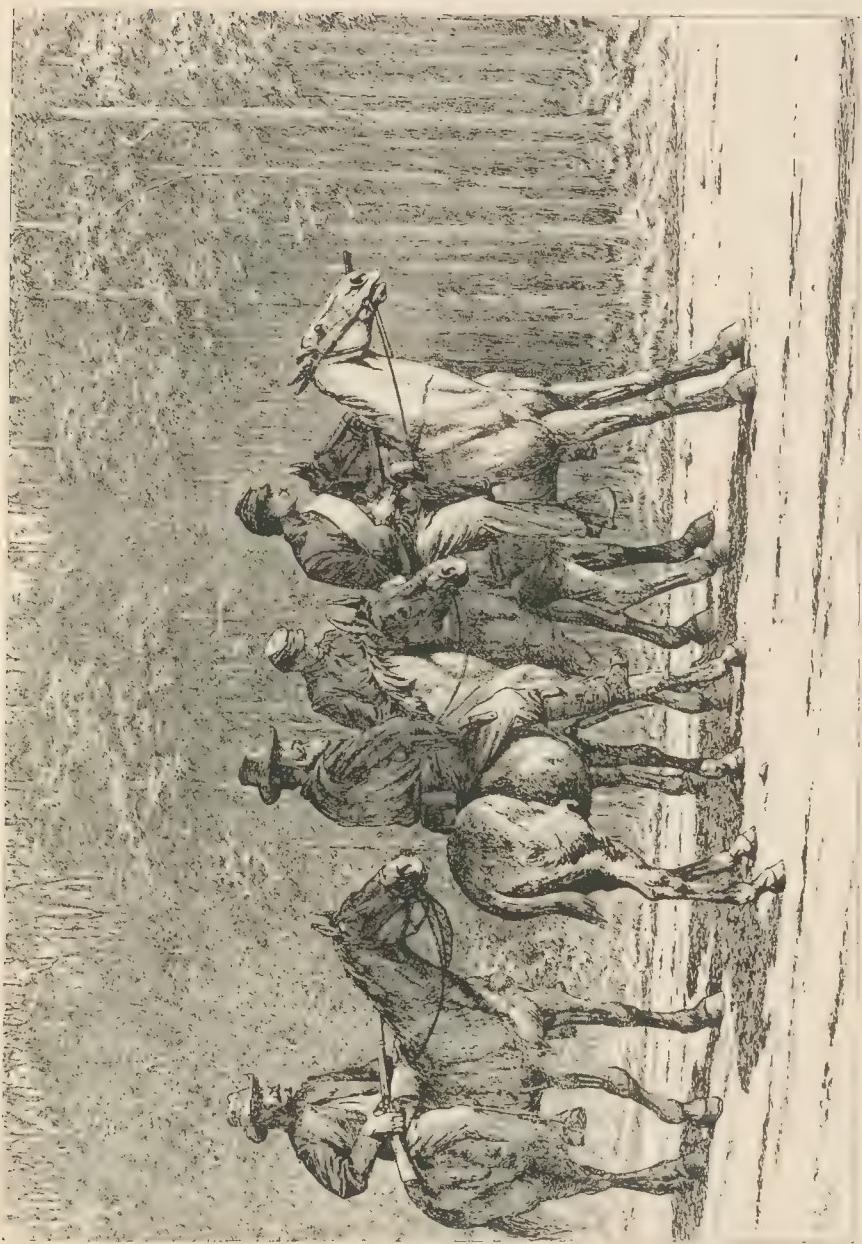
lina he again appeared in full bloom, and, in front of our pursuing army, caused wide-spread consternation. The capture of Charleston was but an incident of the march, and the army swept again inland toward Columbia, on its way to join Grant in the siege at Petersburg. Supplies were less plentiful in the Carolinas than in Georgia, but the bummers with renewed vigor set to work to procure the best the country afforded.

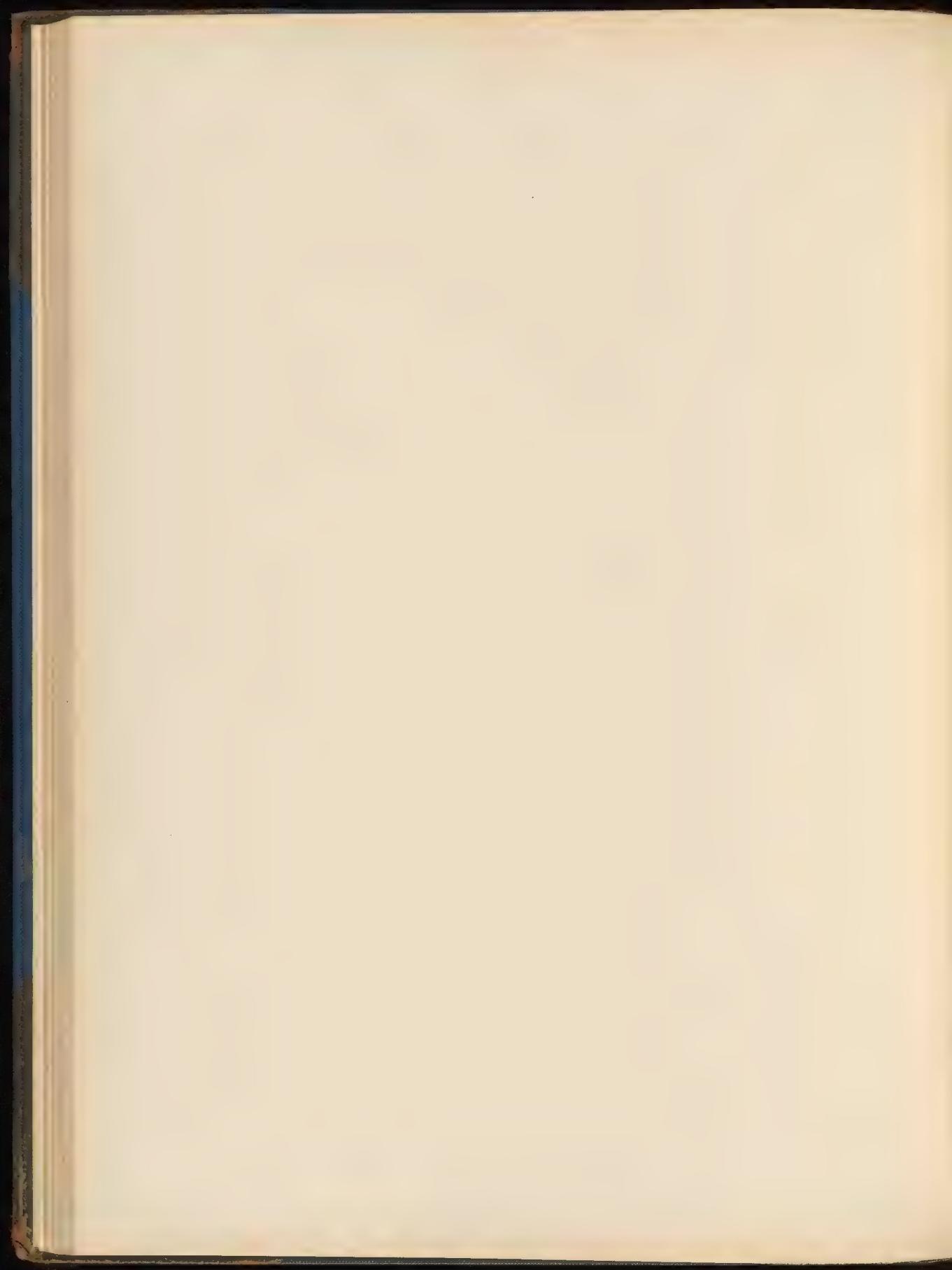
Parties often appeared arrayed in grotesque costumes that had been confiscated from



country houses. One fellow appeared wearing a gingham sunbonnet; another, a military costume of the war of 1812; and another was dressed in an old blue coat and cocked hat with tarnished gold braid, and in his hand carried an old-fashioned saber that may have belonged to one of Marion's men.

But with the surrender of Gen. Johnston, the bummer's occupation was gone; the rigid lines of military discipline were again tightened about him and the happy-go-lucky days of adventure must now become a memory. On to Washington the army tramped, and at the grand review which terminated its existence, not one of the regular-stepping, bright-faced troops suggested the reckless bummers of a few weeks before. All walked proudly erect as they passed the reviewing stand, and cast longing glances at their grand old commanders.





XXIV.

THE VIDETTE.



been called the "eyes of the army."

Never having been able to see the videttes except from a distance, I decided one day to ride over to the outer line and gather what information I could of their duties and movements. I rode forward and after passing various bodies of cavalry posted along the front of the army, I came in sight of a position supposed to be held by the enemy. Looking across a beautifully diversified country as far as the eye could reach, I saw a line of solitary horsemen posted at intervals in the open ground. I took my glass to study a mounted figure who had position on a road about half a mile distant. He sat gracefully upon his horse, grasping with his right hand a cavalry carbine, the butt of which rested on his thigh, and with the left he held the reins with easy freedom. His glance seemed directed toward the enemy, and yet he sat as if in a reverie. What was the train of thought! Did memory take him back to the old farm-house to which his brother was just guiding home the gentle cows, and his kind old father waiting with pail in hand ready to take from them the rich yield of milk? Perhaps visions of his silver-haired mother passed before him, as she prepared the evening meal and faltered with a sigh at the vacant place at the table, where for long years she had laid a plate for him; or, tenderer still, did visions flit before him of her with whom he lingered to gain the last sweet promise, and recollections of her tender eyes wake the tears in his?

But now the horse began to move slowly to and fro, dropping his head to nibble the luxuriant grass along the fence, and the soldier roused himself as he discerned a cloud of dust rising in the road that came from the wood. Curiosity waked me up, too, and touching the spurs to my mare I rode over to the horseman and spoke to him. He nervously drew up the idle reins and rode a short distance forward. I followed, and we soon saw something moving forward from under the shadow of the trees; and I was sure it was dressed in gray. My comrade assured me, however, that a horseman would not advance so slowly. A moment more, and we were able to distinguish a vehicle of some kind, drawn by a single animal, and at last a farm-cart, drawn by a diminutive old gray mule and containing a family of negroes, came fully to view.

Such a picturesque group I had seldom seen. Old "Uncle's" head was covered with an ancient gray slouch hat, and his black face was fringed with a snow-white beard, while his old clothing was so patched that the original fabric was lost sight of. "Aunty" had a pert turban, but poor clothing; and the pickaninnies were scantily covered with ragged slips made of muslin. When within speaking distance of the vidette, the old man pulled his rope lines and brought the little mule to a full stop. Doffing his hat he gave a low bow and

said "Good-day, sah," but looked timidly at the formidable figure in front of him who moved forward to question him. We learned that he had taken advantage of the presence of the "Lincum sogers" to escape from bondage with his family, and that he had been traveling two days. When asked if he had seen any of the enemy's troops, he answered, "Oh yes, mistah. Heaps o' sogers back dah, about ten miles. Mistah Johnson's men. I can't tell how many, mo'n I eber seed befo'. Calverv; de big guns on wheels; an' lots o' sogers dat carries dem guns an' dese yere tings wha' yer sling ober yer back. Yes, infantry, dats wha' de call 'em. Dey was a right smart lot o' men, too, an' had flags an' drums an' mo' wagons dan I ever seed in all my bo'n days."

The vidette asked him if he was sure those soldiers were not marching when he saw them. "Oh no, massa," he replied, "dey was all about de fields, cookin' an' eatin' an' sleepin' in de little white tents; dey was movin' bout in de camp pow'ful smart, but dey *wasn't* movin' on *dis road* when I lef' dem day befo' yistiddy, *I'm shuah!*"

Directing the oddly fashioned and assorted outfit toward camp, where it would be taken care of, our cavalryman moved toward the side of the road, dropped the reins on the horse's neck and allowed him to resume feeding. He then opened his haversack, the contents of which had been long neglected, and made a meal of raw pork and hard-tack. He looked regretfully at the remains of the three days' rations, and saw that his supplies had diminished more than prudence would dictate; but it seemed a soldier's fate to devour supplies in advance and then be compelled to suffer an involuntary fast.

The sudden sound of two carbine shots, however, caused my soldier friend to quickly sling his haversack in place, and, seizing the reins and spurring his horse, he darted into the road and looked anxiously for the cause. A cloud of dust rising in the distance roused his suspicions, and he glanced anxiously to right and left as if to note any movement of the line of our videttes. Soon two horsemen appeared on the road leading from the wood opposite, and, moving out into the field, appeared to be in consultation. I began to think it time for a non-combatant to move towards the rear; but I did not retire so far but that I could watch movements with my glass. Soon, a few shots were heard and a well-defined line of the enemy's advance of cavalry came into view. The Union line of videttes opened fire, and then reloaded and discharged their carbines continually as they fell back to the main body. Heavy columns of the enemy's cavalry debouched from the road, and the Confederates soon opened fire with light batteries.

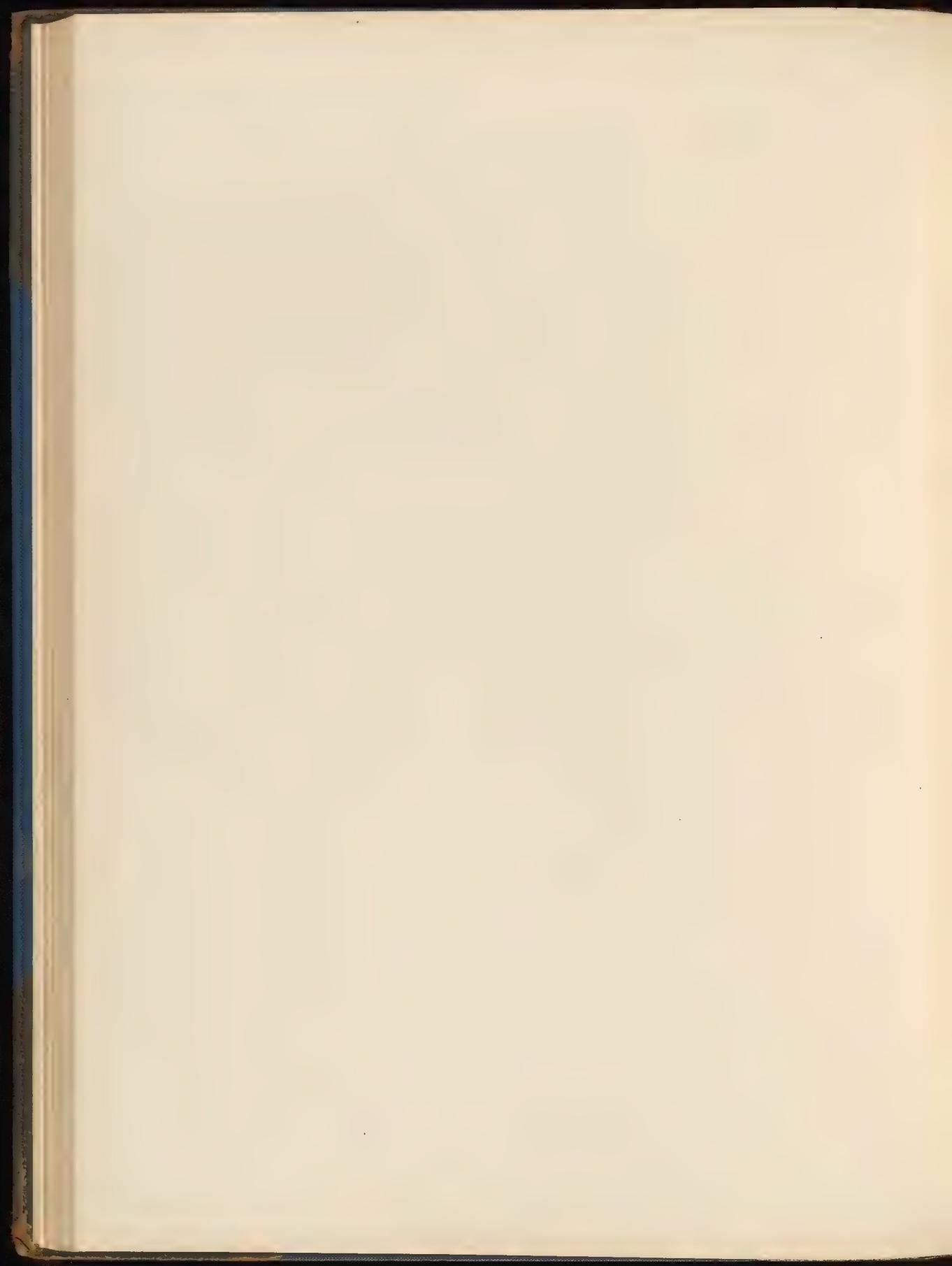
The fight had evidently begun, and our vidette and his comrades had vanished from the front and were making the best possible resistance in the regiment to which they belonged.

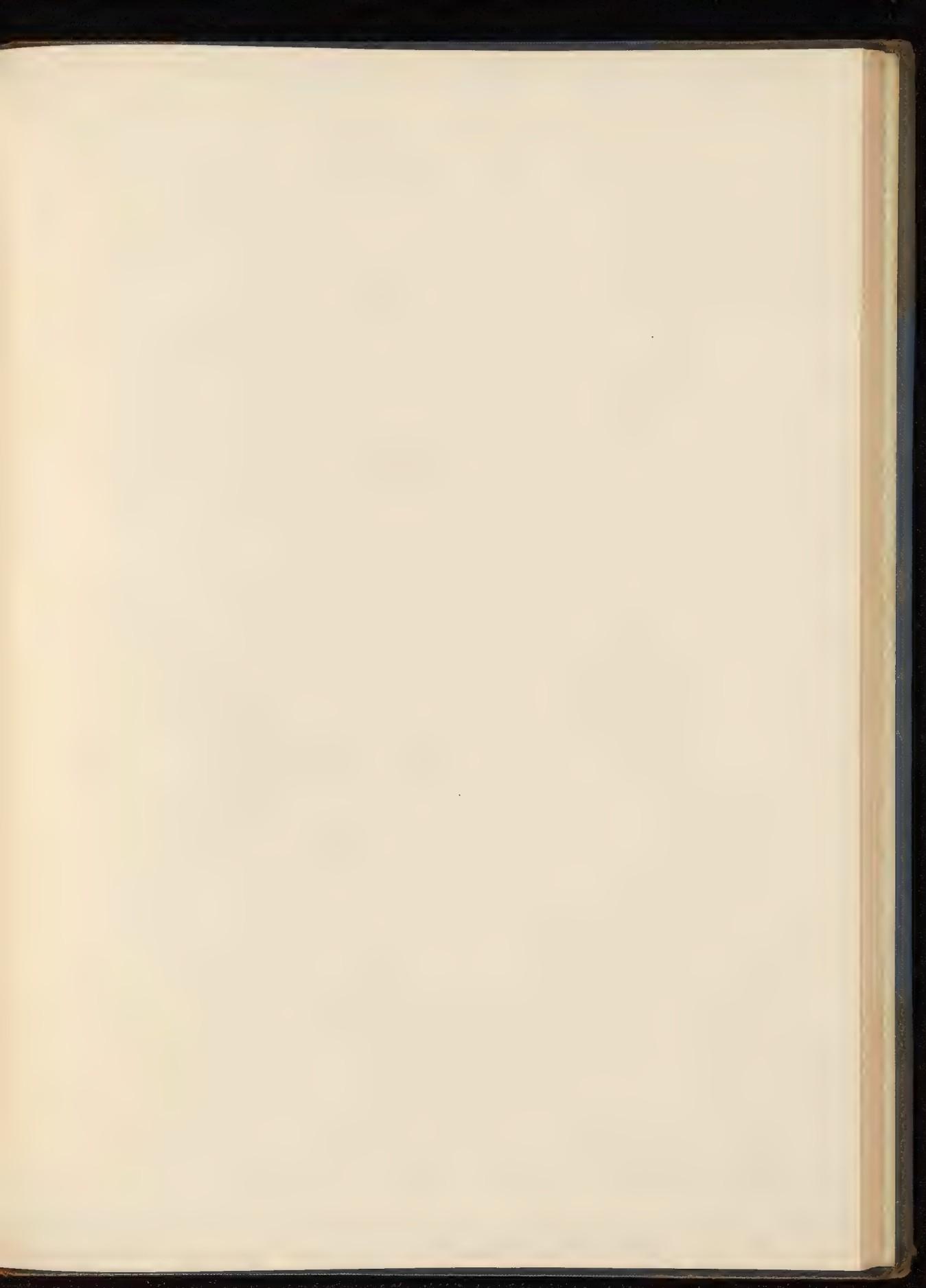


THE REFUGEES.

THE MOUNTED SENTINEL.

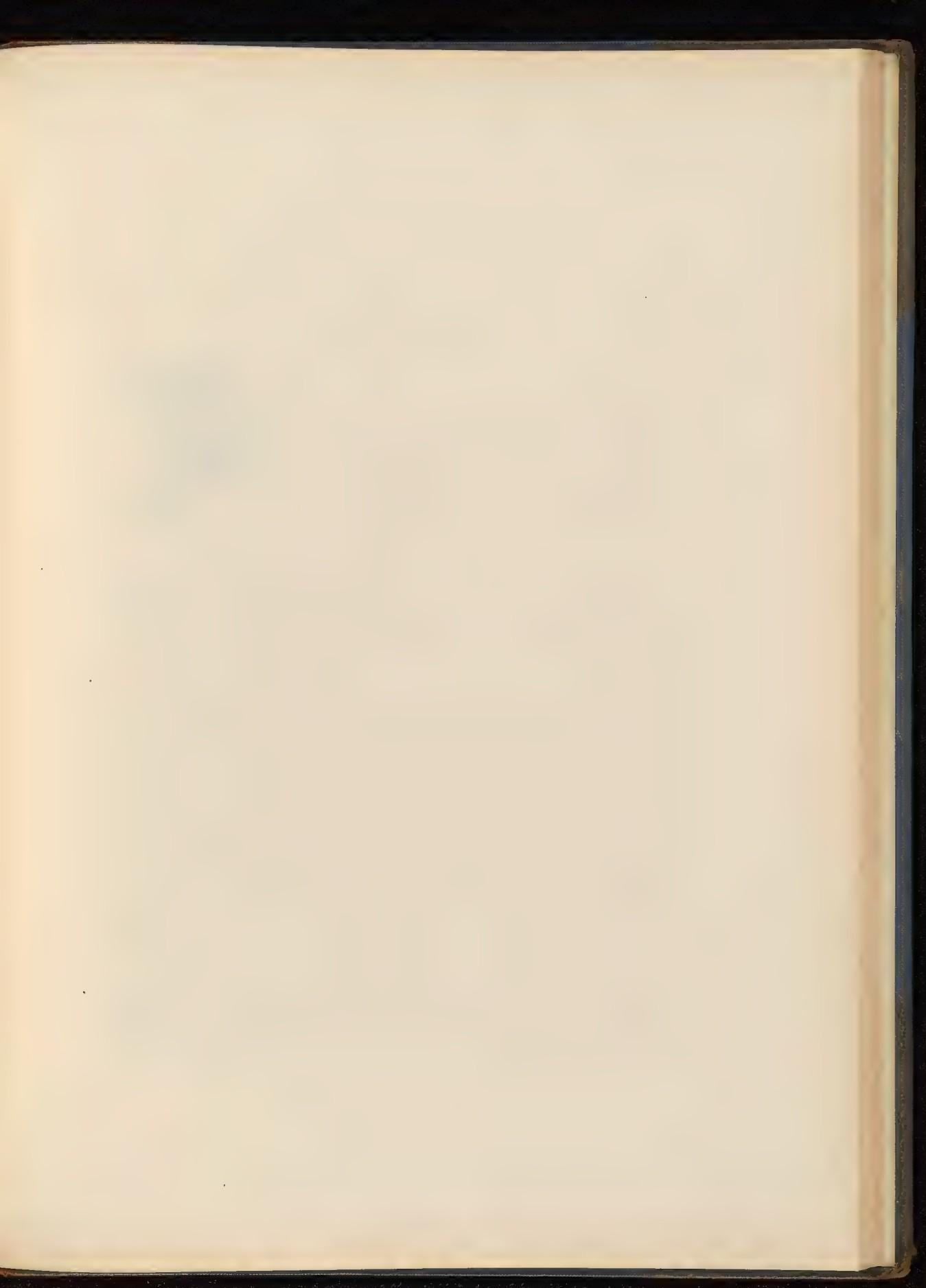


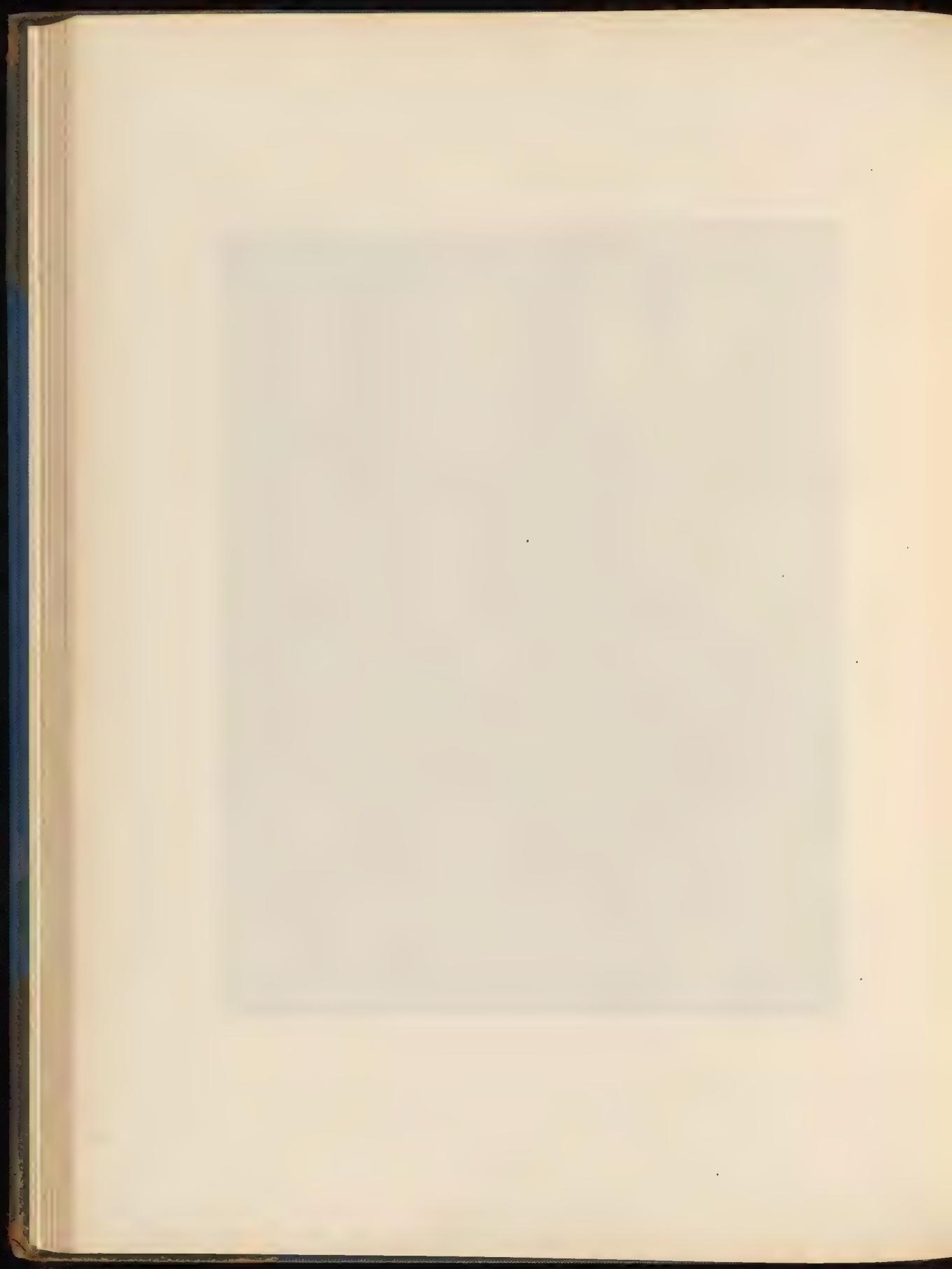




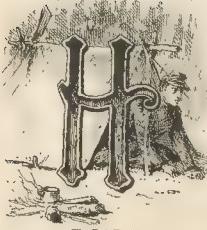


SCHEHERZADE BEFORE A LAW.





GOING INTO CAMP.

*The Pup Tent*

HOW WELCOME was the news as it passed along the moving column that the day's march was nearly finished, and that the tired men would soon find rest in camp! Often they had marched from daylight, taking only such intervals of rest as a blockaded column allowed, or the half-hour's halt at midday for dinner gave.

Lagging as their footsteps might have been, they would become much animated as camping-ground was neared, and in anticipation of the evening meal would step out of the column and confiscate all fence-rails available. They made a ludicrous appearance as

they trudged along, with a gun on one shoulder and a fence-rail on the other.

I saw a column leave the road just at sunset, and as it marched along a ridge of high ground the men and horses were cast in silhouette against the bright back-ground. I saw different brigades march to allotted positions, and the work of pitching camp soon began. Knapsacks and traps were unslung, and in a short time the hill-sides were covered with little "pup" tents. The noise of axes—faint at first, but swelling into a muffled roar, in the hands of a multitude—soon filled the air, and camp-fires began to blaze along in all directions. As it grew dark, the tents looked like thousands of Japanese lanterns, and I rode along the ridge to take notes of the firelight pictures.

Stopping at a large farm-house, surrounded by a grove of oak trees, I found that the commanding general had established headquarters there. Wall tents were being pitched on the lawn in front, and the headquarters cook was unloading the mess-cart a short distance in the rear. Aides and orderlies were hurrying to and fro, and a general air of business pervaded everything. Farther on, the artillerymen were going into camp; and the horses, after being unhitched and unharnessed, were tethered to a long rope stretched between two trees in rear of the batteries. Some of the men were grooming and feeding the horses, while others were scattered about, busy at various camp-duties. The country was covered by a dense cloud of smoke, lit up by the glow of the fires, and the many sounds from the camp mingled in one great roar. The braying of the mules impatient for their feed rose clear above the din, asserting their importance—which, indeed, was freely recognized. Riding through the wagon-camps some distance in rear of the main line, the quartermasters by the light of the camp-fires sought to restore order. The feed-boxes for the mules were placed upon the wagon-tongues, and three animals, perhaps, hitched each side. Impatiently eager, the beasts would jump from one side to the other like goats and kick at intervals as mules only know how. The negro drivers hurried about, emptying oats as fast as possible, so as to lessen the noise of their lively animals.

Turning again toward the front I found a large body of infantry building a breastwork in anticipation of a dash of the enemy, who were not very far in advance. Large fires were burning at intervals and by their light the men were busy felling trees and cutting them into lengths, while others placed them in position along the line marked out by the engineers. Hundreds of men were engaged in digging a trench in front of the works and throwing up an embankment behind it, to which the logs served as a backing; while others were out in front, converting the unused branches into an abatis. Jubilant spirits prevailed, and the jests

and laughter in the face of so much danger seemed strange. The officers were anxious and active in giving directions, and by midnight a fortified line covered the sleeping army.

I started back to headquarters with an officer of engineers, and found the strange quiet of the night in deep contrast to the evening scenes. The guns along the ridge looked sombre and grim, and the sentinel at the end of the line of pieces stood like a statue with his drawn sabre resting carelessly in the hollow of the arm. The horses in the rear were munching hay and cornstalks, and the battery-men were fast asleep under their slight shelters. The infantry camps had lost their life and brightness, and all the men were sleeping, except the guard who paced with muskets at "a shoulder;" under all, the low rumble of late wagon-trains could be heard, as they toiled along the pikes, toward the general camping-ground.

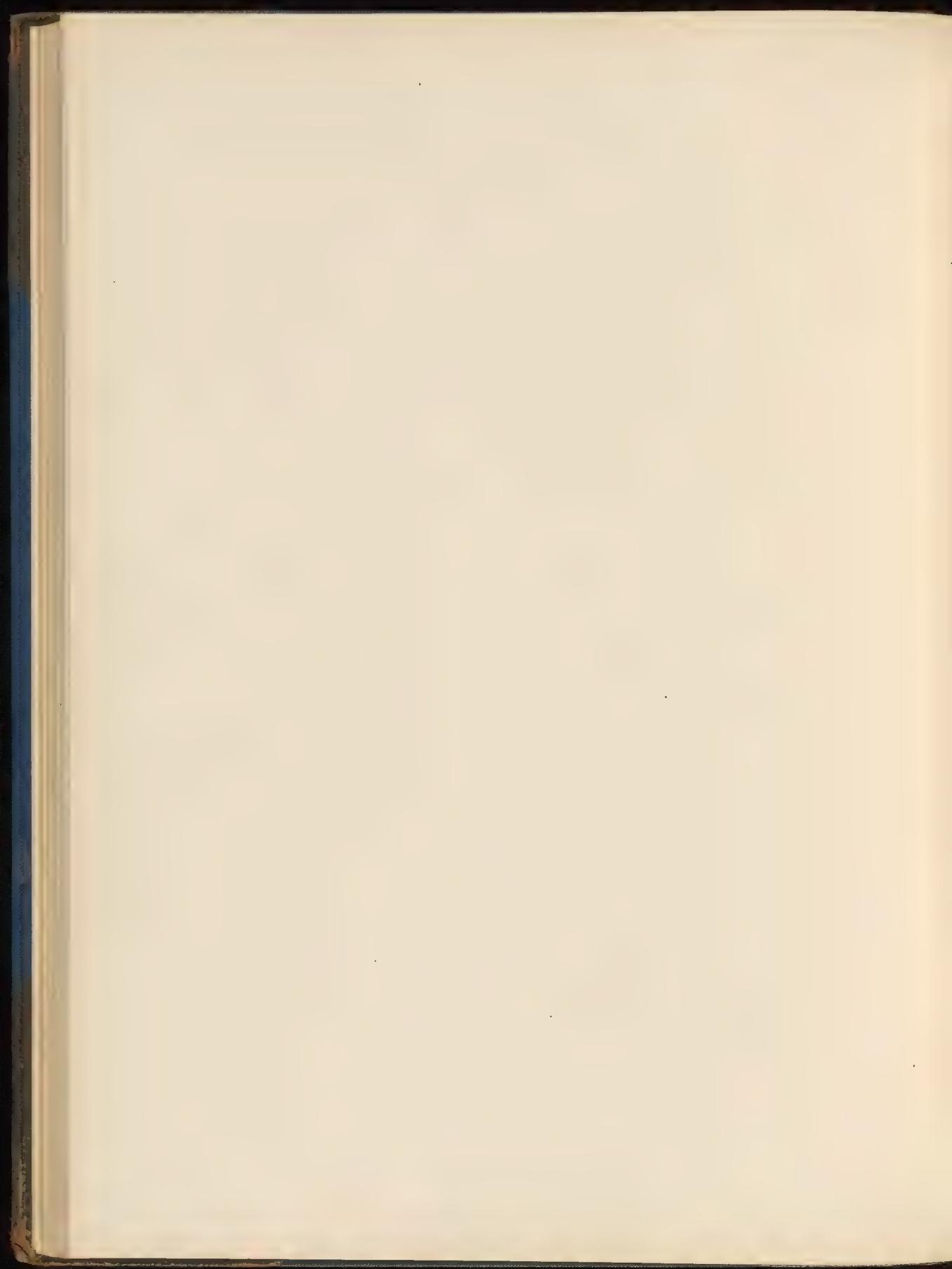
On reaching headquarters I found the general in a room on the ground floor looking over maps and papers, and questioning an individual who had come for a "g'yard" (guard) to protect him from soldier-marauders who were making too free with his pigs, chickens and hay. Some of the officers had not retired and we gladly accepted an invitation to join a party who were taking a late supper. It was washed down by the inevitable "commissary," and the jug made its appearance from under the camp-bed at regular intervals afterward. But, tired and sleepy, I at last lay down on the floor of the verandah and, wrapped in my blanket and with my boots for a pillow, slept soundly until daybreak.



GETTING READY FOR SUPPER.



IN THE LAND OF FANT.



XXVI.

ROADSIDE REFRESHMENT.

*The War-side Spring*

N THE spring and fall of the year, when streams were swollen and springs overflowing, it was an easy matter to supply the army with water; but on the long march in midsummer-heat, with the thermometer in the nineties, the scarcity of it brought the men much suffering and taxed their mettle to the utmost.

I remember one torrid morning, when hardly a breath of air was stirring, that tents were struck before daylight and the head of the column turned into the road just as the red sun came up through the camp-smoke. It had been intensely hot for two weeks, and this particular morning seemed to be the culmination of the fiery ordeal. The soldiers looked exhausted

at the start, and tramped wearily along, wiping the perspiration continually from their dark and dusty faces; even the wags—generally irrepressible, in the face of death itself—were silent under this strain. The horses in the column were drooping and spiritless. As the sun rose higher and the heat increased, the troops straggled along the road in open order, to escape the clouds of suffocating dust. They began to hitch at the knapsack straps, continually seeking to readjust them so that the weight might seem less. Overcoats and ponchos were thrown along the road, and here and there a soldier would halt and with impatient mutterings toss his knapsack over into the bushes; one crying out, "I will not die like a pack-mule; and no future need of these things will be worth the misery."

A suffering from thirst soon began to be felt, for the wells and springs had not been frequent enough on the route to supply water for the parched mouths and throats. When one appeared, men broke from the column, and the place was soon surrounded by a surging throng. Frantically they rushed forward with tin cup and canteen in hand, hoping to get a drink before the spring was emptied. This would be very soon done, then the poor fellows would scrape up the water as it trickled through the earth, not appearing to mind the muddy mixture that it often held. One wit looked into his cup rather doubtfully and said "It can't be helped, boys; we're made of dirt, so here goes!" and he quaffed the contents amid great laughter. When an old spring-house was found, a guard was stationed with musket in hand at the door and the thirsty crowd was kept in subjection. A limited number of men were allowed inside to fill the canteens that were handed in, and by careful dipping would keep the water clear. Many kinds of filters were made and sold to the troops, and those who possessed one were considered fortunate.

An instance of a hot march occurs to me, on which the simple character of the great commander General Grant was brought into prominence. It was during the movement from the disastrous battle of Cold Harbor to the crossing of the Chickahominy. I had halted at General Warren's headquarters, which were pitched behind an old farm-house on the roadside. While busy sketching, I heard a soldier remark, "General Grant has just dismounted on the road in front." Not having seen him since the battle of Spottsylvania, I was anxious to see how he looked after the strain of the late terrible fighting; so, slipping my sketch-book into my pocket, I started around the house and came upon the general, just as he moved into a crowd of men, who were struggling about a well to get a chance at the bucket as it came up.

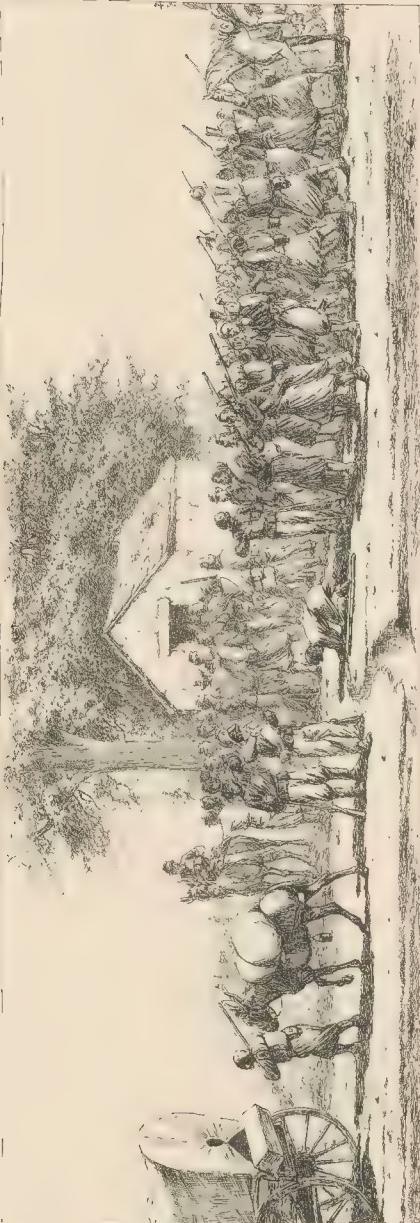
When the men saw who had arrived they saluted respectfully, and the general quietly said, "Can I get a drink of water here." A soldier near him dipped a smoky tin cup into the water and extended it to him. At the same instant, an orderly from General Warren's tent hurried up, and holding out a tumbler, said, "Here's a glass for you, general." "No, this will do," said Grant, and drinking the cup dry handed it back to the man with a simple "Thank you." The soldiers looked at him wonderingly as he moved towards the tents, yet with a satisfaction that told of faith in the simple, quiet commander. Except for the three stars on his shoulder-straps, Grant might easily have been taken for a carelessly dressed quartermaster.

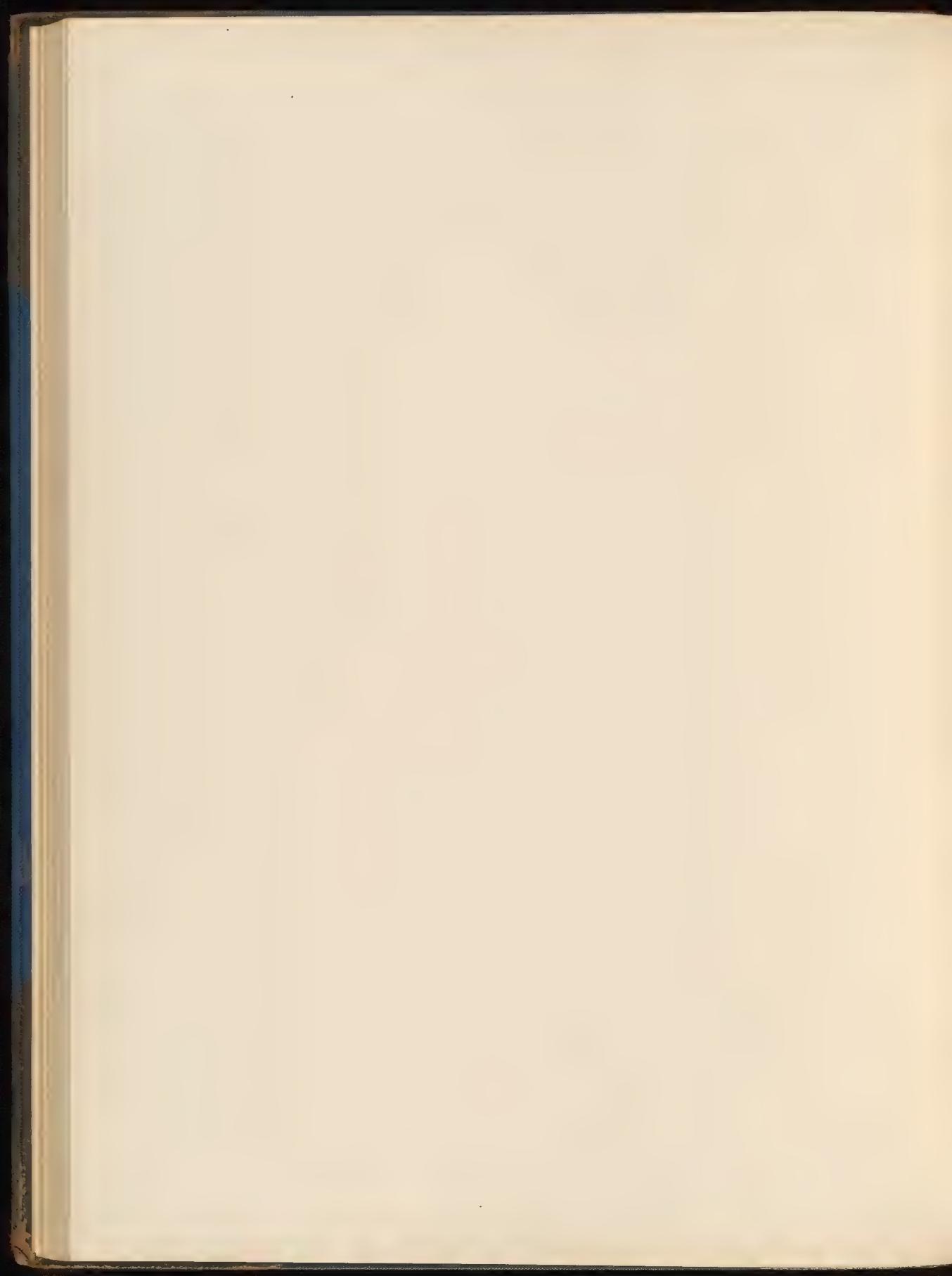
The suffering of the horses and mules on a hot march was equal to that of the men, and when the road was crossed by a stream the patient creatures would hurry down the incline and, plunging their noses deep into the water, would take long draughts, lifting their heads at intervals to get breath. They left the stream with much reluctance, and were it not for the sharp cracking of the long black-snake whips in the hands of the drivers, it would have been difficult to urge them along.

Dust-covered and weary would be the column when ordered to camp, and much diminished in numbers. Many that started in the morning would have become used up and dropped by the wayside, and few of them would get to camp before midnight. A force of over two thousand men, which I accompanied, started from camp on a morning in June; but when they halted at three o'clock they numbered only three hundred. Some were exhausted in the close atmosphere of the pine woods; many died of sun-stroke; and those that dragged wearily into camp during the night did duty with impaired health for weeks. Marching in the summer weather was oftentimes as fatal to the soldiers as a series of battles.



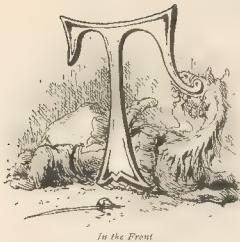
A THIRSTY CROWD.





XXVII.

THE ADVANCE GUARD.



and perform any office that would facilitate the advance of the forces.

I was once in company with such an advance when the opposing commanding officer in our front was the redoubtable "Stonewall" Jackson. His rear guard made it very lively for our "boys in blue" as they trod persistently on his heels. Jackson either in advance or retreat was very much like a hornet. He could not be felt of without someone getting hurt.

We left camp and pushed warily down the pike at early dawn, our commanding officer being especially cautious because of the recent loss of a number of men. A small body of our cavalry were in the extreme front, followed by three squadrons; and when about a mile distant from camp they were fired on by what appeared to be half a dozen mounted Rebs, who were of course looked upon as a rear detail of the rear guard probably just beyond them. The way being clear and open, gave opportunity to the cavalry. Orders to draw sabres were given, and to the inspiring notes of the bugle the three squadrons charged down the road at a gallop. A terrible confusion very shortly ensued, for too late our commander discovered that he had been drawn into a skillfully laid ambuscade. The few Confederate cavalrymen had been placed as a decoy; and, our cavalry on dashing forward were suddenly tangled up in a labyrinth of telegraph wires adroitly stretched across the road, and invisible in the dim morning light. Horses and men went down in a struggling mass, and then desperate work began. A large force of the enemy's infantry had been posted in the bushes of some high ground on the right of the road, and when our cavalry struck the wires these opened a withering fire at close range. A dreadful scene followed; the writhing snarl of men and horses were on the ground, bullet-struck about as fast as they struggled up, while those that were in fields to the left returned all possible fire. Word of our position was sent back and two regiments of infantry soon advanced at "double-quick" to the rescue. These were thrown out to the right and rear of the enemy's force holding the hill, and shortly drove them on the run down the pike, our attack on their flank being too sudden for them to change front.

Taking care of the killed and wounded next occupied all thoughts, and after an hour's work they were all disposed of. No trace of the struggle remained save the carcasses of twenty horses, which were drawn to one side of the road.

The order was now given for an advance. There was no further danger of ambuscade, as the sun was quite high, although the enemy made it hot for our advance guard at every rise of ground. At one point of the road, trees were felled across and a number of

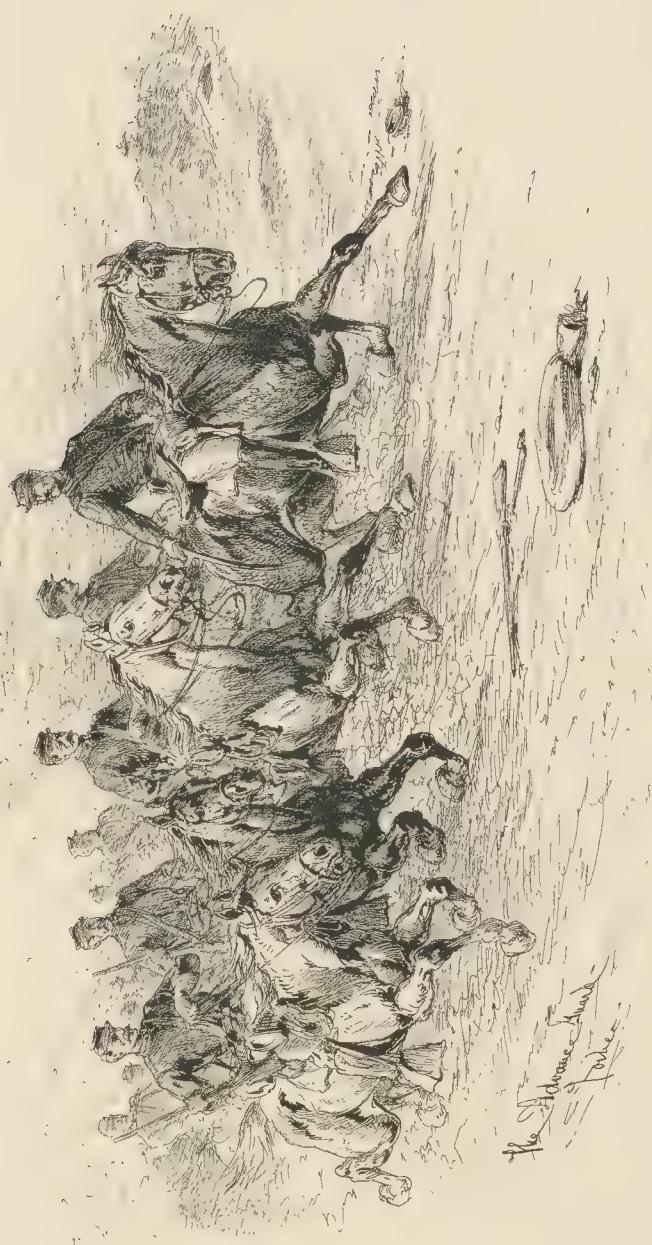
farm wagons intermingled to form a breast-work. Our cavalry charged up to it, sending carbine and revolver fire direct into the faces of the defenders, but were driven back with loss. Our men remained quiet until reinforced, then charged again; upon which movement the Confederates started and ran to the next rise of ground, where they had a section of a battery posted. Quite a number of our men and their horses lay dead in front of the obstructions in the road, and at least a dozen of the enemy behind them, all shot in the head. Blood was plentifully spilled about, and large pools had formed on the ground under the horses.

Our wounded were taken to farm houses and barns in the neighborhood, and the advance steadily pressed on. The enemy were soon on the go again, and our cavalry, reinforced by a full brigade, went down the pike at a trot, as it was expected that the Rebs would burn an important bridge a few miles in front if they could cross in time. I rode with the column, and soon saw a cloud of black smoke, which told that the bridge was burning. Order was given to advance at a gallop; and the cavalry dashed through a village and on to a hill beyond, where we saw the burning bridge, and knew that the Union troops were foiled. The enemy had guns posted on the opposite bank, and a shell was thrown among our mounted men, the bursting of which scattered them like a flock of birds. Riding up to a group which was gathered around a prostrate form, I found a surgeon examining an arm which had been torn to pieces by the shell just thrown.

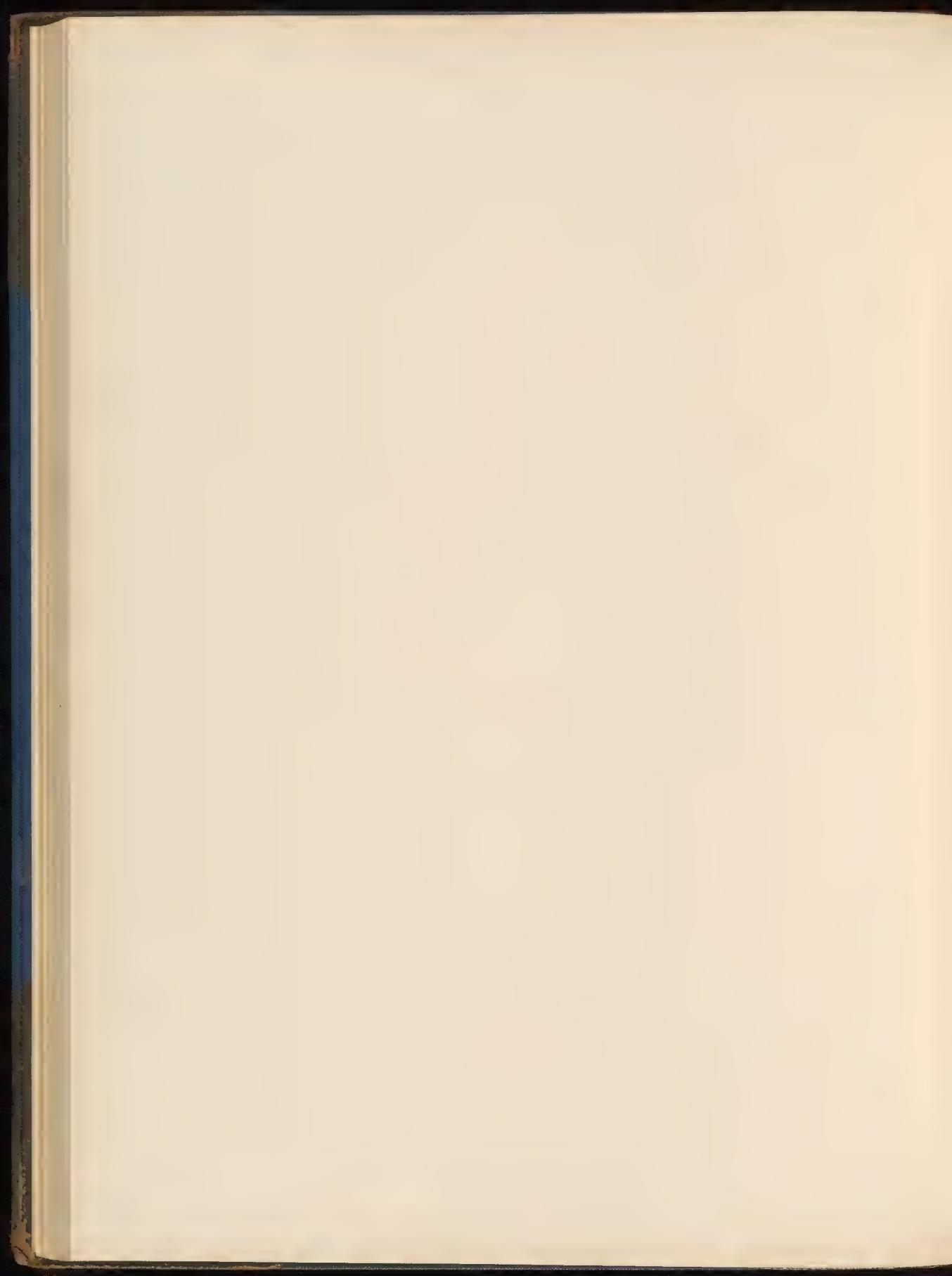
Some one cried, "Look out! They are going to fire again!" Glancing across, I could see their guns plainly, and thought best to get out of their range; so, galloping down the hill to the rear I was moving to a place of safety on the right. Then I heard the boom of a gun, shortly followed by the shriek of a shell. This passed about a yard behind my horse, and fortunately fell to the ground without exploding. I rode on into a place of comparative safety, where I could watch the fight. Two of our batteries were brought up and sent to the right, where they could enfilade the enemy's position, and the other was posted on the rise of ground near the burning bridge. Heavy fire was opened, and through my glass I soon saw the Rebs "limber up" and gallop to their rear with Union shells bursting over their heads. Our guards could now do no further duty until a pontoon was laid; so I returned to camp for supper, and, after completing the sketches I had made, lay down with blanket and poncho on the open ground to sleep. During the night a heavy rain fell, and when morning came I was completely drenched. But my fatigue, after that day with the advance guard, had made me happily insensible to it all, and I had slept like a dormouse.



CLEARING THE WAY.



"FORWARD!"



XXVIII.

ARMY BREAD.



ARD TACK" for summer rations and bread for winter was a pretty general rule for the "boys in blue." The hard-baked condition of the former made it but slightly susceptible to atmospheric changes, and difficult of penetration by insects. If an occasional white maggot appeared, however, it was brushed off indifferently, and the hungry soldier's appetite was in no degree lessened.

The bakeries in winter camps served excellent purpose. They were portable affairs, made of sheet-iron, and sheltered by roughly-built sheds. The bread was made by professional bakers, who furnished supplies under contract, and the loaf-laden wagons were

always a welcome sight in camp.

I knew of a baker who made a barrel of flour into buns, and sold them to the soldiers for five cents each. The mixture had been fermented to such a degree that the buns when baked were like a puff-ball, and with slight pressure of the hand would become but a mouthful. Feeling a contempt for a fellow who would exact such a price for so inferior an article, I asked him what he made out of the barrel of flour; and he unblushingly replied, "O, a hundred and fifty dollars." In addition to the bread furnished by the bakers, car-loads came from the base of army supplies, but no quantities received ever exceeded the demand. None but one who has visited a supply-depot could possibly have an idea of the immense quantity of bread and hard tack that was constantly forwarded. Thousands of boxes were stacked to a great height, and train would follow train, loaded with nothing but bread. Waiting wagons would soon be filled and wend their way back to camp, then return and reload, until the temporary supply became exhausted.

If the army was moving through a grain-producing country in the summer, bread was then easily obtainable for the soldiers, and men were sent to take possession of all the wheat, rye and corn possible, and other detachments were sent to take control of the grist mills. Often after a short ride barns would be found upon plantations, full to overflowing of the country's produce; and with the assistance of the negroes, who always lent a willing hand, wagons were soon loaded to the top. Then a merry journey to the nearest grist-mill followed, and no delay was made if the old-fashioned overshot wheel was found turning. The men detailed to work the mills had often been "dusty millers" in former times, and went to work with a zest and dexterity that came of experience only. As fast as the grain was ground it was poured into bags, which were generally placed in wagons and conveyed to camp; but in lieu of these the backs of mules were sometimes laden, and men, who counted the labor no penalty, would often shoulder them and carry them to camp in high glee.

Baking was done in various ways. The Dutch oven of a neighboring farm-house often proved a "treasure trove," and when thus favored the services of a soldier who had been a baker were secured, and a large quantity of bread would be hastily made. When the piles of brown loaves came in sight for distribution, cheer after cheer rang through the air. When ovens were not available, men were left to their individual devices, and then appeared in wonderful array "flap-jacks," "Johnny cake," and "corn pone." The chief quality to recommend these was solidity, for yeast was an unknown quantity; but they were palatable "for a'

that," and many mock ceremonies took place, of a host dispensing luxuries to honored guests.

Receipts were frequently given for grain taken, but not during Sherman's campaign, when "all was fish" that came to the soldiers' nets. The feeling was by that time aroused that the Union forces had been too considerate of the enemy's possessions.

The Southern commissary departments did not issue as bountifully as our own, probably not because of a desire to stint, but because supplies and facilities were limited. While our boys sometimes grumbled that bread was not cake, the "Johnnies" munched cheerfully the "rations on the stalk" as they called the green corn. Perhaps they fought more bravely because of their limitations; I am sure if my own conditions were similar I should want to commit murder in some direction. Southern leaders thought our soldiers too much pampered to insure good results, and "Stonewall" Jackson boasted that he "could whip any army that drove a herd of cattle." Had his information been more complete he might have threatened an army which was fed on *soft bread*. However, no beef-on-the-hoof or Union hard tack was ignored that fell into the hands of the "boys in gray," and they had not lost their bearings entirely when one of our generals in the Shenandoah Valley, whose supply-trains had often been raided, was wittily dubbed by them "Jackson's Commissary."

But, food or no food, the fact is that both sides were American soldiers, and neither will deny that the other did stout fighting.



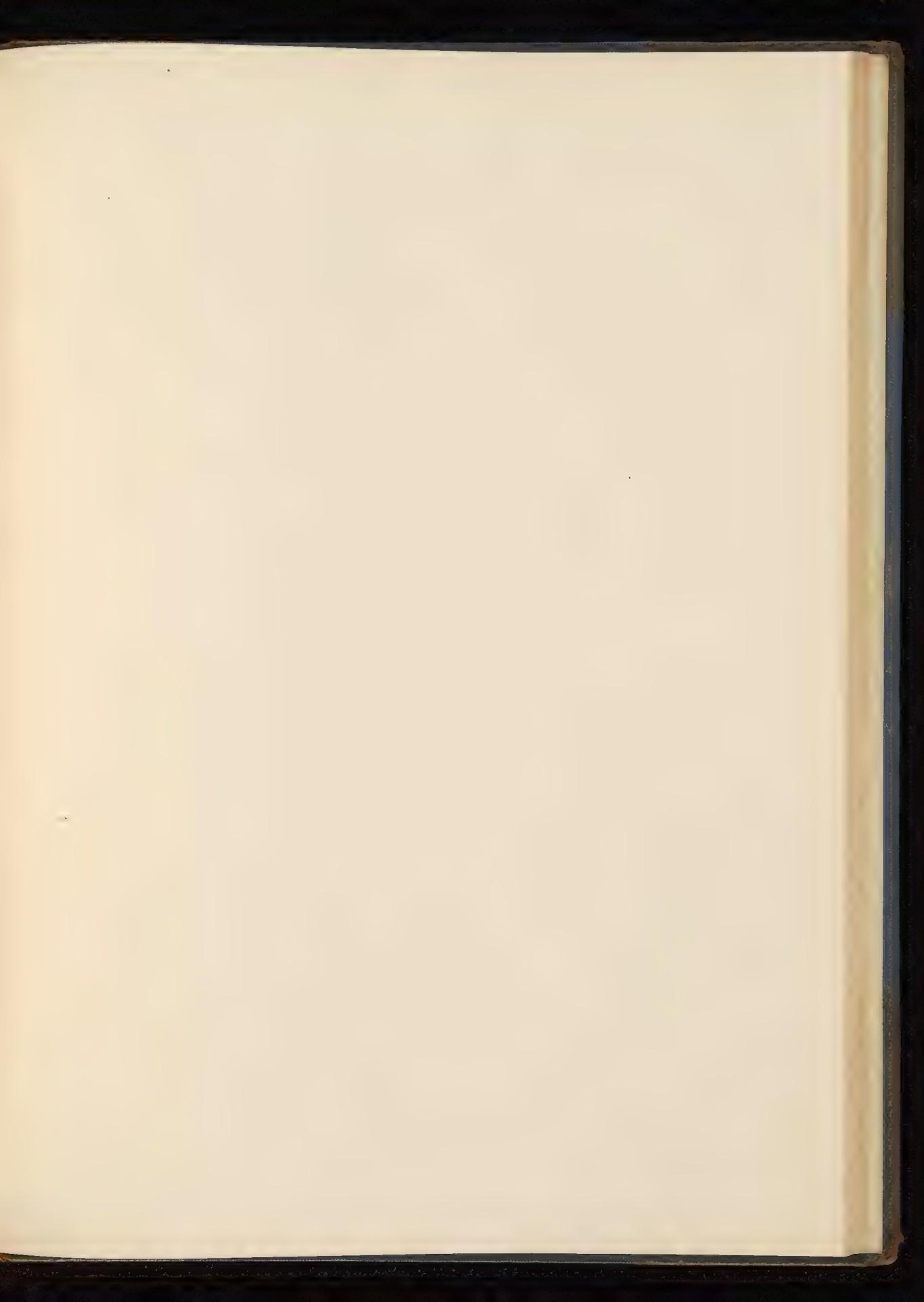


The old grist mill.



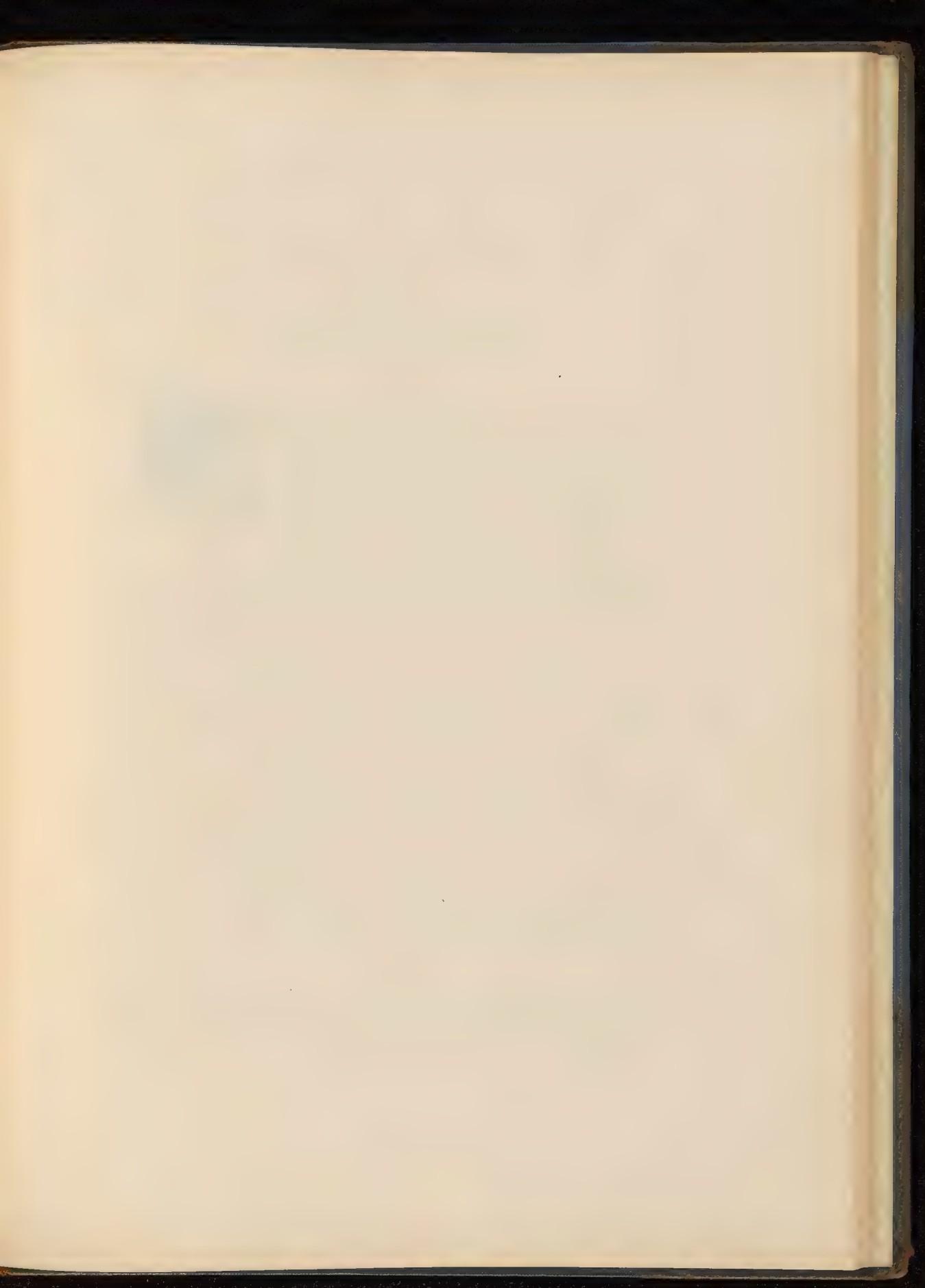
CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

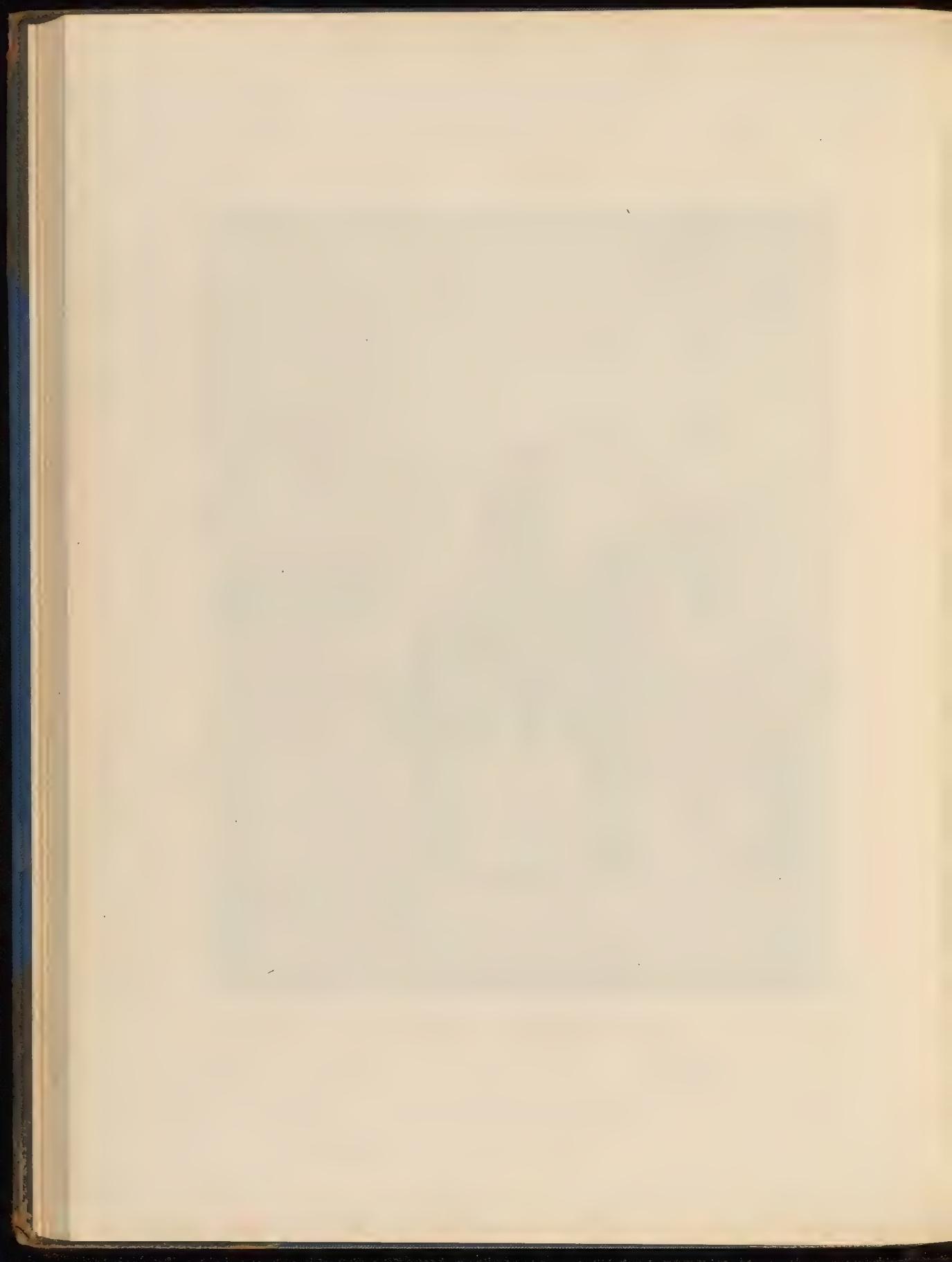






HOWARD AT THE CEMETERY GATE,
GETTYSBURG.





XXIX.

A NIGHT IN SUMMER CAMP.

"TATTOO."

*The Double-Snuffet.*

ANDERING into camp one night just as the sun was setting, when thousands of tents dotted hill and valley, the settled peace and quiet that had followed the day's activity seemed restful after my many hours of hard riding. No movement of any kind was taking place, except the arrival of a belated army-wagon, laden with forage or commissary stores, or the return of a general officer and staff from a friendly visit to a neighboring camp. It was supper-time. The smoke from the many fires hung over the camp in the still air, and slowly drifted in horizontal lines into the groves of tall pines near by. Groups of men were scattered about in the company streets, cooking queer messes in saucepans or utensils improvised from tomato cans; and, sitting in front of the shelters, solitary soldiers could be seen devouring, with the never-failing soldier's appetite, concoctions of their own that would puzzle a professional cook.

When supper was finished candles were lighted, and the scene became one of beauty and brightness. The lights shone through the canvas covers with a warm glow, and a casual observer might conclude that a festive illumination was taking place.

I heard the notes of a violin not far distant, and, passing into one of the streets from whence the sound came, I found a company of soldiers in great glee. A barn-door had been secured and laid flat on the ground to serve as a dancing floor; and upon this jigs, reels and breakdowns were being danced with wonderful facility by some of the soldiers. Others, less accomplished, laid boards on the ground and stamped applause to each performer with gusto. Moving on, I found men reading and writing in some of the tents, and in others they were playing poker and fast losing their hard earnings. There were many sharpers in the army, who enlisted for what they could make by their wits—soldiers "for revenue only." Most of them had all the tricks of the art of gambling at their finger-ends, and victimized their confiding comrades in great numbers. Fortunes were won by these harpies, both in bounty money and regular pay of the soldiers.

In an adjacent camp I found another musical party, singing songs to the accompaniment of a harmonica, skillfully played by a drummer boy. The popular patriotic airs were sung in chorus. Then a soldier who possessed a fine voice was called on for a solo, and after an affected reserve that would do credit to a society belle, the fellow stepped forward and sang with genuine pathos "Mother, I've Come Home to Die." Then followed "John Brown's Body," the chorus of which was taken up with tremendous volume; then "I Am Lonely To-Night," and others.

Officers were gathered in tents in social groups, and from the frequent passage of the company cook with hot-water kettle in hand, I think they must have had refreshments. Pushing aside the flaps of one of the tents, I was greeted cheerfully, and accepted an invitation to join the party. By a little crowding I was accommodated with a seat on the camp-bed. Several line officers were on the bed and others scattered about on the camp-chairs.

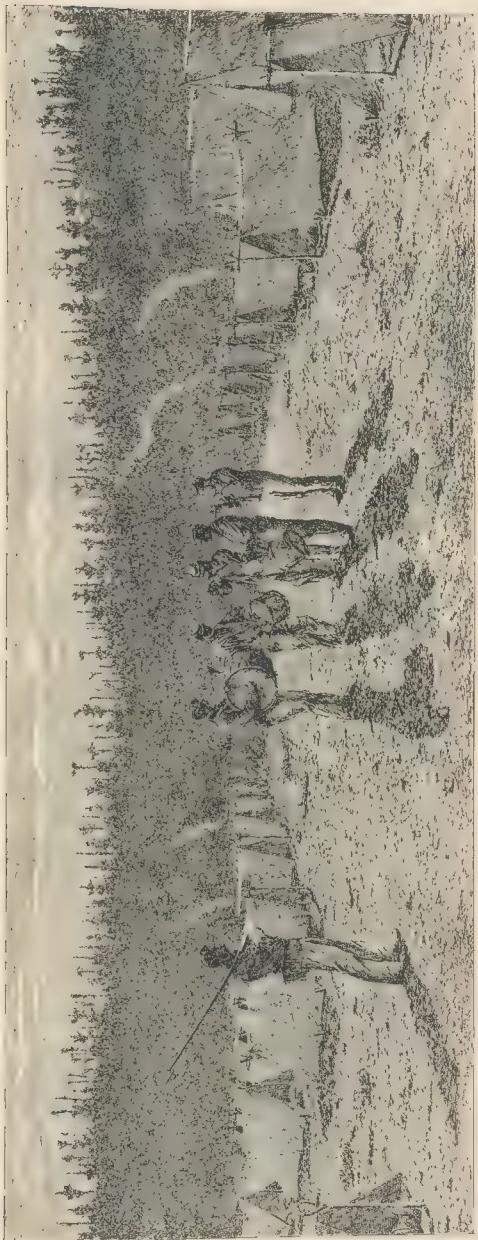
A witty story-teller kept us all convulsed with laughter, and the colored cook appeared at regular intervals with the hot-water kettle.

At nine o'clock Tattoo was sounded. The regimental band, with small drums, fifes and a large bass drum, sauntered into the central street, and forming themselves into a circle, played the signal for retiring.

All now sought their quarters for the night, and after a very short time no sounds could be heard except the tramp of the guards, as they marched back and forth and kept a sharp lookout for any stray soldier who was courageous enough to attempt to run the guard. The company fires died, the heavy smoke drifted away, and the rising moon looked down upon the weird stillness of the canvas town. Here and there the silence was broken by a soldier confined in the guard-house, who vented his discontent in violent and profane words, but the voice was soon stilled by the gruff command of the sergeant. Then might be heard at intervals the relief guard going the rounds, and a novice would be much interested to see them approach the sentinel on duty and pass the countersign. It was not an unusual occurrence for a commotion to take place in the night in the wagon-camp, and the loud braying of the mules would echo through the camp until the negro drivers lashed them into silence. But in the early morning hours deep quietude settled everywhere, and no sounds arose to disturb the sleeping army.

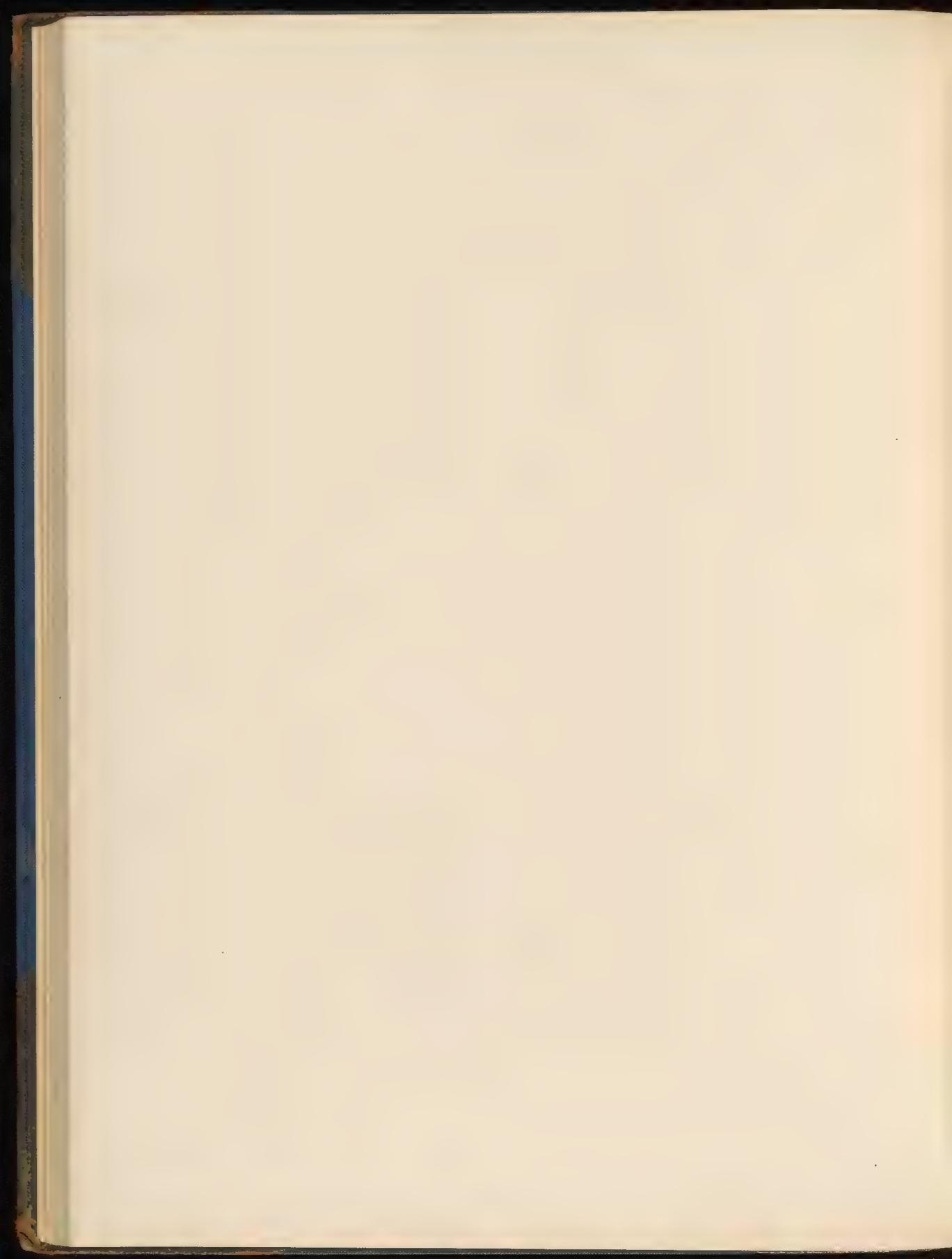


SUPPER TIME.



115

Sc. 100 - 1861.



XXX.

A MORNING CALL.



The Battery Guard

S THE passage of years makes more remote the events of army life, the veteran's memory grows stronger in recollection; but no reminiscence, however treasured, will take him back in thought and feeling like the familiar sound of the old bugle-calls. From a keyless instrument the notes were necessarily of simple character, but clear and sweet; and the rollicking calls of the cavalry and artillery, and the sober but not less musical calls of the infantry, will always arouse the old spirit of the war-days.

And who that has lain blanket-wrapped in camp or on battlefield will ever forget the sweet "Reveillé" that floated like a dream to the weary sleepers, often coming as a harbinger to a bright, jolly day in camp, but many times as a forerunner of desperate conflict!

I have often recalled the scene of one picture, when the army was lying in line of battle confronting the vigilant enemy, from whom we were expecting an attack. Our troops were drawn up on a long range of hills, where quite an open country with fences and occasional groves of trees stretched in front. We had full reason to suppose that the enemy was in strong force and made ready to give them a soldier's reception.

During the early night troops were placed in position; batteries were posted on every hill, with infantry supports in the rear, and cavalry was massed on both flanks of the line to prevent a surprise in that direction. By midnight everything was in readiness for an attack that the coming dawn might bring. The great army, which covered a line eight miles long, and which by daylight had swarmed about like one great hive of bees, was now lost in sleep. Long lines of infantrymen in gray blankets lay in rear of stacked muskets; some had secured cornstalks enough for bedding, but the great majority were stretched on bare ground, with knapsacks and fence-rails for pillows. The artillerymen were sleeping around the rear of their unlimbered guns, except the solitary guard, who moved quietly to and fro and kept an anxious eye toward the enemy. In rear of the guns, limbers and caissons, with horses attached, stood ready for any unexpected movement.

The excitement of apprehension had driven sleep from my eyes, and I watched by the camp fire and listened to the night sounds. From far off in the front came the steady, plaintive call of a whip-poor-will, who had evidently been roused into unusual activity by the great army, and this, with the ominous cry of a screech-owl, made the darkness seem weird and strange. The hours passed slowly. At last, with the first gray streaks of dawn, a few faint musical notes came from far down the line. It was the Reveillé! Other and still other bugles followed in quick succession, until the whole air was alive with the inspiring blasts, and in almost an instant—with the instinct of watchfulness—the sleeping host was aroused, awake. Then, as far as the eye could reach, multitudes of men arose, rolled their blankets and packed their traps. Men and horses next had to be fed. Thousands of camp-fires soon blazed in every direction, and fragrant coffee simmered merrily in kettle and can. A great canopy of smoke hung over the country, and the sun in crimson glory rose above the bustling throng.

But scattering shots of musketry, far in front, had already caused the coffee to

disappear in urgent haste, and in time more brief than could be imagined the scene of apparent confusion had become one of order and quiet. The gunners at the batteries took position; the drivers mounted their horses; the infantry stood rigidly exact, with anxious ear strained toward the enemy.

Soon, a scattered skirmish-fire commenced, and just as the sun rose the battle began. Ere long, wounded skirmishers began to come back, and were indifferently glanced at by the men in position, for such sights were common ones now. Some were leaning on their guns; others were supported by branches of trees; one used a pitchfork for a crutch, while an officer was carried in a blanket by four of his men. The enemy's batteries had sent disastrous fire among our troops. Here and there a solid shot would be thrown, whose action of ploughing a trench in the earth and then bounding out was more destructive than the conical missiles from the rifled guns, which bored into the ground and burst.

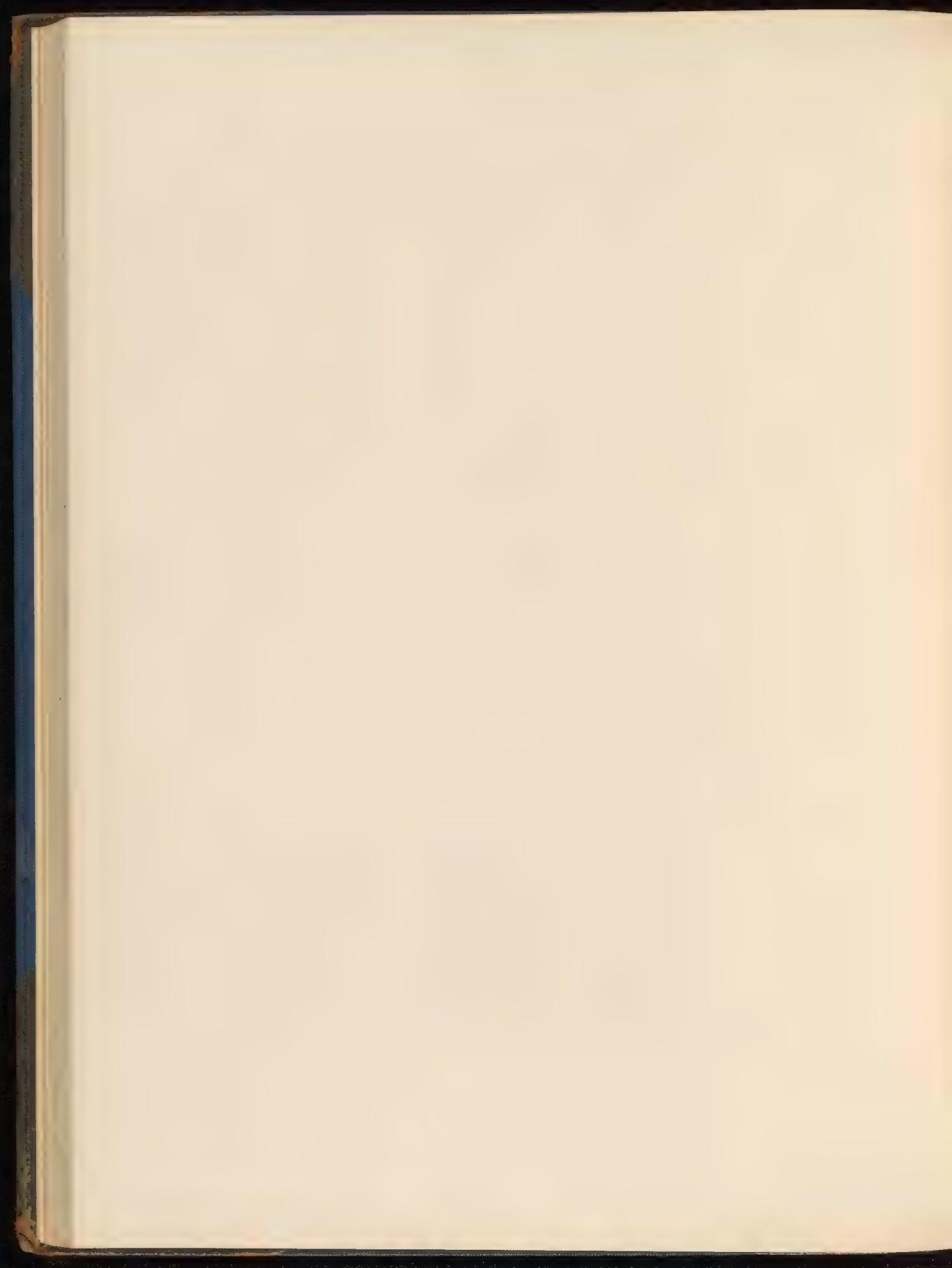
But while the Rebs were doing their worst our batteries were not inactive, and the interchange of compliment became so animated that I thought best to seek for my art-material in a quieter spot. So, dashing toward the rear, I ran the gauntlet of the flying missiles, and did not halt until a mile away. Many brave fellows of whom I knew not fell on both sides that day; and the Blue and the Gray in a common sleep await the Reveillé of the Resurrection.



Sound the Charge



REVERÉE ON THE LINE OF BATTLE.



BUILDING BREASTWORKS.



URING an aggressive campaign there was little of leisure for man or beast. From daylight till sunset men were flitting about with anxious faces, mind and body taxed to the utmost. Men and mules were kept at work; if not in actual march or fight, then in continuous preparation, and in the unceasing labor even the mules seemed sometimes to take on an air of responsibility. But the most dangerous and severe work was in the extreme front, and nothing but the most determined effort and rapid execution accomplished the purpose or preserved the lives of the laborers.

A day's experience at the great Battle of the Wilderness illustrated the brave spirit and unflagging industry of the officers and their men. The armies of General Lee and General Grant had grappled in the woods surrounding the Wilderness farm, and after a few hours of desperate fighting settled down and fortified the lines. I rode out on the right, and watched during the early part of the day the work of fortifying our front. The main line was laid out on a rise of ground commanding an open field, heavily wooded on the enemy's side. The Rebs, after a hard struggle, had driven our men back and had made two unsuccessful attacks on our present position. Minie balls from sharpshooters on the edge of the woods and in the tree-tops whistled by, uncomfortably close, so I dismounted in a patch of woods, and running from behind one tree to another, secured a position finally where I could get a view along the line of battle. The men were digging with pick and spade for dear life, and had already thrown up quite a formidable work, so that, thus protected, they had suffered comparatively little loss. Squads of men were felling trees behind the ridge, and, clearing the trunks of branches, hurried forward with them to the earthworks, where they were used as a backing. In an incredibly short time a splendid breastwork covered our lines on both flanks as far as the eye could reach, and the confident demeanor of the men spoke of the security they felt in the protection. Two brass twelve-pounders, double-shotted with canister, were posted on each side of the road that ran through the works toward the enemy.

The skill of our skirmishers was now brought into play, and a steady rattle of musketry was heard along the line. The usual train of poor wounded fellows began to pass to the rear, but the scene was oddly varied by a squad of queer prisoners. Those of one group had in the lead a stalwart, red-whiskered fellow, who carried a patchwork quilt (used, presumably, for a blanket) under his arm. Behind him came a youth with light-gray jacket and trousers, and a gray infantry cap trimmed with light blue. The next one to him wore a striped worsted sailor cap. And the last in order was an old man with long, white hair, who was evidently a recruit, for he still wore a citizen's hat—an old-fashioned stove-pipe. They stepped along to the rear cheerfully and briskly, as if not at all averse to entering our lines.

A number of shells were soon sent over by the enemy, but did no damage, unless to the trains in the rear.

I ventured along the line, keeping under cover as much as possible, and was greatly interested in watching the different groups along the works. At one point the "head-log"

was just being put into place. This was usually a tree-trunk eight or ten inches in diameter, and was made secure about four inches above the top of the works, so that men could fire through the opening and have the heads protected. Further on, a tangle or abatis was being constructed. Parties of men were cutting down pine trees and lopping off the branches, and others, seizing these, would hurry forward and place them on the ground, points outward, thus making a formidable obstruction to an enemy's approach. The men not employed seemed to have no apprehension of danger, and notwithstanding the threatening noise, were grouped about under shelter of the breastworks—cooking, playing cards, and many even sleeping peacefully. At intervals a man would be struck by a ball and start hastily for the rear, and not until some one was wounded did the thought of danger come to them. Even the direct aim of the sharpshooters did not intimidate them, and they stood on the breastworks and walked in front of them as if possessed of a charmed existence.

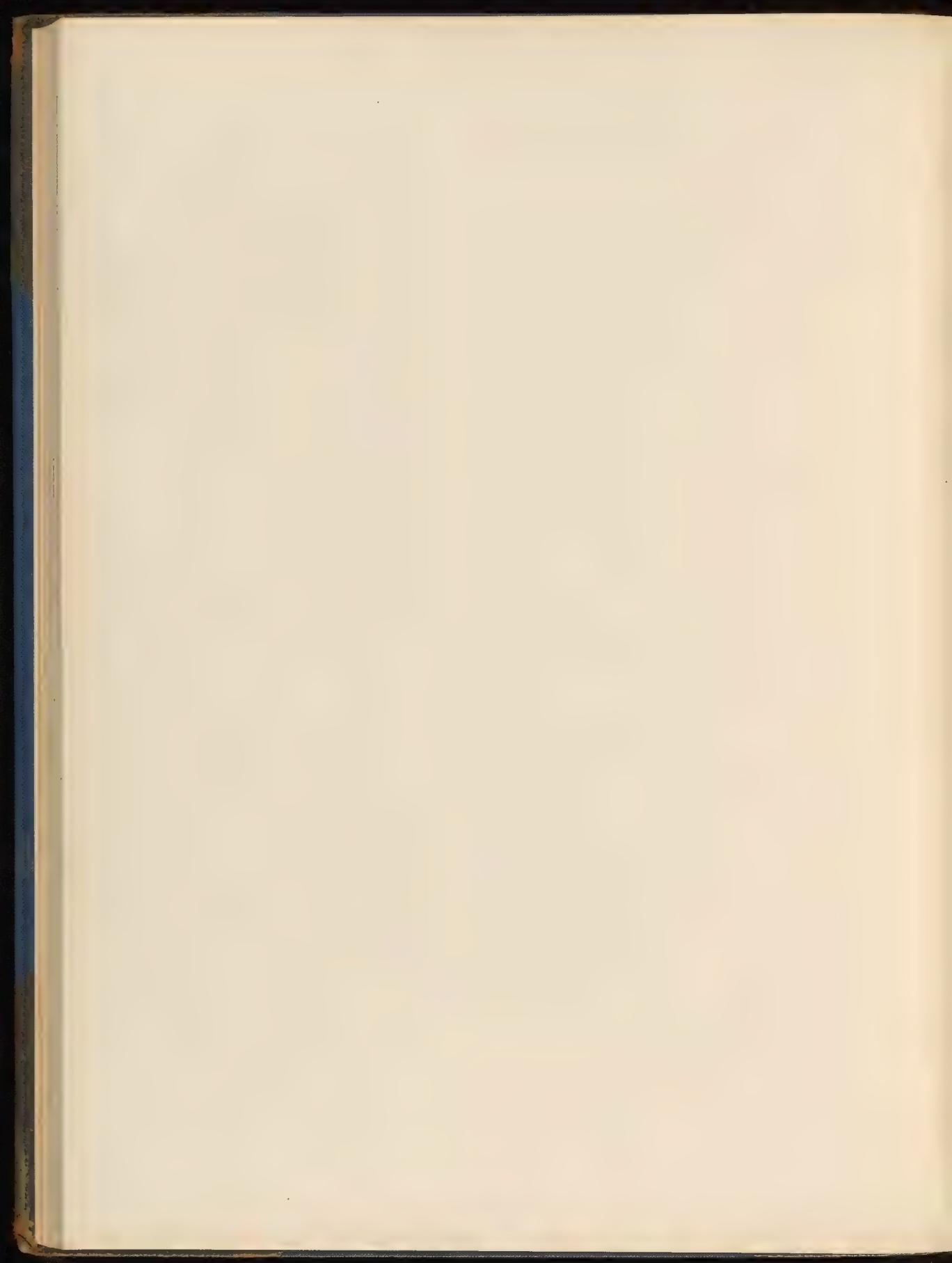
Stretched in the rear were the picturesque little shelter tents which lent protection from the sun's hot rays. Muskets were not stacked in their front, but stood leaning against the rear of the works, so that in the event of an attack not an instant would be lost.

The enemy made one dash for our breastworks during the day, but were driven back by hot fire. During the rest of my stay matters were comparatively quiet. Slipping back to my horse, I felt much relieved as I rode out upon the open ground near the Wilderness Tavern, which was General Grant's headquarters. From this point I obtained sight of the reserves and trains. The open space was full of army wagons, and columns of infantry like great blue snakes were winding in, marching from rear to front. Ambulances were coming and going, and ammunition-wagons were passing along the roads in all directions. I reached my own headquarters just in time for the evening meal, and ate of a variety of food in the comfortable dining-room of the farm-house to the accompaniment of rattling musketry. But, however acceptable the food might be, there was less of relish as a glance through the window at the ambulances creeping along the roads in the valley toward the rear told of the wounded and dying.



The Lake in the Woods





XXXII.

PICKET DUTY IN THE RAIN.

*The Picket Duty in the Rain*

NOUGH privation and regrets of home come into the every-day life of a soldier without the loneliness and exposure suffered on the picket line, and it is not to be wondered at that so many died of homesickness in the variety of trials that they were subjected to. The greater part of the Union army was made up of boys direct from comfortable homes, and to one who saw what they endured it was a marvel how they lived through the ordeal.

The "fair weather" soldier was common in the army, and under favorable conditions was a "jolly good fellow," and grew fat in prosperity and on good rations; but when taken away from a settled camp he became irritable and complaining, and on picket duty his discontent knew no bounds.

I was once riding in a cold winter storm when the rain swept in gusts across the country, and found the reserve picket line, wrapped in overcoats and ponchos, and crouched about a scanty fire, the very personification of misery. They were scarcely recognizable as the jaunty, chipper soldiers of the day before. Another group had found refuge under some rails that they had placed slantingly against a fence with a couple of ponchos thrown over, and sat huddled up in solemn silence, the picture of despair.

I was curious to learn how some of them accepted conditions; so fastened my horse to a fence and walked out to the advance line. The first one I came to stood in surly position with his back against a pine tree, and with the lock of his gun tucked under his arm to protect it from dampness. The rain trickled from the brim of his hat, and his face was pinched with cold.

"Good day, my friend," I said. "This is the tough part of a soldier's life."

"Soldier's life!" he muttered, with an oath. "What made me a soldier, and why am I here? I will tell you. When I saw the quick-stepping boys, with bright brasses, going to the front, and saw the flags wave and heard the bands play, I felt that it would be fine fun for me to go too; but where are the pleasures [with another oath]? This is one of them, I suppose. Living on poor army rations is another; and being shot at, of course, another. Ah, well, if I had known what I know now I should have staid at home and enjoyed my warm bed and decent food."

I tried to cheer him by saying that the sunshine would soon raise his spirits again, and walked on to the next picket. I found a mere boy, whose cheerful face was in great contrast to the one I had just left. He had a bright complexion, with slight down upon the face, and a winning smile. "A mother's boy," I thought, as I approached him. I asked him how he stood the storm, and he replied, "Oh, first rate!"

"Wet?"

"Yes, I'm wet enough; but I don't care for rain or snow. I expected to go through fire and water if need be for the good cause, and this isn't so bad if one will only keep cheerful about it. I shall be glad to get back sound and well; but if I knew I should leave my bones out here—why, we all had to look that in the face when we started. The

fun about offsets the hardship; but, even if it didn't, we came for *business*—and [with a chuckle] this seems to be part of it."

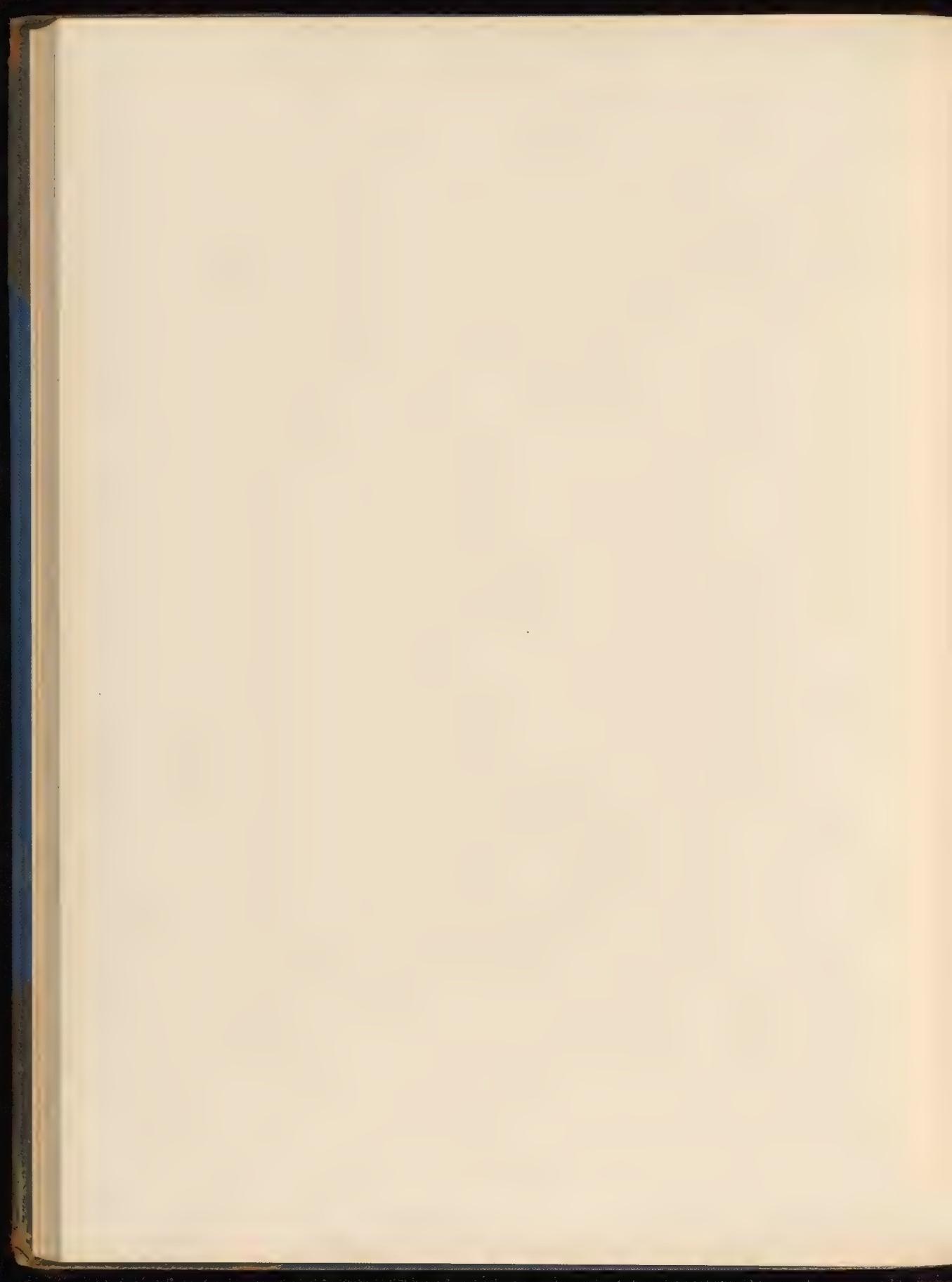
Leaving this young philosopher, I passed down the line and found many kindred spirits, but here and there a weak-backed, discouraged man.

And yet the trials that all these and thousands of other fellows suffered were only of the day; for when the sun broke through the clouds everything was transformed. The fires at the reserve post burned up brightly, the men crawled out from their temporary shelters, and even the chronic grumbler to whom I first spoke I saw walking erect, his gun over his shoulder, whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me."





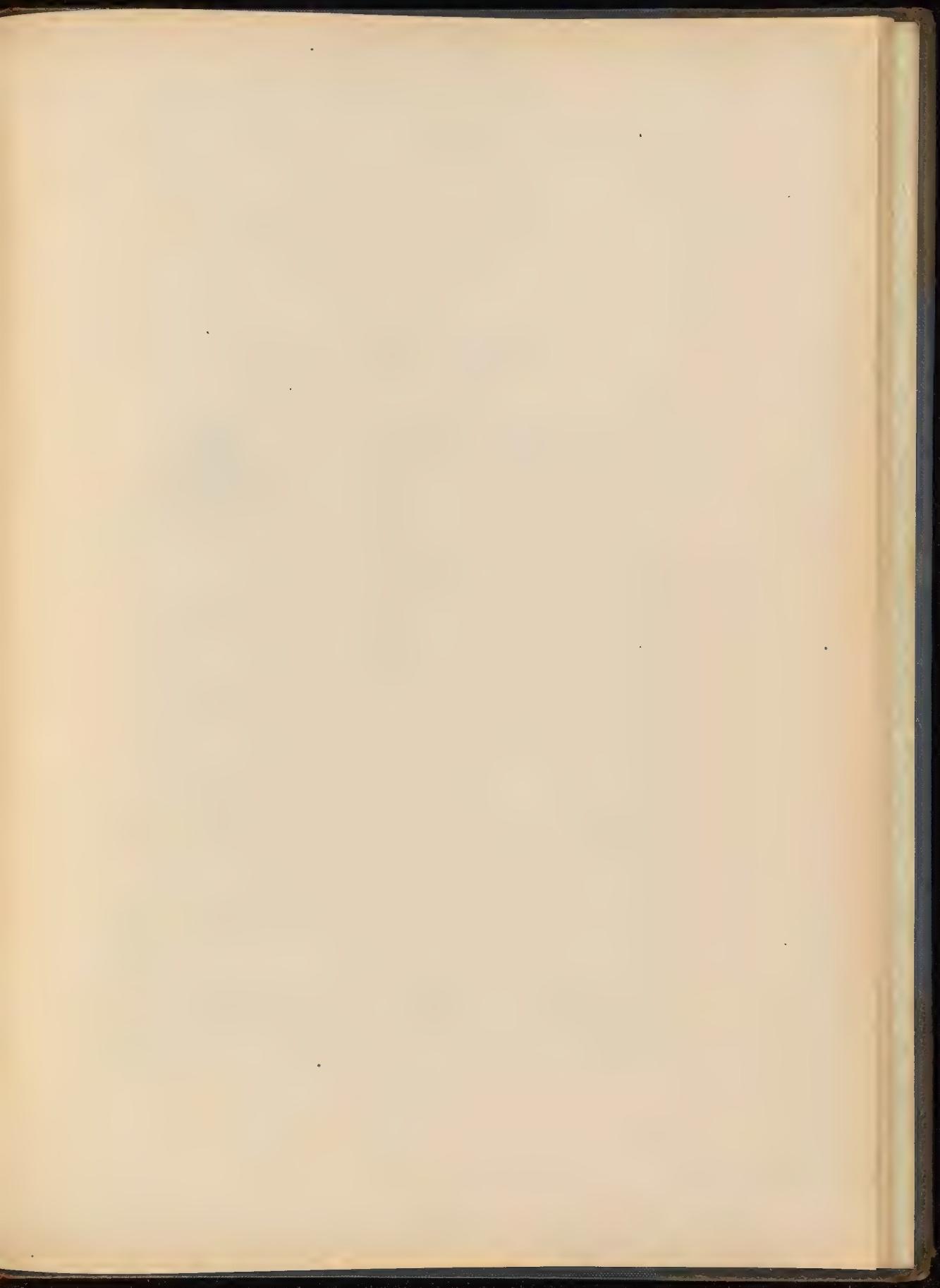
WILDEBEEST HUNTING.

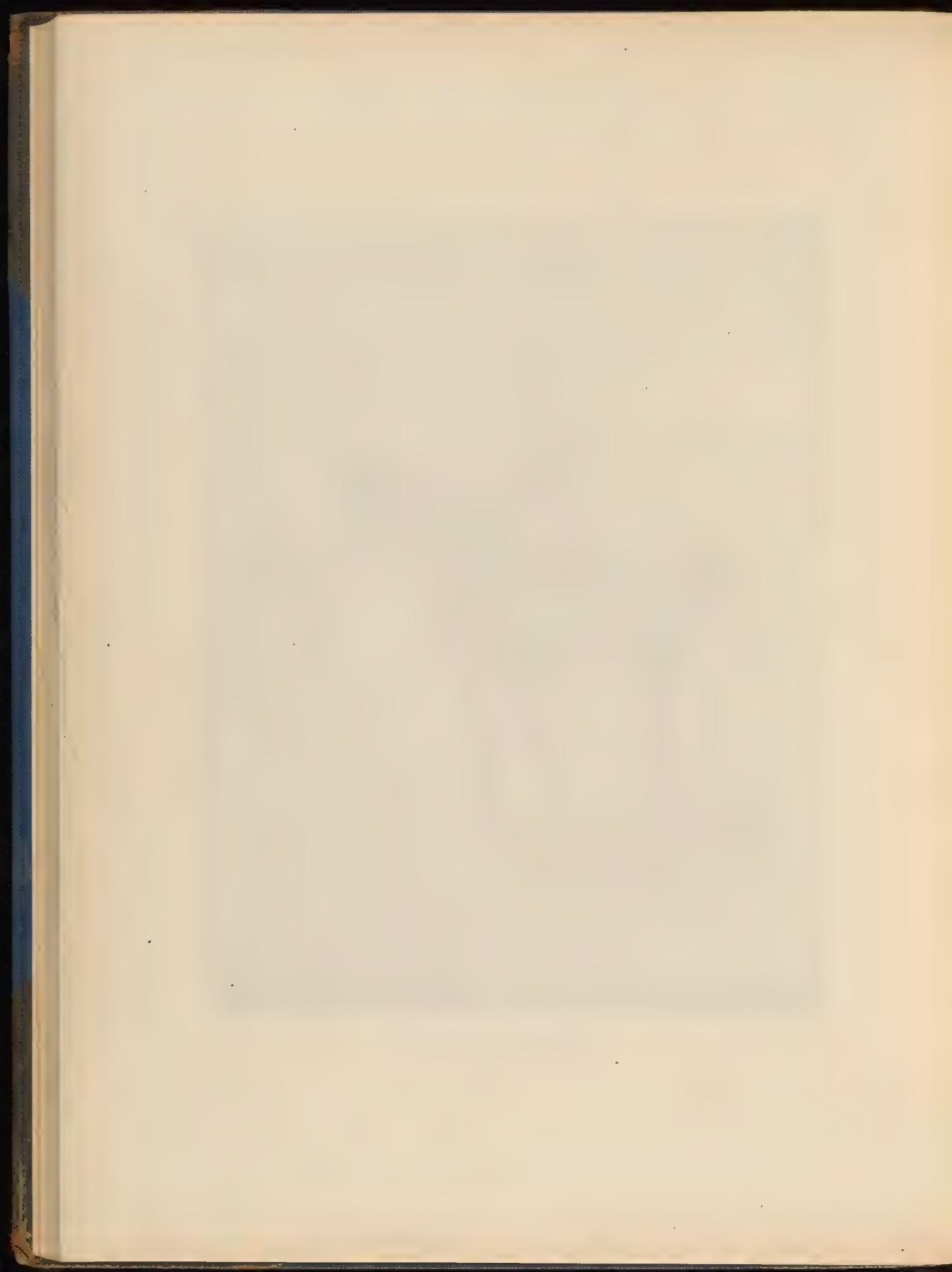






MADE AT GETTYSBURG.





XXXIII.

OFFICERS' WINTER QUARTERS.



THE building of camp-houses for officers was done with great care, and they were provided with many more comforts than those of the private soldiers. The most common form was the "Sibley tent." A circle of logs, set deep in the ground in upright position, was first made. Then the lower edge of the tent was attached to the upper ends of the logs, which stood four feet above ground. The apex was held up in place by three long poles whose upper ends were crossed, and the lower portions extended down the outside of the tent into the ground.

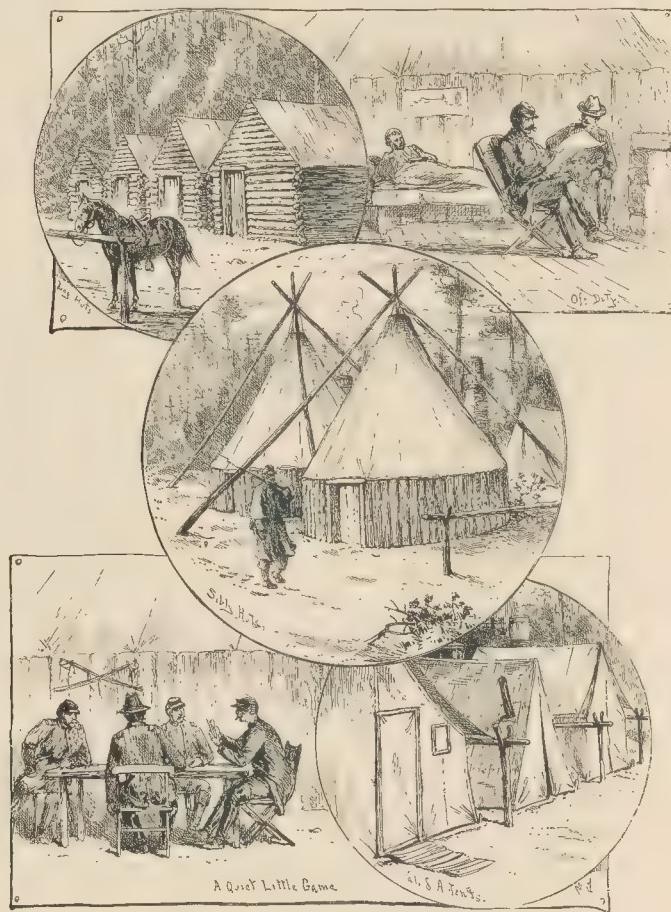
In the interior, a large fireplace was built on one side, also a stone-and-mud chimney; and on the opposite side a rough door was fitted to an opening which had been left for the purpose. These structures were quite roomy and surprisingly comfortable. Bunks were made by driving four posts at the corners, left about a foot above ground, and straight pieces of board fastened and extended from one to the other. Pine boughs were laid lengthwise, and covered with quite a depth of pine needles gathered from the woods; and when over the whole a blanket was spread a most comfortable bed had been completed. These bunks were ranged around the sides; swords, saddles, and other accoutrements were hung on the log wall; and a glance inside, when the glowing wood fire was burning in the great fireplace, proved that bright scenes and agreeable conditions were sometimes a part of army life. Here, when off duty, officers found time to lounge and read, others to write, and many to form groups for card-playing. I always found their quarters pleasant calling-places, and soon forgot a day's hardships in their good company.

Another style of officers' huts was log houses roofed with "A" tents, having also large chimneys at the rear ends. The headquarter-huts were generally built in rows on each side of the commanding general's quarters, the latter being of larger dimensions than the rest. Houses of the line officers were built at the ends of the company streets, commanding a view of the regimental camp.

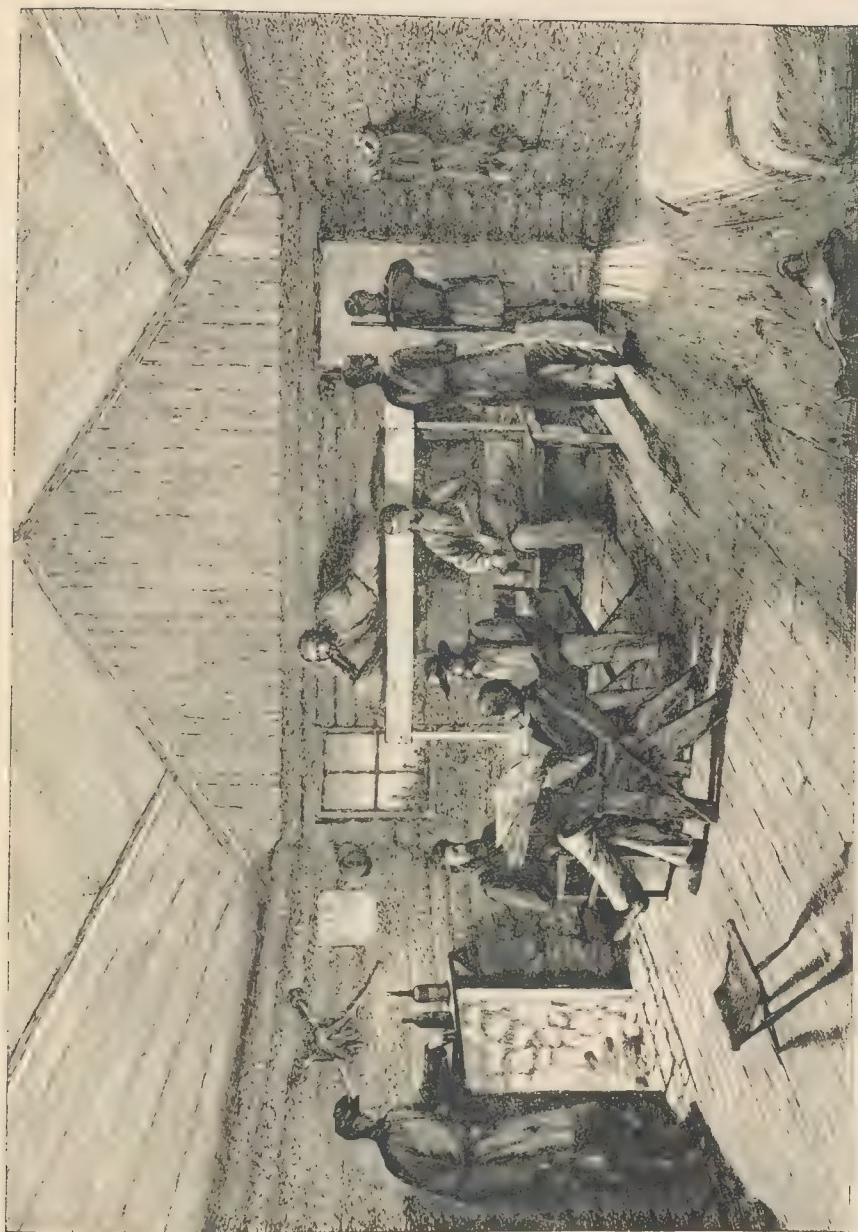
A commanding general could sometimes secure an old mansion, and thus temporarily enjoy home comforts. The parlor was generally used for an office, and the other rooms occupied as sleeping apartments by the general and his staff officers. When thus comfortably housed there was no exposure to storms; as there was in the huts, whose canvas tops often leaked, the men, indeed, being sometimes awakened by a stream of cold water running down their backs or into their faces. A gale of wind, too, occasionally carried off the canvas roof, and the rudely aroused inmates would rush off for help to repair the damage before the storm should destroy their meager but much-treasured possessions.

But some officers were compelled to use the "Wall" or the "A" tents without the log walls. These were not nearly as comfortable as the log-houses, for the wind came under the edges, and it was almost impossible to keep warm in bad weather. A bright log fire modified discomforts somewhat, though in cold weather the faces burned while the backs

froze. But comforts, however slight, were accepted gratefully by all, and the jest went round, and songs were sung by many brave, bright fellows who now fill soldier's graves.



The above group of sketches will show, more clearly than descriptions can do, the divers modes of utilizing tents—whether merely as roof or as house entire. It is astonishing, when men get down to it, to see how little is really required for comfort, even among the civilized and well-reared.





XXXIV.

NEWSPAPERS IN CAMP.



News at the Front

PRIVATE soldier's world, in an active campaign, does not extend far beyond the lines of his own brigade, and except in his immediate vicinity of action, details of a battle in which he had participated were as new to him as to his relatives in the far-off home. Imagine, then, with his horizon bounding such narrow limits, how eagerly he longed for the arrival of the newspapers which would bring him news of "The Last Great Battle"—of which he had been a part, yet about which he knew but little—as well as of the world in general.

The sale of popular newspapers in the army was immense, and men who furnished them made fortunes. The work of distribution was in the hands of general agents, who received them in bulk from the North. They placed them with sub-agents in the field, who made final distribution with a large corps of mounted newsboys.

In winter-camp, a log shanty was built near the railroad station, and here were sold papers, stationery, and the demoralizing dime novel, which came into being about that time. The weekly story-papers seemed an especial prize to the "boys," and passed through many hands; when finally read, the pictures were cut out and stuck up, more or less ornamentally, on the walls of the log-shelters. During an active summer campaign the work of distribution was difficult and dangerous, the papers having sometimes to be brought from the rear on horseback through a country infested by bushwhackers. Perhaps the army might be engaged in battle and stretched over miles of ground. Fear of rivals would prevent the newsboys from waiting until the ending of the engagement, and out upon the danger-line they would go, to sell their stocks as soon as possible. Among the batteries where shells were bursting they would halt, and, surrounded by crowds of clamoring soldiers, would sell their papers and make change with the coolness of veterans—which indeed they quickly became. Or they would pass along the lines of infantry lying on the ground in the rear, and in a few hours get rid of their supply.

At the battle of Antietam, I was scanning through my field-glass the long lines of Union skirmishers which had been pushed up under shelter of broken ground and scattered rocks, when I noticed one of the men lying on his back, under shelter of a low bank, calmly reading a newspaper, regardless of the enemy's bullets which continually drove up the dust and made the chips fly from the rocks within a few feet of him. I marveled at his coolness as he turned the paper inside out. He scarcely moved his head when a comrade beside him dropped his gun and, lifting his wounded right arm carefully with his left, crept with bent body to the rear.

I was once making effort to reach the front in anticipation of a great battle, and had to ride forty miles. While pushing along, keeping a lookout for bushwhackers, I heard the sound of galloping horses in my rear. On looking around I saw two mounted boys, riding along with a "dare-devil" air. On coming up to me the larger boy cried out, "Say, Mister, can we ride with you? We're afraid of being picked up." I laughed at the idea of the slight protection that I could offer, but cheerfully accepted their company in my own loneliness, and soon learned that they were on the way to camp to sell newspapers. We rode

along without any exciting adventure, except the sight of two or three of the enemy's scouts, who were evidently watching the road with the expectation of capturing a wagon train. We moved on until within ten miles of camp, when the boys became impatient, and said they must hurry on to reach camp before dark. So, bidding me good-bye, they hurried off on a lively gallop, and were soon out of sight. I quickened my horse's speed soon after, and at the end of four miles came in sight of a pontoon train, guarded by infantry, also on its way to camp. I was glad of the protection of the pontoon guard, and rode with them until safe within the Union lines.

The boys passed out of my mind; and I should probably never have recalled the incident, but one day the next winter as I was riding through camp, a little fellow on horseback hailed me and said, "How d'ye do? Don't you know me?" I told him that I did not, and he said: "Why, I'm one of the newsboys that rode with you last summer on your way to the army; and I just want to tell you what happened to us. You remember when we left you and hurried ahead? Well, after riding a little way, we came up to a pontoon train and rode with it awhile, but soon left it and rode ahead with a sutler, who was anxious to join his regiment. We pushed along, but had not ridden more than half a mile when a party of Moseby's men jumped out of the woods, and, seizing the sutler's horses by the head, hurried us all into a patch of woods near the road. The Mosebies sat perfectly quiet on their horses, and watched the pontoon train pass; and I saw you riding near the first wagon."

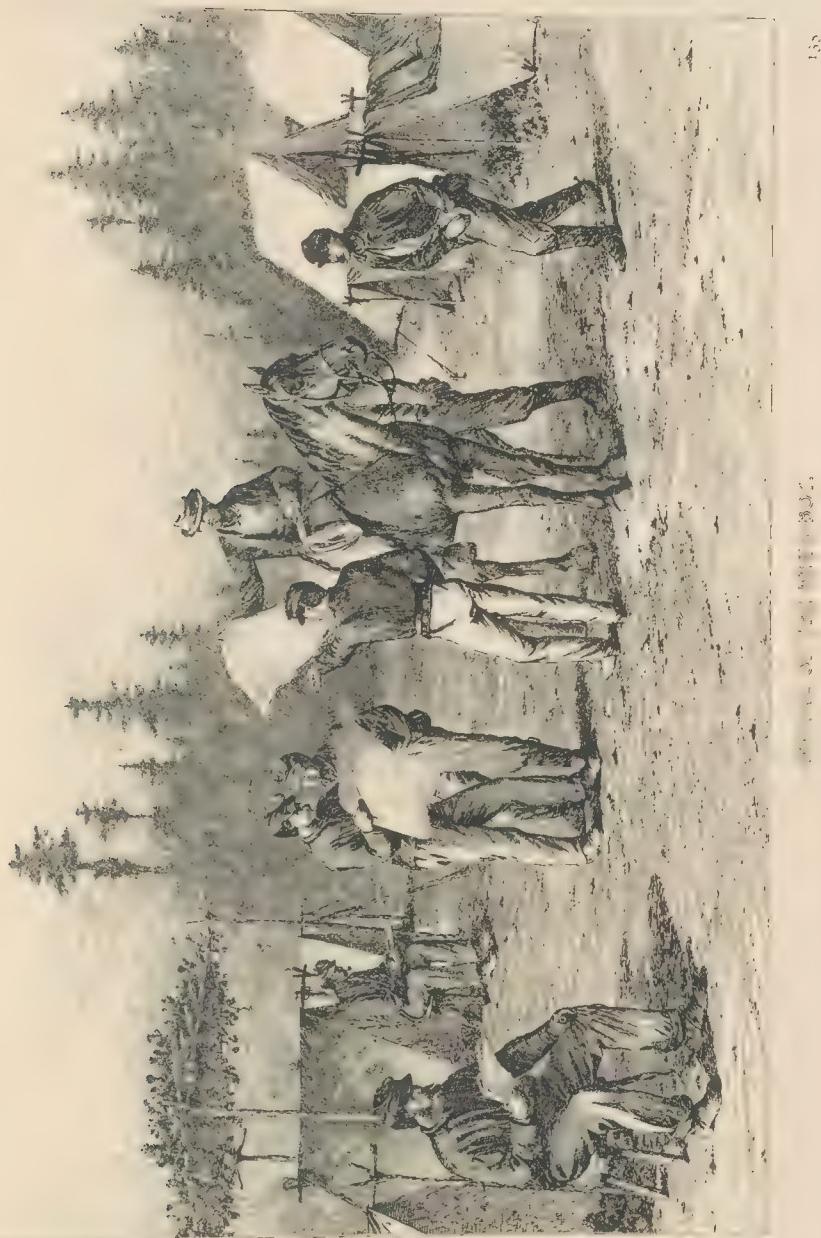
I asked about the fate of the sutler, and he continued: "Just as soon as the train was out of sight, the Rebs set to work and plundered the wagon of all they could carry. They took the sutler's horses and then left. They did not take *our* horses, as the Captain said we were poor boys, and he wouldn't put us on the ground."

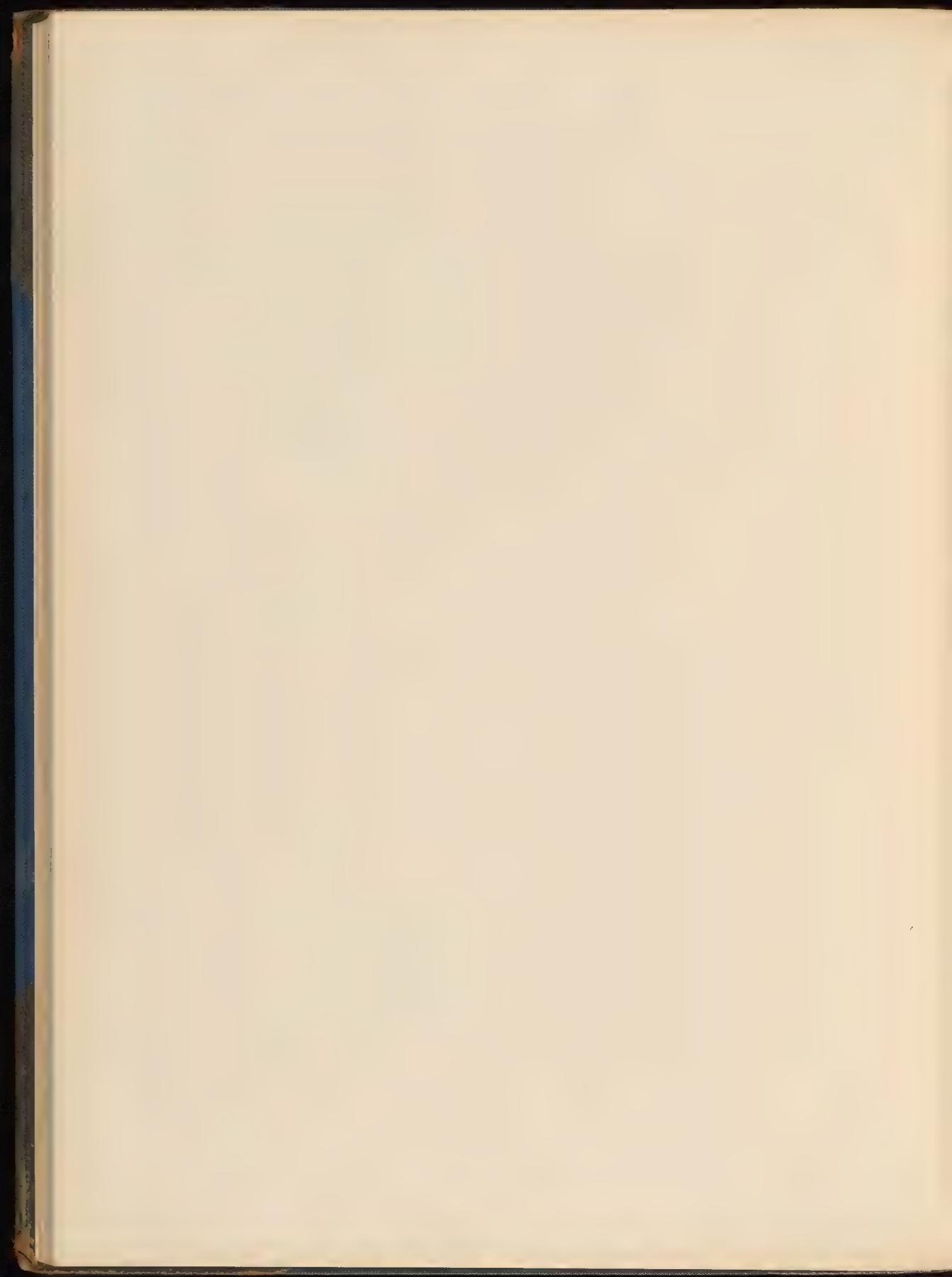
"You were fortunate," I replied.

"Oh, yes," said the boy; "we didn't lose anything. We helped ourselves to a pair of new boots out of the sutler's wagon."

I laughingly bade the fellow good-bye, and as I rode back to headquarters I thought, "he surely believes that 'everything's fair in love and war!'"







XXXV.

A DEFEATED ARMY.

*A Friend in Need*

HEN victory has perched upon an army's banners, no words can describe the animated spirit and proud carriage of the men. Even when many have fallen, the survivors feel that the sacrifice has not been in vain, and the wounded bear their pain with joyous resignation. But when a proud host is vanquished the troops fall into a marked listlessness and helplessness of demeanor.

This feeling of despondency was fully shown after the battle of Groveton or Second Bull Run. Desultory fighting had been going on for some days as the Army of the Rappahannock fell back toward Washington. Officers and men were losing confidence in the commanding general (Pope), as they felt his inability to take advantage of his superior position. The Union army was between the two main bodies of General Lee's forces, and our men felt, and freely said, that if properly managed we should have been able to destroy the enemy by massing on either of the widely-separated wings. The opportunity was lost, however; and, in spite of what seemed to be insurmountable obstacles, General Lee with the main body of his army passed through Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run Mountains, and by forced marches joined the detachment under General Jackson at Groveton, at which point Jackson had held the Union army at bay for two days. The reunited forces now presented a defiant front.

As I sat on my horse on Bald Hill, near the Henry House, I realized that the Union situation was a discouraging one. Every attack upon the enemy's front had been repulsed with bloodshed, as they were protected by the embankment of an abandoned railroad. Our regiments had been decimated, and thousands of dead and wounded were lying in the hot sun between the opposing lines.

About fifty guns along our front were shelling the enemy's lines, when a terrible fire opened on us from the enemy's right, which enfiladed our batteries and the masses of infantry supporting them. The effect was terrible. Solid shot ploughed through the ranks, and as shells burst among the men who were in column of division, closed in mass, great open spaces appeared where they fell. Ambulances soon began to appear, and hundreds of wounded who could help themselves came drifting to the rear.

And now the enemy took advantage of the opportunity by an advance from their center and right flank. In the open ground near the center long lines of gray could be seen coming slowly forward toward our line, firing at will; and in the woods along the ridge on our left a terrific roar of musketry could be heard, which suggested a flanking movement by the enemy. We hurried troops forward in resistance, and shortly, on the two sides, fifty thousand men stood face to face, pouring volleys of musketry. The heroic resistance of the Union line availed nothing, however, and it was compelled to retire slowly. At sundown our force made a final stand near the Henry House. It was useless. Sullenly the whole line retreated, and, after crossing Bull Run at various fords and bridges, was soon on its way back to Centerville.

I stood by the side of the pike in the gathering darkness, and watched the dispirited throng as it passed. Disorganized infantry regiments mixed confusedly with batteries swept

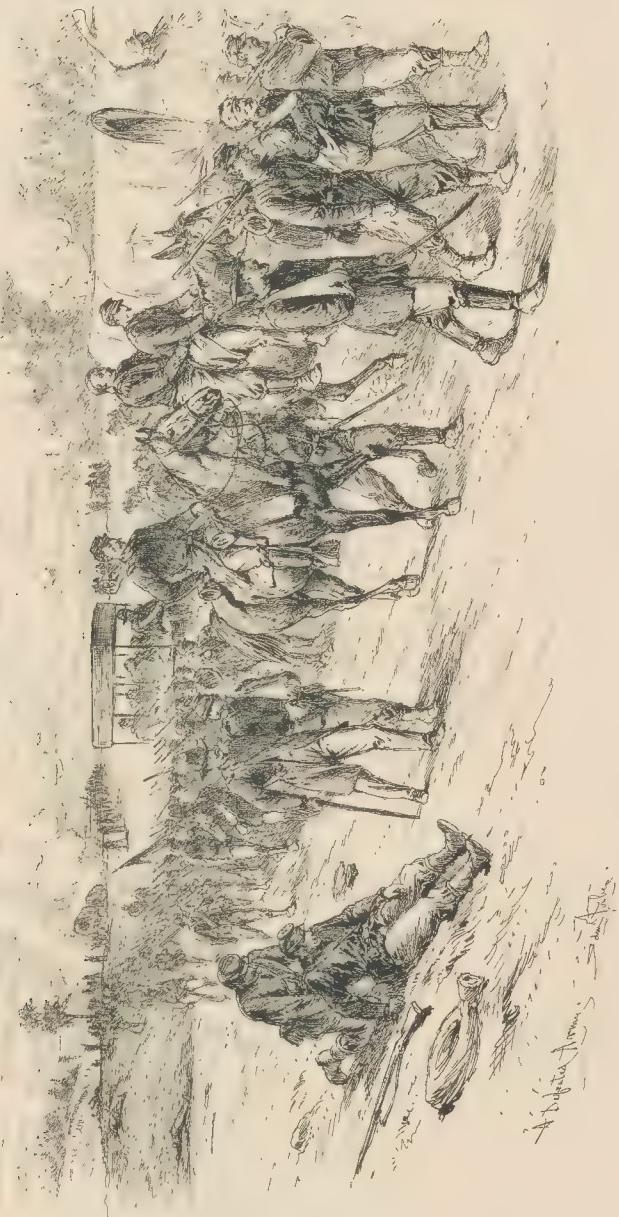
by. Ambulances and wagons surged along filled with moaning wounded men, who heard in their pain the shrill yells of the drivers and sharp cracks of their whips as they urged their tired and overladen beasts to a place of safety. Groups of wounded on foot came slowly along the edge of the main current, and rendered one another such assistance as was possible. Here and there a wounded officer appeared tenderly cared for by his men, those seriously wounded being carried on stretchers or in blankets. With heavy hearts and languid feet the troops moved on, until far into the night, the march being lit up by camp-fires on all sides; but by midnight there were few passers-by except stragglers and the belated wounded who enquired for the location of their regiment, and limped their way onward. Last of all came the rear guard, moving quietly, halting on each rise of ground, and forming into line on either side of the pike to resist any possible advance of the triumphant enemy.

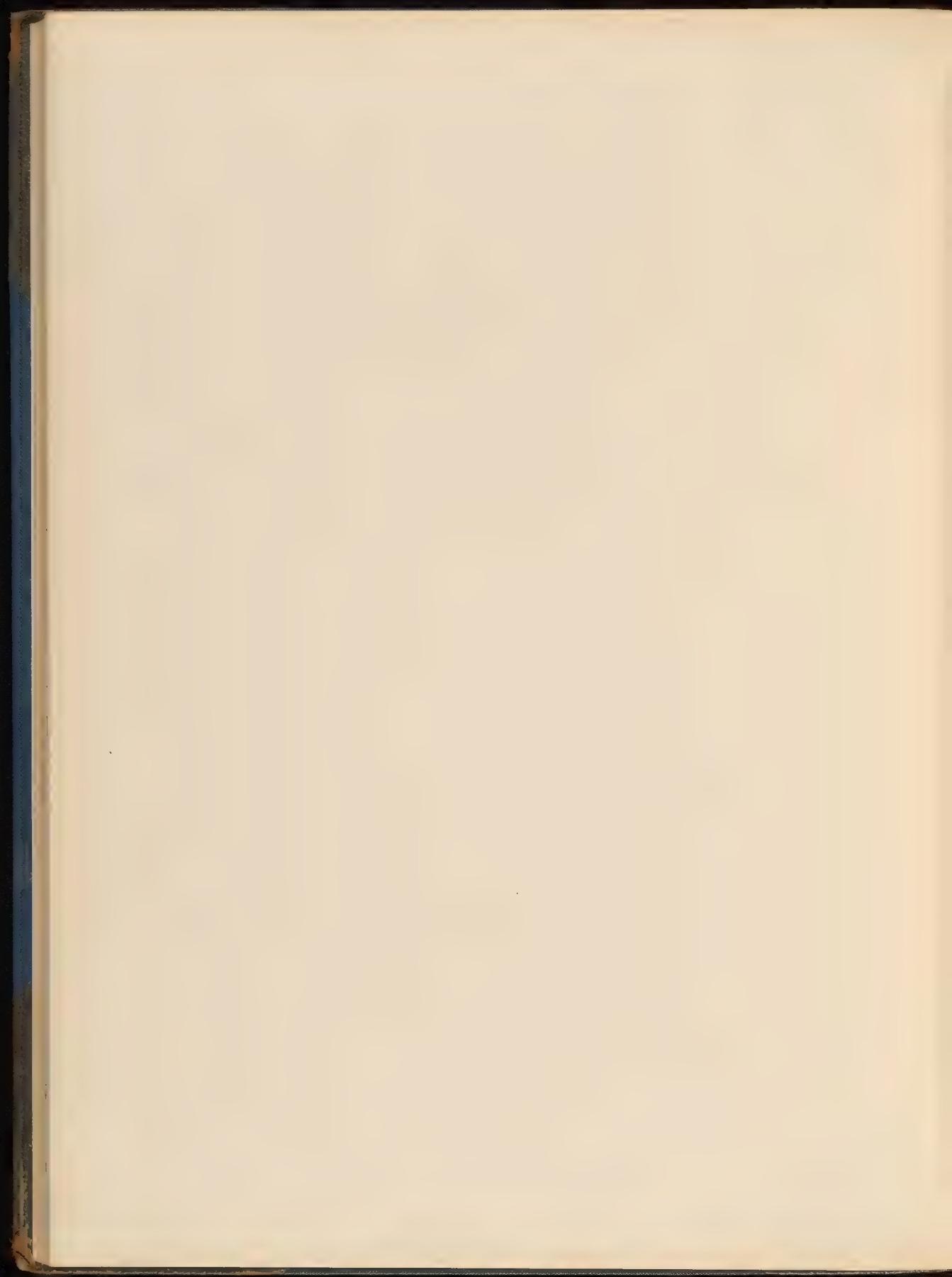
Tired and despondent myself, I now rode through heavily-falling rain into Centerville, and, tying my horse in an old shed by the roadside, I crawled for shelter under the body of a wagon which lay upturned on the ground. It was so very dark that I could scarcely discern objects, and was surprised to find several soldiers already under the wagon. The one alongside of whom I lay told me that he had been severely wounded in the face. I gave him my rubber poncho, and told him how sorry I was that he had been so unfortunate. He replied: "I don't mind being wounded so much, but to be hit in the face will so disfigure me that the girls will never look at me again."

I left the poor fellow before daylight and did not have opportunity of seeing his face, but I have often recalled his odd reply, and wondered if his apprehensions were well founded or if his wound became a badge of honor more sightly to "the girls" than a handsome, unscarred face would have been, had he stayed at home.



ON THE RETREAT.





XXXVI.

THE ARMY BLACKSMITH.

*An Efficient Rear Guard*

HOES for horses in the army were as much a necessity as for men, and the work done with hammer and anvil was as important in its place as that accomplished with cannon and musket. Without it artillery horses would be of no service, cavalrymen would have been compelled to do duty on foot, and no such wonderful raids as those of Sheridan, Wilson and Averill would ever have been heard of. Wagon trains could not have moved from place to place, and without supplies of food and ammunition campaigns could not have been carried on.

The blacksmiths' forges were distributed among the cavalry, artillery and wagon trains. They were mounted on four wheels, similar to the artillery caisson. On the front wheels rested a box, containing all tools and necessary supplies; and on the rear wheels a furnace and bellows were mounted. The wheels were connected by a bar and coupling pin, and to the bar was attached a screw vise.

During the march the forge was at the rear of the column, but as soon as a halt was called the blacksmiths commenced work in earnest. They were generally brawny fellows, dressed in worn blue suits and the traditional leather apron, and could be found by the roadside under shade of trees ready to commence business. First the fire was made in the furnace; then the anvil, mounted on a block, was placed on the ground, and hammer, nails, horseshoes, etc., were at hand.

Quite a picture was often formed when the cavalrymen and artillerymen stood about the forge in their bright uniforms, awaiting their turns. Perhaps an old mule would be driven up by his master, and, like all his kind, having a decided prejudice to being shod. He would stand flapping his ears lazily, apparently indifferent to all surroundings, but cunningly making up his mind to resist all attentions when shoeing time came. So, when the blacksmith approached, he pricked up his ears and turned back his eyes, and when attempt was made to examine his feet he squealed and lashed out his hind legs, soon clearing a circle about him. Such a situation seemed discouraging; but the blacksmith and his helpers, wholly undismayed, fastened a strap to one fore leg, a rope to the other, and, despite the animal's frantic struggles, soon had him panting and groaning on the ground, one fore leg bent and strapped up taut. He was then turned on his back, and a long rope passed around his hind legs and neck to prevent him from kicking. One might conclude that with these preliminaries the creature would be rendered helpless, but the possible ventures of an army mule were limitless; so, as a further precaution, the rope fastened to his fore leg was held taut by the soldiers, the one around the neck and hind legs was drawn in opposite directions by some of the lookers-on, and the head was held to the ground by the negro driver with a tight clutch of the ears.

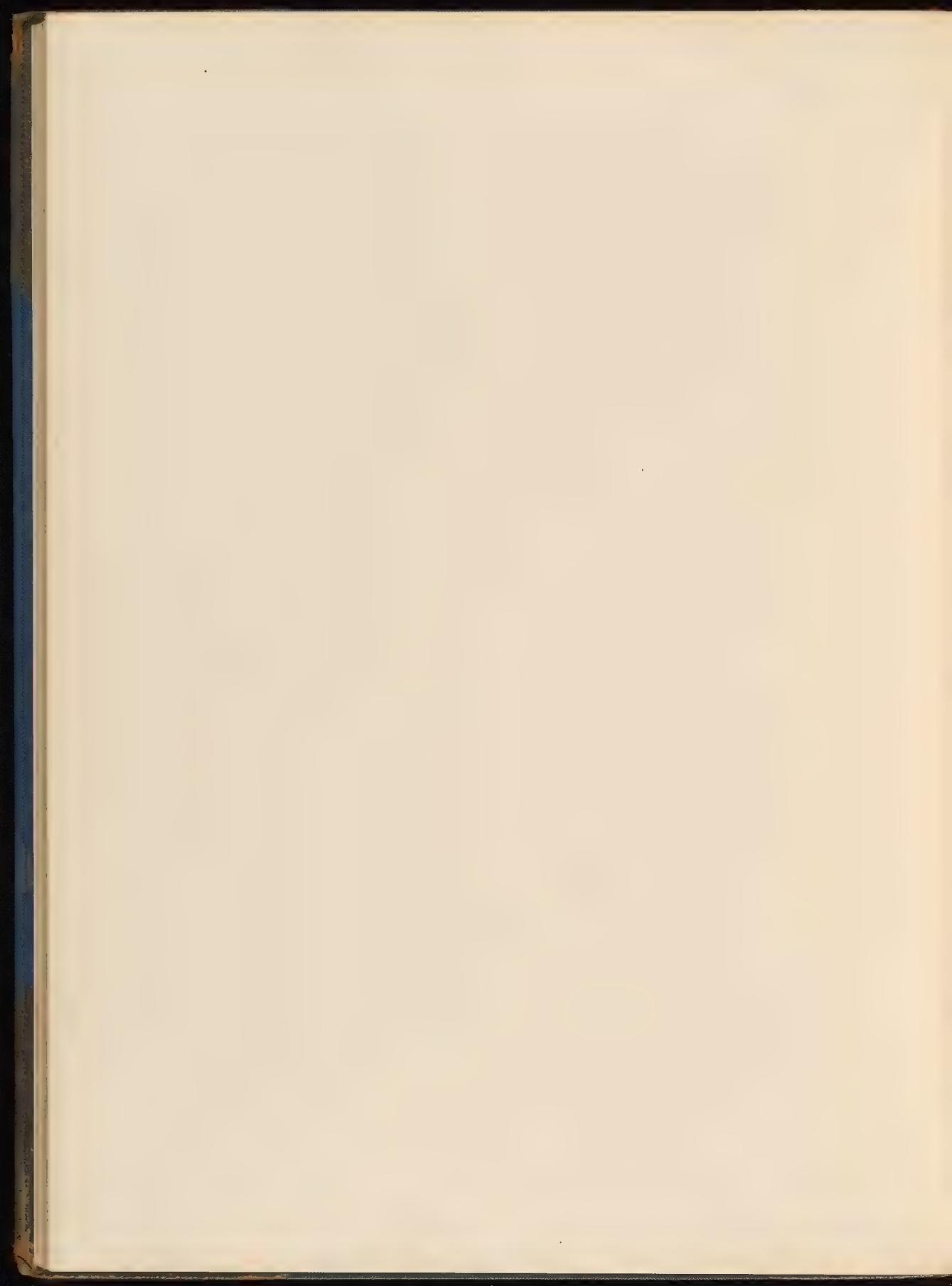
Having their victim thus pinioned, the smith and his assistants would set to work, amid the laughs of the men and the groans of the vanquished mule, to whom no means of defiance remained except the rolling of the eyes and the switching of the tail. When the work was done and the mule released one would naturally look for a desperate resentment, but so humiliated did the poor thing usually seem that he moved off slowly toward the

wagon camp, amid the jeers of the spectators, not enough of his former spirit remaining to resent even the blows of the driver.

The services of the blacksmith were as valuable in the repairing of wagons and artillery carriages as in the shoeing of horses and mules. Most of the men were ingenious, and ready for all emergencies—"Jacks of all trades," in fact, and (contrary to the old adage) *good at all*. Circumstances often made their work difficult, but their unusual willingness and efficiency made them a worthy element in the great hosts who so bravely did service in various ways.



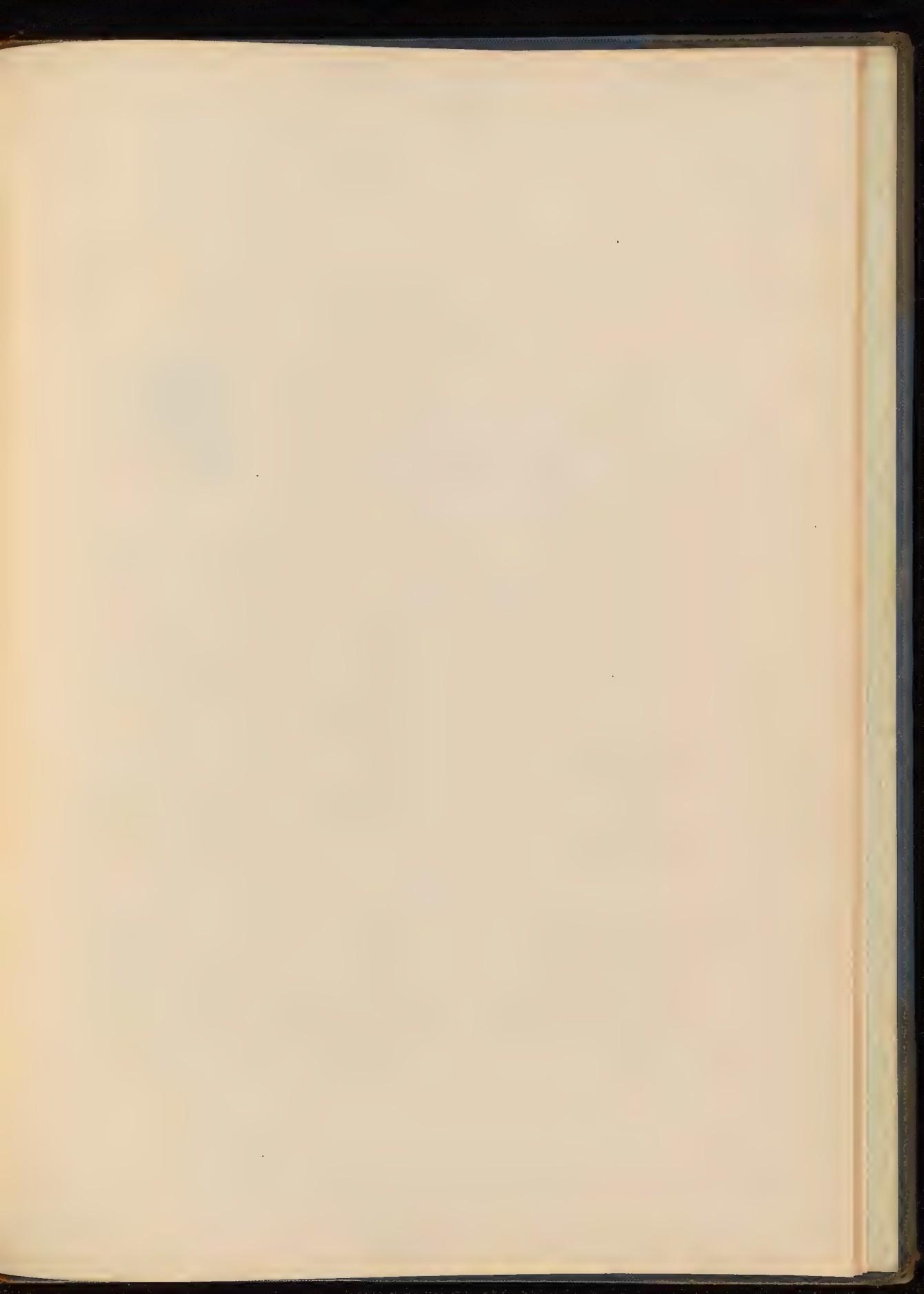


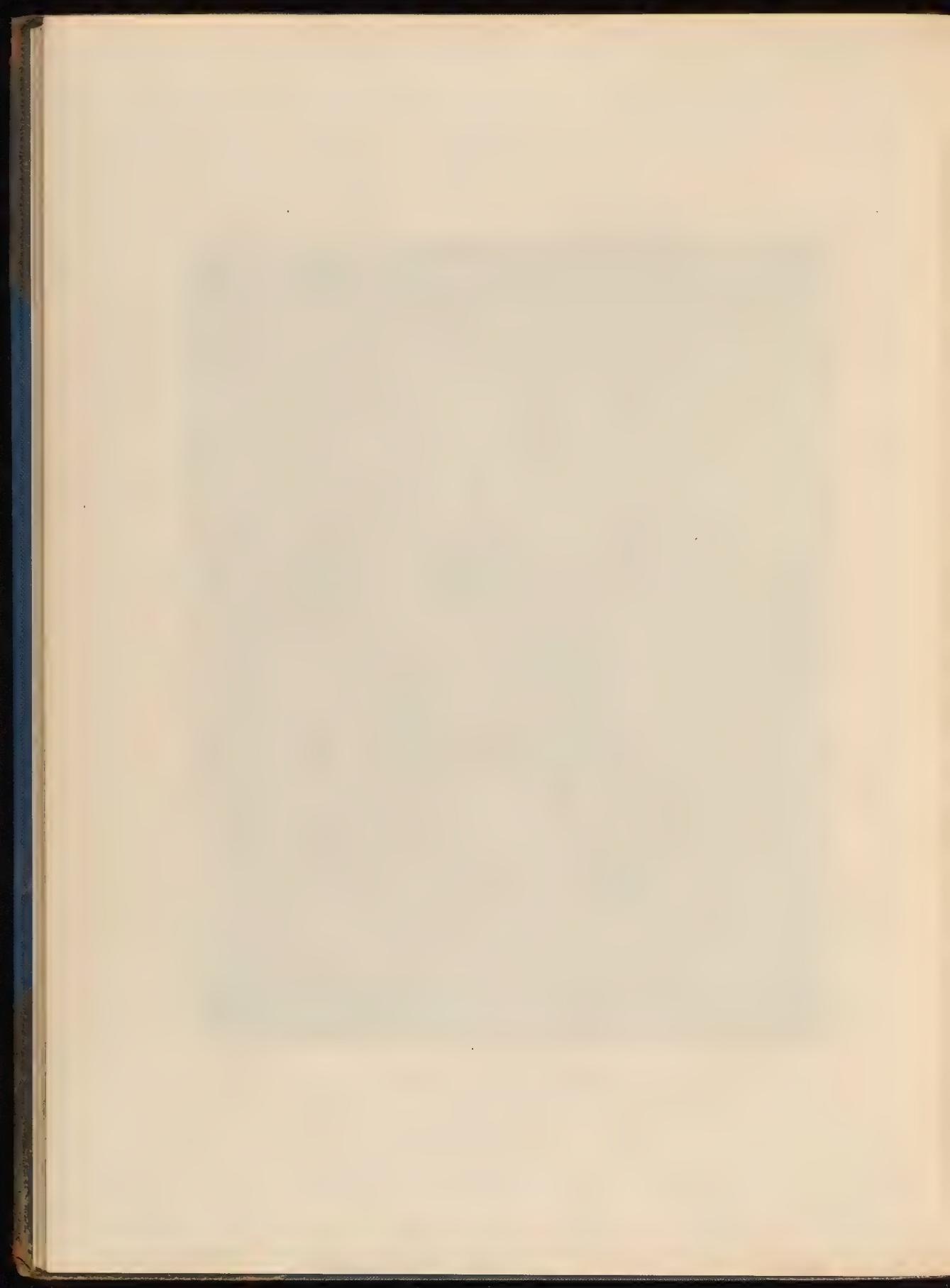






Hancock at Spottsylvania.





XXXVII.

ADVANCE OF THE CAVALRY CORPS.

*In the line*

MUCH of romance and fascinating incident came into the ordinary life of cavalry soldiers, and their dashing style and daring spirit of venture gave more opportunity for interesting study than any other branch of the service. Circumstances developed original characteristics, and brought into prominence both brigades, special bodies and individuals, where infantry could have accomplished nothing. The cavalry were always in close contact with the enemy —on scouting duty, in raids, on advance picket, or as videttes. In an advance they were the first to develop the enemy's position and the first to receive fire; and in retreat they were the last to stand against the enemy's attacks. They moved about with a rapidity scarcely imaginable, and during an active campaign seemed to be omnipresent.

I once witnessed the advance of a cavalry corps when the main army moved against the enemy. Orders had been received for the movement, and there was soon great bustle in the cavalry camp. Tents were struck. Heavy traps were placed in the wagons, blankets and ponchos were strapped on the saddles, and in quick time the regiments were drawn up in line ready for motion. Even the horses seemed to "snuff the battle afar off" as they stood in the ranks impatiently champing their bits. At the sound of the bugle the lines wheeled into column of fours, and with fluttering flags and guidons moved towards the rendezvous. The cavalry corps numbered twelve thousand men, with ten light batteries, and they marched forward and took position in the open country in front.

I sat on my horse in rear of the lines, and as far as the eye could see watched the masses of horsemen come into position from either flank. Light batteries were aligned in the open spaces between the brigades; and back of all, near the center of the position, was the commander, Sheridan, surrounded by his brilliant staff. Officers and orderlies were rushing about, and all was soon ready for the order "Forward!" The bugles sounded the advance, and a host of skirmishers, with carbines in hand, moved to the front. The main body followed slowly; but the country was rolling and broken up with frequent woods and streams, and as the great mass of horsemen advanced they broke into various formations at the sound of the bugle. The brilliant moves and changes could be likened only to a kaleidoscope.

Men in the advance removed fences and other obstructions to facilitate the movements of the main body, and in an hour's time the enemy's videttes appeared to view. They retired slowly toward their main line of skirmishers, who showed their position by open carbine fire. The Union lines were steady under the fire, and, moving cautiously forward, returned shots at every opportunity with tact and coolness. Up hill and down, through woods and swamps, over fences and ditches the line steadily advanced, rallying to each other's support when resistance in front became too great, and taking advantage of cover, however slight, as protection from the hot fire. Now and then a horse and rider would fall; and here and there could be seen a rider leaning forward on his horse's neck coming slowly to the rear, with the ashen gray face that suggested a mortal wound. Officers did not escape the bullets, and were frequently seen wounded and tenderly supported in the saddle by their men. As soon as they were assisted safely to the rear a surgeon would be sought

for—in a neighboring farm-house, perhaps, where a hospital had been established. Many times a man would be mortally shot and fall from his horse; then the frightened animal, with streaming mane and tail, would rush terror-stricken across the field.

With a sudden dash by quite a force of the enemy the Union line of skirmishers was driven back, but in the movement took all possible cover to harrass the foe. Many of our men dismounted behind stone and rail fences and groups of trees, and, leaving a limited number to attend to the horses, poured a rapid carbine fire upon the advancing line. This was now broken, and the Rebs, in turn, took to cover to re-form. Reinforcements were soon sent from our rear, as "Jeb" Stuart's entire cavalry confronted us. Fighting along the whole line soon became furious. Batteries on both sides were heard from, and bursting shells and whizzing round shot increased the clamor. The enemy gave way reluctantly, under pressure of the Union advance; their main line soon took position, and the masses of cavalry were drawn up on the further slopes. In rear of them horsemen were moving rapidly, and large clouds of dust rose in the still, warm air.

General Sheridan, to test the enemy's strength, pushed the Union line forward, and, keeping as much as possible under cover, moved on until our whole force was within a mile of the enemy's position. Then about six thousand horsemen started on a trot toward the enemy, and hot shell fire from all the guns in range opened upon the Union men. The light Federal batteries had meanwhile crept toward the front, and took position on a rise of ground. The Union cavalry, harrassed by opposing artillery and skirmish fire, steadily advanced until near the Confederate line, when the bugle sounded the charge. Now, amid clouds of dust, thousands of horsemen dashed in solid masses up the slope, and cheers and yells of the struggling host rose up amid the rattling carbine fire. The enemy held fast, fighting bravely, and concentrating upon our men forced them back with heavy loss. Hundreds of wounded men came from the front, and great numbers of horses, some of which were badly wounded, were running about the field. The main body of our men retreated to their original position, accompanied by quite a number of prisoners, who seemed to enjoy their bondage. Our lines were soon re-formed, and a spirited attack made by the exultant enemy was easily repulsed, our batteries in the advance obtaining hot cross fire on their masses.

The Confederate position was evidently too strong for our cavalry, so the commanding general awaited an infantry reinforcement. When it appeared, however, the enemy vanished. The Union forces advancing occupied the enemy's evacuated position, and, riding forward, I was able to inspect the scene of the charge. Many dead and wounded men and horses were scattered about the crest of the ridge where the hottest contest took place, and around an abandoned gun a mass of men and horses were lying.

Several regiments were sent after the enemy to accelerate retreat, but the main body of our forces went into camp, and were soon cooking supper with as much expectant interest as though a battle had never taken place. I sought out some friends and, while partaking of their coffee and hardtack, listened to stories of those who were fortunate enough to escape.







XXXVIII.

OFFICERS' COOKS AND SERVANTS.



HE mantle of daily industry—"domestic work," as we may call it—fell upon the shoulders of the colored men or boys, for the drudgery of camp-life came to them alone, and the most laborious duties were performed by them with a never-failing cheerfulness that is seldom found in positions of servitude. I sometimes heard it stated that their good will came from a feeling of emancipation from arbitrary masters, and also because of the chance to earn a few independent dollars; but I often watched them closely under the most toilsome and exasperating circumstances, and was convinced that in most cases the willingness came of conscientious scruples to do the best they knew how for those engaged in what they regarded as the fight for their freedom.

The officers' cooks and servants were varied in appearance, but at all times picturesque in costume and figure. With peculiar characteristics, they sometimes caused anxiety to their employers, but the amusement which their droll ways and odd sayings occasioned more than made amends. Some of the colored men were the experienced servants of good families, and were adept in the administering of ease and comfort. Others were field hands; yet, if not trained like the house servants, they were eager to be satisfactory, and the rough elements of cooking gleaned from plantation kitchens served a fair purpose. In winter camp the cooks' duties were easily performed; for, as the commissary was near by with necessary stores, sold at about cost price, the officers' tables were readily supplied.

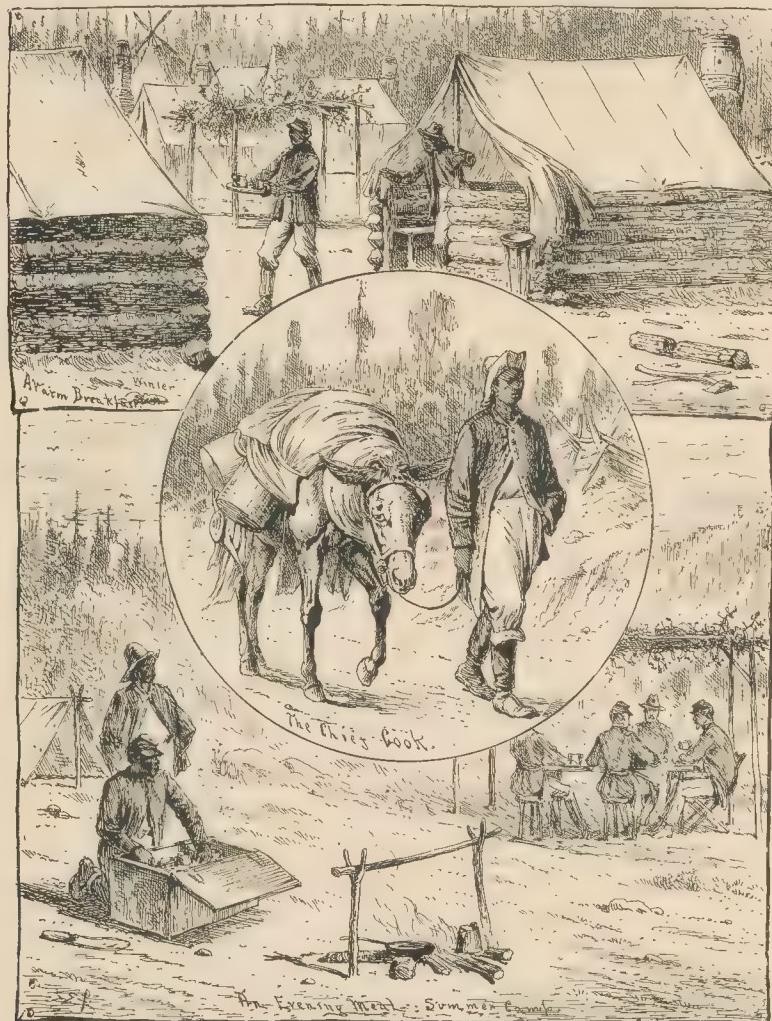
The cook's kitchen was placed behind the quarters of the officers, and was usually a canvas-covered log house with a great stone chimney at the rear end. Around the sides of the kitchen hung cooking utensils, and in the corner stood the mess-chest, from whose capacious interior necessary condiments were supplied. And here, on a bright fire of pine logs, most appetizing dishes were cooked. Chickens were roasted to a turn, and when good fortune directed a rabbit to the hand of a colored cook a stew was furnished whose savor was long talked of by the partakers. Ham and eggs, griddle cakes, and all concoctions which the surroundings could produce or willing hands prepare were placed before the officers.

During a summer campaign the commissary supplies were generally with the main wagon train; and the necessity of supplying the mess, in a great measure, by what could be found from day to day made the duties of the cooks quite arduous. Temporary supplies were generally carried on pack-mules or in a mess-cart, the latter being found during a march at the rear of the column. A good cook was apt to be a good forager, and secured many delicacies along the roadside farm-houses that a less persistent and appreciative person would miss. When camp was pitched the best the mess-chest afforded would be quickly converted into something palatable for the table, and the inevitable coffee, which served the double purpose of quenching thirst and supplying nutriment, was never forgotten.

The officers' body servants were as a rule colored boys, and like all youth, were sometimes careless and forgetful. In a general way, however, they served good purpose, and their natural grotesqueness and sense of humor afforded much amusement for the men.

Instances of bravery among the colored servants were not rare. At the battle of Cedar (or Slaughter's) Mountain, Knapp's battery, which was posted near the left of the line,

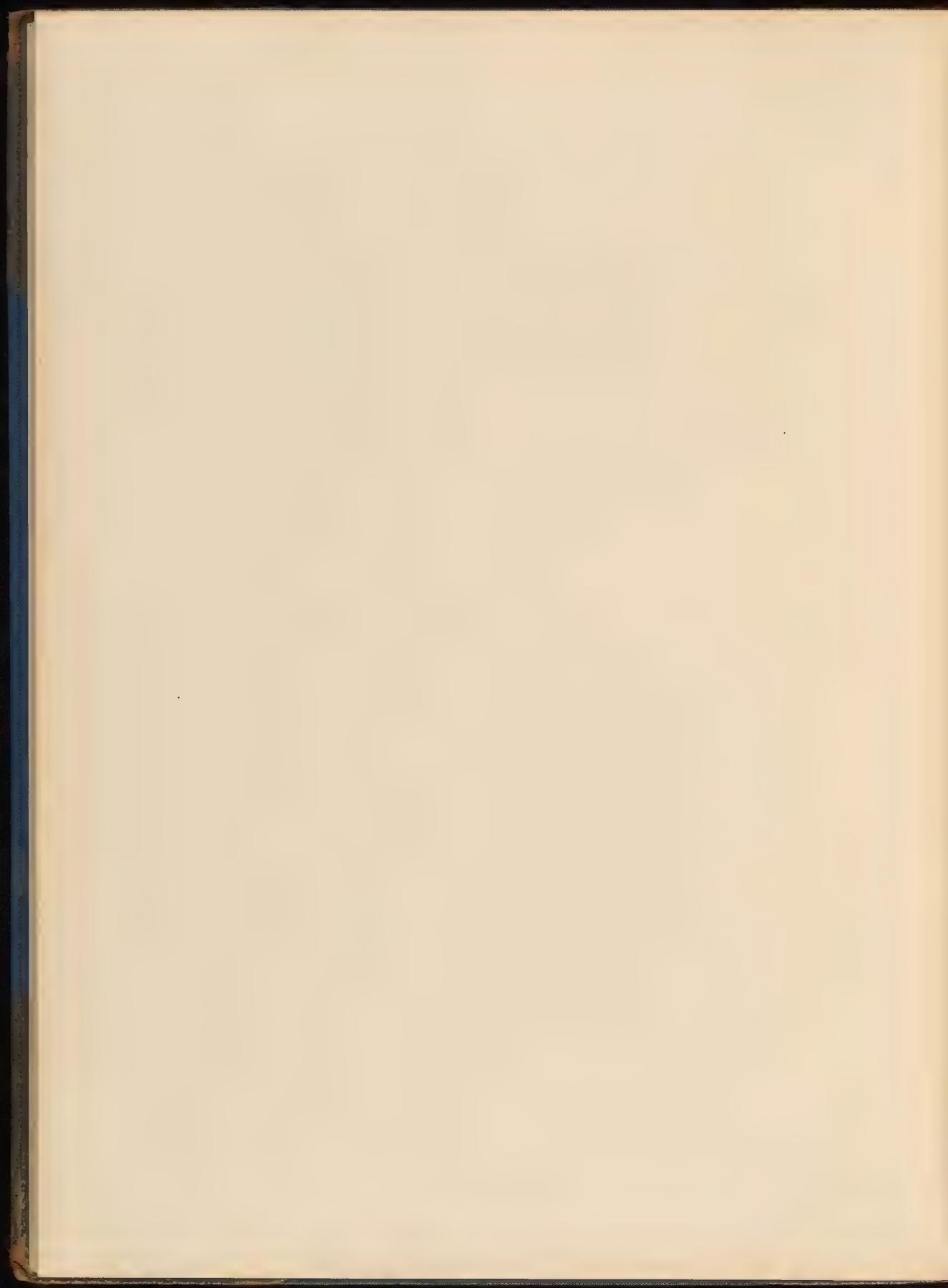
had a colored man and boy in service as cooks. When action commenced they were ordered to the rear, but the man said: "No, Cap'n; I'll stay with you and fight." He worked



faithfully at a gun during the greater part of the engagement, and when danger seemed almost passed the poor fellow's head was taken off by a solid shot. The boy had thus far steadily and efficiently carried water for the gunners from Cedar Creek, in the rear of the battery, but when he saw the mutilated body of his comrade he became terror-stricken, and fled to the rear.



THE BURNISHED LIVERY OF THE SUN.



XXXIX.

THE CRIME OF DESERTION.



HEN the great wave of patriotism first swept over the country, after the attack upon Fort Sumter, men of better calibre sought the ranks than during the last years of the war. Men of all professions, graduates of institutions, and representatives of all kinds of business rushed enthusiastically to the country's defence. There was a surplus of volunteers. Men were often refused because regiments were more than full; and many young fellows were sent in disappointment homeward because of some slight physical defect.

Yet, while there seemed an overabundance of good men, many were blindly accepted who were weak in character, and some even proved false to the colors, though rarely. Later, when the armies were supplied by drafting and by the payment of bounties, recruits felt less the pressure of "patriotism" and more their own selfish interests. Many, especially of those paid bounties, would desert at the first opportunity; and then, perhaps, enlist again for a second payment. "Bounty jumping" became a regular industry. During the entire war between two and three hundred thousand deserted.

In the year 1863 I had once the opportunity of looking over a company roll-book, and was much surprised to find the word "Deserter" affixed to about one-third of the names. I asked the Captain why desertion was so common, and he replied that there was lack of proper punishment. The authorities at Washington feeling disinclined to enforce the extreme penalty, the armies were much weakened, and great injustice was thus done to the faithful. But before the expiration of that year authorities became so alarmed at the rapidly diminishing forces that tremendous efforts were made to put an end to this great crime, and orders were given for the execution of all deserters. From this time until the close of the war the penalty was enforced. Many and elaborate were the excuses made by those who were captured and returned to the command for trial. Some did not seem to realize the enormity of the offence, and felt a freedom to stay or go because having sought the service voluntarily; some disliked their officers; and a host acknowledged that the *terrible home-sickness* alone actuated them.

The professional bounty-jumpers were of course numerous. Vigilant officials sought to prevent this traffic, and guards were placed in rear of all the armies of the field. They were also placed in larger numbers along the railroads running north, and were instructed to patrol the country on each side and capture all suspicious characters. Many innocent-looking parties, dressed in clothing which they had purchased or picked up, were brought into camp, and, when subjected to the examination of the provost marshal, often proved to be Northern bounty-jumpers in search of fresh pastures. They were then passed to their regiments, where courts martial quickly attended to their cases.

I once saw a party of five men who were convicted of desertion and sentenced to be shot. Until the day of execution they were imprisoned in an old barn in camp, and placed under a strong guard.

On the day appointed the whole corps to which they belonged were ordered to parade. The troops were assembled in long lines on the side of a shallow valley. The condemned men, with their guards, marched out of the barn, and took an allotted position in the

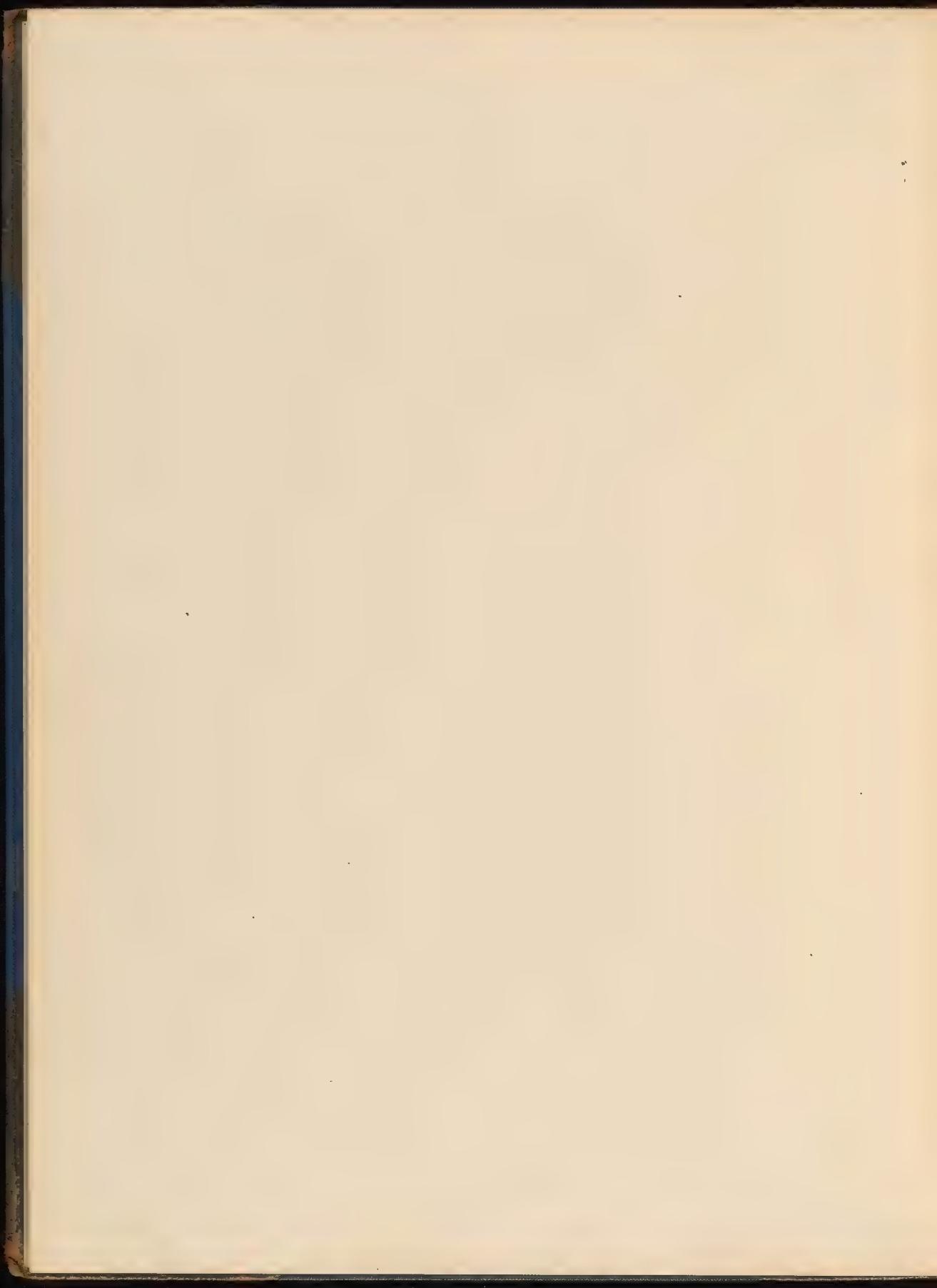
column. This was headed by a brass band, followed by the division provost guard, who, under command of a captain, were to act as the firing party. Behind the provost guard marched eight soldiers bearing two coffins, and after them, accompanied by a Catholic priest, marched two condemned men dressed in white shirts and blue trousers; then two more coffins carried by soldiers, and two condemned men accompanied by a Methodist minister; after them a single coffin was borne along, and behind it walked the fifth deserter (who was a Jew) attended by a rabbi. The burial party followed, carrying spades. When all was in readiness the band played the "Dead March in Saul," and to its solemn strains all marched in front of the military lines on the hillside, halting at the place of execution, in front of the center of the corps. Thousands of spectators from neighboring camps covered the hill, and those whom I could see seemed to realize the solemnity of the occasion. Graves had been previously dug, and in front of them the coffins were placed, and the men ordered to sit down upon them with faces toward the firing party. Minister, priest and rabbi stepped forward and, after holding a whispered conversation with those of their faith, retired a short distance. The officer of the guard then stepped behind the men, and quickly blindfolded them with handkerchiefs which he took from the breast of his coat. Then, stepping to one side and in front of the firing party, he gave the deadly order: "Ready! Aim! Fire!" At the volley the five white-shirted figures fell back without a struggle, except one, who rolled convulsively off the coffin. Surgeons in attendance stepped forward, and after a brief examination pronounced the men dead.

The troops soon returned to their various camps, and before they were out of sight the coffins were lowered into the graves and covered. Scant trace of the tragedy remained, and the valley resumed its quiet. Dramatic effect was intentionally sought in this execution, to put an end to desertion; and time proved it to have been a wise proceeding. But while it produced good results in a general way, it did not deter two men of the same company to which the deserters belonged from slipping away on the very night of the execution; and they were never captured.



THE PENALTY OF A GRAN CRIME.





XL.

THE REAR OF THE COLUMN.



ONLY the hard work of the march in the opening of a campaign brought to notice the most characteristic oddities and peculiar varieties of men and things. But, however much of interest there might have been in the changing scenes of the great panorama, no part of it comes back to me as vividly as the picturesque confusion of the mass toward the rear. Rapidity of movement was of the first importance, and foot soldiers who could not keep pace fell out and drifted back; when cavalry horses and artillery gave out riders would dismount and lead them; ambulances, with the sick and slightly wounded, were found in the rear; also the officers' servants and cooks, and pack mules with their drivers swelled the variety.

The chronic malingerer was found here in full force, and his constant groans and disconsolate face were calculated to oppress the spirits of his comrades. Bare-footed soldiers, whose shoes had worn off in the march, limped painfully along. Drummers and fifers found place here, except when they were ordered forward for march duty; also officers' servants and the whole number classed as "not in action" during a battle. Families of negro refugees often joined the column, looked back at the old home with momentary regret, but soon joined in the general laugh and chatter, with no apprehensions of the future.

It was impossible to fall out entirely on the march, for that meant capture, and visions of Andersonville and Libby prisons urged many a'footsore soldier forward when he otherwise would have lost sight of the main column.

Good nature generally prevailed among this promiscuous company, misfortunes often being made a source of jest. Others in the column were much amused at the odd collection, and laughed heartily at both their enjoyments and mishaps.

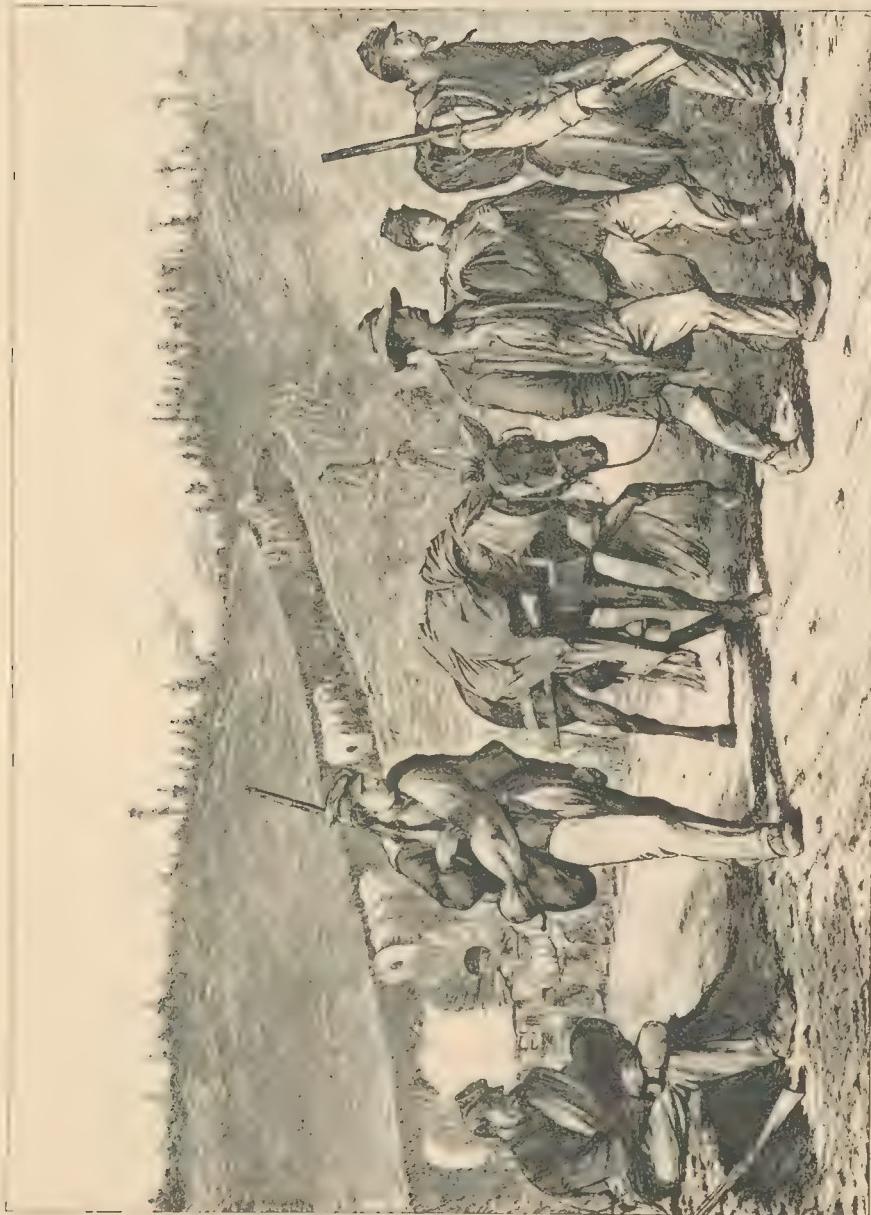
Discipline was lax at the rear, however, and men took advantage of all opportunities to lighten their burdens; horses and mules were "confiscated," loaded with soldiers' traps, and marched along. Farmers on the line of march no doubt bear these rear characters in regretful remembrance, as, like the Bummers in the advance, they were most accomplished foragers, and it was but seldom that any physical ailment would prevent a pursuer from capturing a turkey, chicken or fat hog. Milk and honey were most thoroughly appreciated, and many a gentle cow received rough milking from the Union soldiers. Two men would hold a cow's head, each seizing a horn, a third would secure a firm hold of the tail, while a fourth with tin cup in hand would approach and, speaking gentle words, would commence terror-milking. Sometimes the milk was obtained with difficulty, for the cow would become terror-stricken and, struggling and kicking, would often spill the precious draught, and send the milker sprawling upon the ground.

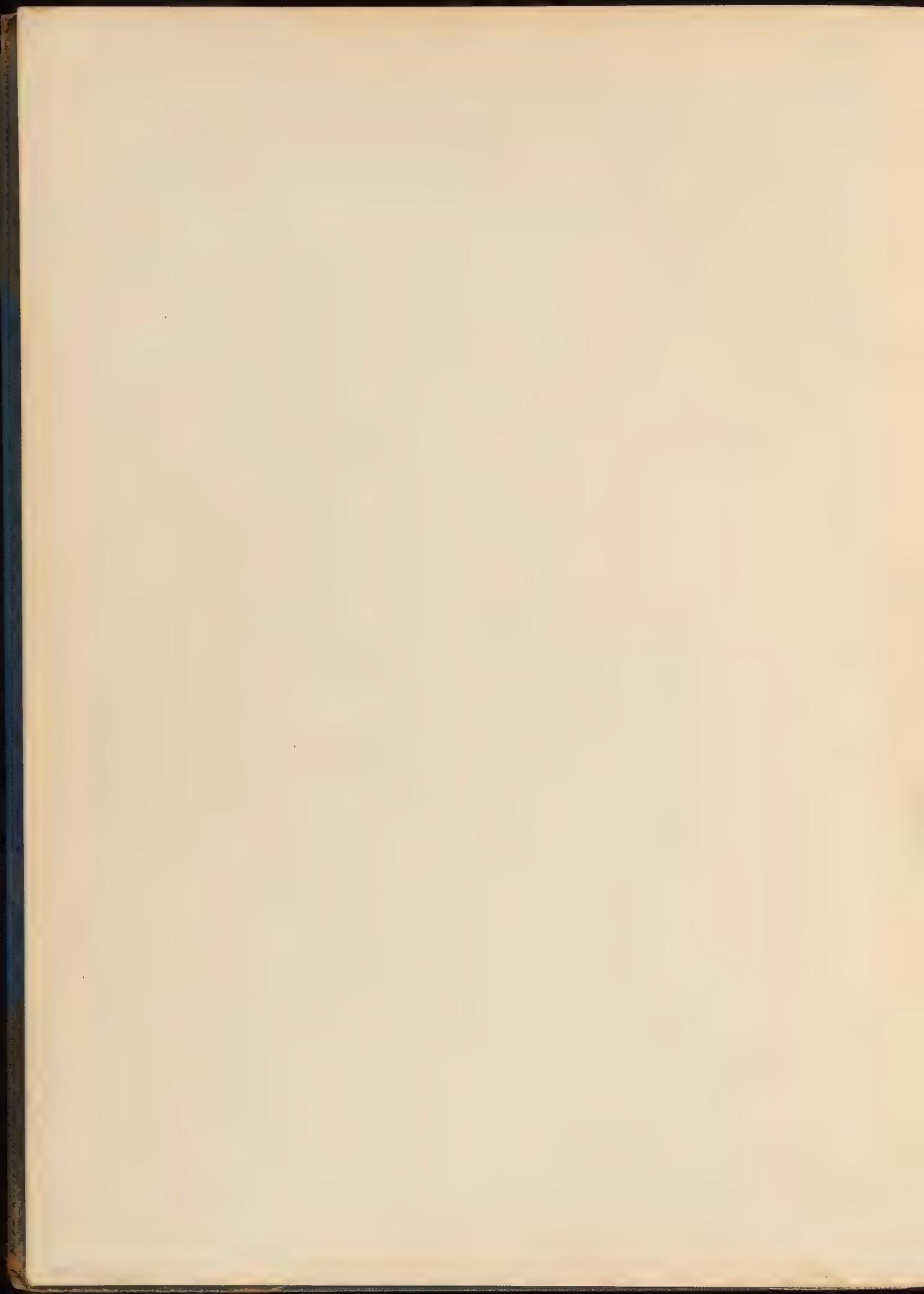
I once sketched an odd group at the rear of a column. A tall colored boy, in an old gray uniform, was leading a forlorn mule, laden with the most varied assortment of war material I ever saw gathered together. Hanging over the back was a canvas tent rather the worse for wear; around the neck three belts and cartridge boxes were hung, and on the sides were fastened a miscellaneous collection of muskets, cartridge boxes, bayonets, tin cups, kettles and canteens. He made a ludicrous appearance as he tramped along, for nothing could be seen of the mule but legs and ears.

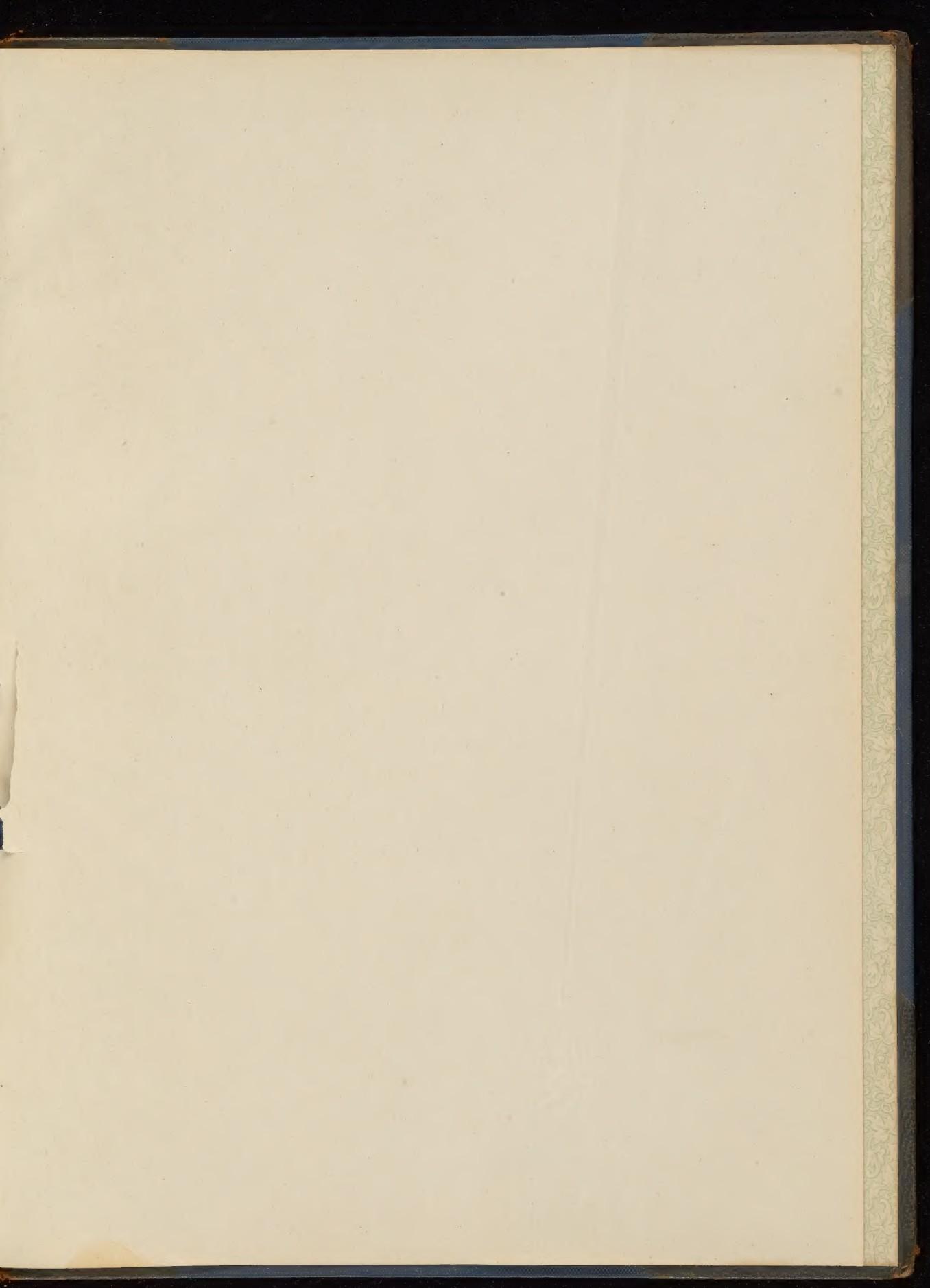
I made another picture of an elderly colored man leading an old white horse, to which was fastened a collection of household effects. While I was making my sketch the man seemed frightened, and nervously fumbled a piece of white paper. He protested that he "warn't no spy," and said that the paper in his hand was a "parse" from Colonel Somebody. I asked him why he thought I took him for a spy, and he answered sheepishly, "'Cause, boss, you're a writin' too much about me."

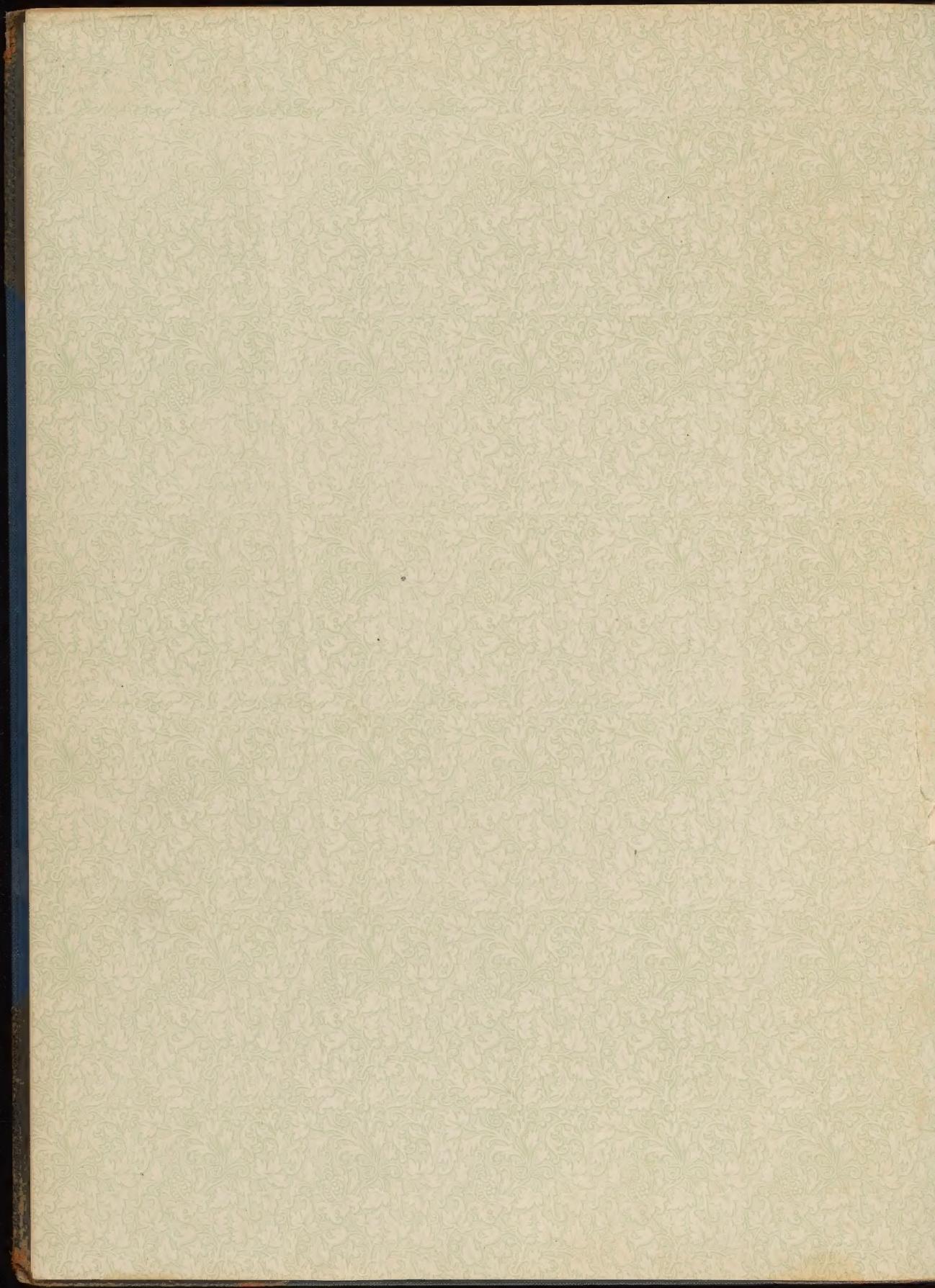
I was soon able to show him the finished sketch, and knew by the hearty laugh that he recognized his own portrait and realized that he was in no danger.











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